FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

SNAP SHOTS.

Otto Lilienthal, the German aeronaut, who was killed by a fall from the air with one of his flying machines the other day, was a firm believer in the practicable adoption of flying as a sport, and in the speedy development of flying apparatus which would not fail to follow from competition in the sport. The only way to learn to swim is to get into the water and swim. The only way to fly, said Lilienthal, is to take to the air and fly; the theories have been worked out; what is needed is practical experience, systematic and energetic practice in actual flying experiments. The way in which he hoped to bring this about was by inducing sport-loving men to take up as a sport that phase of flying which he had demonstrated by personal experience to be practicable, and which under certain observed restrictions he contended should be ranked as a safe amusement.

Lilienthal had devised and brought to a high state of perfection an apparatus of wings for soaring or sailing over inclined surfaces, launching himself into the air from the summit of a hill, and sustaining his flight for long distances. "It is in the wind," he wrote in the *Aeronautical Annual*, "that this practice becomes so exciting and bears the character of a sport, for all the flights differ from each other and the adroitness of the sailing man has the largest field for showing itself. Just as it is in sports on the water, so it is in sports in the air, that the greatest aim will be to work the most startling results. The machines themselves, as well as the adroitness of their operators, will vie with each other. He who succeeds in flying furthest from a certain starting point will come forth from the contest as conqueror. This fact will necessarily lead to the production of more and more improved flying apparatus. In a short time we shall have improvements of which to-day we have not the faintest idea." Competitive flying races, he suggested, would excite intense public interest; the enthusiasm with which successful runners and riders and yachtsmen are greeted would be not less in the case of the sportsmen flapping their wings and balancing their soaring machines in the air. There was no fallacy in this reasoning. Encourage flying competitions, and you stimulate experiment, gain the experience which teaches, and secure development and perfection of the implements of the sport.

Lilienthal's indorsement of flying as a perfectly safe sport is to be considered anew in the light of the unfortunate aeronaut's own fate. Men in quest of a new amusement will accept with caution claims for its harmlessness put forth by one who in the end meets his death by it. There are some, however, who affect to believe that a dangerous sport is more manly and more to be commended than one which is perfectly safe, and who give added honor to a sportsman if he has risked his neck. To such we commend the sport of flying.

Senator Quay is credited in the press dispatches with the capture of a 263lb. tarpon at St. Lucie, Fla., on Aug. 17. If the reporter who sent the dispatch did not add a hundred pounds, this is the biggest tarpon on record, not only for this year, but for all years and for all fishermen and fisherwomen. Up to this time Mrs. George T. Stagg, of Louisville, Ky., has been high hook with the fish caught in May of 1891 and weighing 205lbs., which was shown in the FOREST AND STREAM's exhibit at the World's Fair. Mrs. Stagg took the fish with rod and reel; from the description a correspondent sends of the fishing at St. Lucie we infer that Senator Quay took his fish with a hand line.

As to mere bulk, bigness and ponderosity, this Florida fish is outclassed by the California jewfish of 405lbs., taken by Mr. Frank S. Daggett, who tells us of the feat and sends us a photograph of the monster as a specimen of what Pacific waters have to offer. But if we are to have a big fish rivalry between the Atlantic and the Pacific, California with her 405lb. jewfish must yield to Florida with her 625lb. swordfish, taken in the Caloosahatchie River last winter by Mr. N. M. George, of Connecticut. The fish was caught with tarpon tackle, rod and reel, and was brought to gaff in one hour and twenty minutes. Shall we count this as the largest fish on record taken with hook and line? If any claimant has a larger one to his credit, he should not be modest about claiming high hook.

The Maine game season has not opened yet, but already the papers are reporting from the Maine woods the killing of men for bears and deer. Last Saturday on the banks of the East Branch of the Penobscot a sportsman making his first trip into the woods, and the veteran guide, Charles Potter, were making up their camp for the night. The tent had been pitched and the guide stepped into the surrounding woods to collect balsam for the bed. The sportsman saw the movement in the woods made by the guide, took it into his foolish noddle that it was caused by a bear and blazed away with his rifle, killing Potter. This is one of those cases in which comment cannot add much to the bald facts. The only safe rule for a man armed with a death-dealing weapon is to hold his fire until he actually knows—not guesses—what it is he proposes to shoot at, in other words to kill. One might better by holding his fire lose a million bears and deer and moose and wild turkeys than by premature shooting to kill one of his human kind.

Does it "just happen so" that so many of those distressing casualties are chronicled in the open season? Most human beings killed by mistake for game are sacrificed at the hands of ignoramuses, or reckless, wanton shooters, or men actually engaged in violating the law as to close time. That is to say, the man-target is less frequently shot at by actual sportsmen, for actual sportsmen are not afield with guns in the close season. A correspondent suggests that we might well adopt as a new platform plank the declaration that firearms should be kept out of the woods in the close season. Undoubtedly such a rule would prove a most excellent system, and would accomplish wonders for game preservation as well as for the saving of scores of human lives. We may come to it some day, or to something approaching it. The way in which such a system would work is well illustrated in the Yellowstone National Park. When one goes into the Park his gun is either retained by the authorities or is sealed and subject to frequent inspection to insure that the seal shall not be broken within the Park limits. The result is that the Park game is safe, and more than that, a member of a camping party may venture into the woods without running the risk of being killed for a bear by the man who shoots at a rustling in the cover.

A law forbidding the carrying of guns in the game country in close time would be capital in theory, but in actual practice it would not amount to any more than any other theoretically excellent law now a dead letter on the books. We said last week that the bird seasons of a State should open on one and the same date for the several species of game. But even so good a system as that means nothing, if every Tom, Dick and Harry is left to work his own sweet will and shoot when inclined, without respect to open dates. Th Connecticut season on upland game begins on Oct. 1. What does the law-abiding sportsman find when he gets out early on the morning of the long looked for opening day? A scarcity of game with abundant evidence that some one has been there before him. Who is it that has been there? The thrifty Yankee gunner who has for a month been shipping grouse and quail to New York markets. This traffic goes on in spite of close seasons and of a non-export game law. The New York market is consuming the game birds of Connecticut; hunting for export to this city is a well organized industry, and it appears to move without hindrance or interruption. Most of the exported grouse are killed in September, and no special effort is made to keep the business secret; indeed as to shipping to market, there appears to be a belief in some localities that the last Legislature of Connecticut repealed the law forbidding the export of game. What has become of the farmers' and sportsmen's game protective society which once did such excellent work in Connecticut? It is to be hoped that the members have not given up the fight for good.

After the torrid heat of early August come now the cool breezes which suggest the approach of the changing season. It will not be long now before the ripening leaves begin to turn yellow, and the grass each morning is whitened with light rime. Already men have polished up their guns and set off to make war on the woodcock, the rail, the prairie chicken and—in this State alas!—on the ruffed grouse. The chicken trials soon begin in the Western States and in a very short time the shooting season will be in full blast. The reports which come in from all sides indicate that this season birds will be more than usually plenty. From some localities, where for years no game birds have been known, we hear of broods which now promise something like the old time plenty. We must not let this make us too hopeful, however, for we know how often this promise of the late summer falls of fulfillment when the law is off, and the gunner tramps in vain covers which only a few weeks before were noisy with rising birds. There seems a promise, however, that in many places the shooting this year will be better than for some seasons past.

The death of Henry C. Ford, President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, removes one who has long been identified with fishcultural and angling interests. Mr. Ford died in Philadelphia on Tuesday of last week, Aug. 18, aged sixty years. From boyhood he was a fisherman; and in the course of his life he had fished for every kind of game fish and in most of the well-known angling waters of the continent. In 1887 he was appointed to the Fish Commission and was made its president, an office which he held to the day of his death. His experience as a practical fisherman, knowledge of ichthyology, and ability as a man of affairs and pronounced public spirit, combined to give him a peculiar equipment for the place. It is not saying too much to affirm that the development and usefulness of the work of the Commission were primarily due to his administration. He was devoted to the work, he had such means that he could afford to devote himself to these public interests, and he served not only devotedly, but honestly and well. His death means a distinct loss to fishculture in Pennsylvania. Mr. Ford was one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association and always one of its most loyal members; he was for a term treasurer of the American Fisheries Society, and again its president.

The sale of fishing tackle by the great department stores of this city appears to have proved not a marked business success. The prices which the dry goods men put on their tackle were extremely low; they offered the people an opportunity to buy fishing rods at exceedingly cheap figures. The trouble was, as the customers soon discovered, that the tackle itself was cheap, cheaper, in fact, than the price. We heard of a case the other day where one buyer of department store tackle had exchanged his first cheap and worthless purchase for one slightly more expensive and superior, this one in turn for another, and so on until in the end he had expended enough money to have bought a legitimate rod in a legitimate tackle store. And with it all, he did not get a rod he could use, so he went into another department of the same store and traded the fishing tackle for a baby carriage

The Sportsman Tourist.

BEAR CHIEF, THE BLACKFOOT.

Inscribed to Natoye, Forest and Stream's Blackfoot baby, of the Forest and Stream's Indian Camp, at New York Sportsmen's Exposition, March, 1896.

The Blackfoot Chief, from native wilds and ways,
Borne to the white man's mightiest town,
Complacently withstood the curious gaze
Of eager thousands; up and down
"The place of many houses" flash'd his eyes—
Too pure an Indian to betray surprise.

Confronted with the wonders wrought by man,
The triumphs of the thousand years,
The "long results" of science, and the span—
The arch of art that genius rears,
Straining beyond the natural to ideals—
Beyond the simpler needs an Indian feels.

"It is a strange and fearful place," said he;
What cultured scholar might say more
With all his words and sage philosophy?
A strange and fearful place! The roar
Of ceaseless traffic in a maze of art
Dazed not his brain, but chill'd his Indian heart!

With dignity and pride he strode among
The great, the stately, rich and grand,
To him an alien race, with alien tongue—
Usurpers of his native land—
Yet, with a spirit that few Christians know,
He smiled to all, whate'er might sleep below,

A master of brief speeches, what he said
Was tersely eloquent and clear;
Each gesture apt, as though a bowstring sped
An arrow's message to the deer.
When he had finish'd (note, Parolee, pray)
He closed with "This is all I have to say."

Bear Chief had slain in wars some twenty men—
So read the record of his life—
And these of hostile tribes when, now and then
He used his rifle or his knife;
A record fairly good, though something spare
Compar'd with that of many a white chief there!

But then he was not bred to church and state,
To commerce and the trend of trade—
Nor yet enlightened how to speculate
And hoard the ducats shrewdly "made."
Nor was he civilized enough to know
Just how to batten on his nation's woe!

He nothing knew of individual right,
Sanctioned "conditions" and the laws
By which a thrifty few may blast and blight
The lives of millions or the cause
Of nations, of humanity, and mar
Until the mass revolts and Reason shrieks for War!

His soul was kept to narrower ways, and pent
Within the circle of his needs;
His avarice to his arms, a horse and tent,
Ambition to heroic deeds;
Beyond immediate use the lust for pelf
Roused not the demon Ego, fiend of Self.

His passions, such as nature's plans, conform
Quite unabridged, untrammel'd, free—
Might like the tempest burst! but, minus storm,
All life would stagnate with the sea;
And his affections, potent as his hate,
Fix'd in his soul the constancy of fate.

The Blackfoot warrior saw, but envied not,
The treasures of the white man's mart;
No word of his regretful for his lot
Came from his lips; his loyal heart
Turned always back to nature and the West—
His land, his people seem'd to him the best.

Mark well the features of the Indian chief—
How few are nobler in the throng!
Nay, turn from it to him, and feel relief—
Few faces there more true or strong.
By want oppress'd, or if by foes assail'd,
The chief a friend, think you his aid had fail'd?

There are no terrors could appall that brow,
No dangers that he would not scorn;
Long years of hazard have not made him bow.
To peril and privation born,
Deceived, betrayed, his nation feebly few,
And tried by all the vanquished ever knew—

Fidelity in his firm visage glows,
True manhood dignified his form!
From those dark eyes, so placid in repose,
What gleams might flash in passion's storm!
Would he desert a friend, a failing cause,
Though life and death combined to bid him pause?

Not he! His heart, once set upon a cast,
"Would stand the hazard of the die"—
His blows would be the fiercest and the last,
Or death alone the reason why!
"A touch of nature makes the world akin"—
But all the arts can never make such men!

And Antelope—a princess of a line
Older than heraldry can trace—
Her parent tree coeval with the pine
That plumes her ancient hills; her race
Emblazons not its pride in fire-new charms—
Her strain, her lineage, needs no coat-of-arms.

'Tis told of by the aged ancient of her tribe,
Antique traditions, legends old,
Where history lives and breathes—without a scribe—
Is cherished still, though not enscroll'd,
Where gray old mothers, scarr'd and wrinkled sires
Murmur their memories by their smouldering fires.

A princess she by every sacred right,
Ignored but by the white man's law;
Dethroned but by the soulless force of might
And human greed's insatiate maw!
The fittest will survive (perchance of men),
The proverb saveth not of where, or when.

Ay, every inch a princess, yet a waif,
Clasping Natoye to her breast—
Wee simile of herself! Heav'n keep them safe
Amid the perils of the West—
Where Indian babes and mothers, like the braves,
Are swept from "reservations" to their graves!

As all the thousand tribes have gone before,
These stragglers follow fleetly on
To that far place, that happy, mystic shore,
Beyond the sunset and the dawn—
Beyond the dreary winters, famines, woes,
To vanished Blackfoot hosts and buffaloes.

California. Charles L. Paige.

ONE DAY IN THE TROPICS.

That long neck of land known as the Malay Peninsula, which juts out from southeastern Asia, reaching a thousand miles into the archipelago beyond, is but indifferently known to Europe and scarcely at all to America.

Though it is now more than 300 years since the Portuguese flag was first unfurled along its shores, and England has had possessions there since the beginning of the century, yet it is only recently that anything has been done toward its exploration and development. The country itself is interesting. Its vegetation has all the luxuriance of the valley of the Amazon. Here we see the peculiar and varied flora of the far east mingled with the less tropical, but quite as interesting, forms of Siam and India.

It is a romantic land. One has no trouble to detect in the brown-skinned inhabitants those qualities of mind and body which their ancestors before them used against the hated European—"infidel," as they delight to call them—invaders. As a race they are proud and independent. They do not forget how their *rajahs* once ruled over powerful kingdoms, and their soft, musical language was the medium of diplomacy in the capitals of Siam and China. In their *cheritas* they have the stories of their ancient greatness, and they cling to them as the Greeks did to the ballads of Homer.

I spent a few days on the peninsula for recreation and collecting, and count among my many experiences a ride in a bullock cart from our bungalow to the hot springs at Ayer Panas, or "hot water," as the natives say, the most interesting.

We were staying at a Chinese house back in the foothills in the midst of a pepper plantation. My companion was a man born and raised in the East and used to all the ups and downs of outdoor life. He was delighted with our location; I was enthusiastic over it. All was strange and new, and we had nothing to do but enjoy it. The neighboring *ladangs* we explored completely; we climbed hills covered with massive granite boulders, where the tall *lalang* grass waved breast high.

While wandering about in the forest near the house, I met an old Malay and asked him if there were tigers about. "*Ada*" ("there are") was his nonchalant reply, and then seeing that I expressed some surprise at the stolidly imparted information asked: "*Tuan lakut?*" ("Is master afraid?") When I ventured to assure him that I should climb a tree at the first sight of a tiger he smiled commiseratingly and remarked, "No use, master." However, I never met with any of the dreaded "grandfathers" of the forest, though I penetrated every thicket in quest of flowers or insects.

Our journey to the springs was to be the crowning glory of our visit, and our minds were full of speculation and anticipation concerning it.

The night before the promised excursion was fine. The moonlight had the peculiar golden splendor common to nights in the tropics. With the settling down of night came a sense of peaceful quiet which was only broken by the creaking of the belated *kretas* in the road below, or the chirping of the *chinkarets* in the trees behind.

We were up at the breaking of day to begin preparations for our start. A carriage had been left for our service, but we preferred to undertake the ride in a native bullock cart and enjoy for once a taste of primitive locomotion. At 8 o'clock one drew up before our door. Not till then did the wonders and beauties of the vehicle dawn upon us. It was a long, low affair, hung between two huge wheels, which were held on to the axle by pins; above the cart itself, elevated perhaps 2ft., was the long *cajang*-leaf cover hung over a crescent-bent pole for the ridge. This projected high enough for one to sit under without touching the head. On a board nailed to the tongue sat the Malay driver, with a towel wound around his head and a flowing *sarong* reaching to his ankles. He was to be our Jehu.

Two wiry-looking, gray-colored bullocks, with ropes through their noses, completed our turnout. True, it was not stylish, nor even comfortable, but it was ancient, and so we were satisfied.

We packed in our traps—first a bark matting and then our blankets, for we had to sit on the bottom of the cart; my butterfly net was hung upon a peg. The Chinese cook brought out a teapot, packed nicely in a basket, and a loaf of bread. For the rest of our provisions we were to trust to the natives.

All at last was ready; we were off. The driver jerked upon the reins and the bullocks plunged down the hill, over washouts and heaps of dirt, and finally turned into the road. During the descent we had taken our first lesson in this new method of oriental traveling. When the cart bounced over stones our heads bobbed up into the *cajang*, and as we turned the corner we were thrown into each other's arms. The box of the cart was fastened directly to the axle, and every movement of the bullocks made it dance and swing like an old-fashioned seesaw.

The road for the first two miles led along the edges of worn-out *ladangs*, covered with grass and shrubbery; then it turned off into a more hilly region. The bullocks seemed accustomed to such excursions, for they plodded leisurely along except when goaded by the driver, and then, if on the downhill, would go at breakneck speed. How the cart rattled and jumped! After one such descent we found the teapot overturned. We righted it with care, for the noon lunch depended upon it.

The country now became rougher and more interesting. From the tops of high hills we could catch glimpses of blue, smoky peaks off to the eastward. The grass was higher in the neglected plantations and flowers more frequently peeped from the shadows. The road itself was magnificent. All over the peninsula the important thoroughfares are kept in good repair. We left the deserted fields and entered a region known as the Forest Reserve—a large tract of virgin forest as yet untouched by the axe.

At first the forest skirted only one side of the road and on the other stretched the undulating *lalang*-covered hills. Up above our heads rose a great, impenetrable wall of green, so high indeed as to overshadow the road. The undergrowth was dark, dense and so tangled that one could not enter it; gigantic tree trunks rose from out this base of green and lifted their naked stems, straight as sentinels, far into the sky. One old giant in particular, fully 7ft. in diameter, must have been 150ft. high or even more, and without a branch to the very top. What a connecting link is such a tree between the past and present!

It was a pleasing relief to turn from looking at this great tree and gaze out over the wooded ravines and grassy slopes to the haze of the mountains. Another turn of the road brought us directly into the forest and we had to content ourselves with views nearer at hand.

For the first, I noticed strange butterflies flitting about from one shadow to another. One beautiful one, which I afterward learned was the *Euthalia asoka*, interested me especially. The under side of its wings was of a beautiful bronze-ash color, and when it lazily folded them together the colors danced and shimmered dazzlingly. But on the wing it appeared to the best advantage. From the body outward two-thirds of the upper side of each primary was glossy, brownish black, set in a circle of rich plum purple, which shaded into bronze on the upper edge. I took my net and quietly dropped down behind the cart. The Malay stopped the bullocks inquiringly. No doubt he wondered what the *tuan* was chasing the poor, harmless *koopoo-koopoos* for. The butterfly rested on the bristling point of a grass blade, gently flapping its wings. Stealthily I drew near, with the net poised for the swoop, and then, frightened by some stumbling step of mine, the butterfly sailed away like an aggravating sprite. Not daunted by one failure, I followed and was successful. As the folds of my net settled down over the little beauty I experienced the same thrill of satisfaction that a sportsman does when he lands a gamy fish. Carefully I extricated my capture, and it is now labeled in my collection, "Caught on the road to Ayer Panas." A number of fine specimens I caught that day, but none which gave me more delight than my *Euthalia*.

The road which had led over hills and lowlands now turned around the base of a long slope and disclosed an open meadow off to the right, and two bungalows among the palm trees. Our driver, pointing with the whip, said: "Ayer Panas," and we knew we had reached the Mecca of our pilgrimage. We had covered the nine miles in three hours, which, considering the roads and the conveyance, was good traveling. Down on the edge of the open meadow a large number of carts like our own were drawn up in line, and the bullocks in care of their drivers were grazing a little way off.

Three or four Chinese families had come out from Malacca for a day's outing, lured perhaps by the medicinal properties of the springs. With characteristic politeness they greeted us cordially in Malay, which is the common language of the country. Our Jehu unyoked the oxen; guided by an old Malay, who acted as keeper of the bungalows and man-of-all-work, we were off for the springs.

At the end of a short causeway leading out into the lowland a small building had been erected for the accommodation of any one wishing a bath. The Government has made considerable attempt at improvement, but the place will never be popular till the country is under cultivation. Our guide opened the door of the cottage and admitted us. In the middle of the room was a large concrete tank divided by a partition of brick. This partition was pierced in one or two places, and a conduit connected the tank with the main spring, which was under the end of the building, some 10ft. away. The atmosphere was hot and oppressive and heavily charged with moisture. I dipped my finger into the water and found it nearly boiling. In the passage of the water through the porous pipe to the tank it must lose two or three degrees of heat, so that in the spring itself the water is at the boiling point. A certain scientific doctor, who made an examination of the spring, reported that none of the famed springs of Europe had better claim to healing virtues than this. Consequently we deemed ourselves fortunate, for, while we never could have visited Carlsbad, here, 10,000 miles away in the jungles of an unknown land, we were at liberty to enjoy all the benefits of a peaceful sanitarium, with the addition of more beautiful scenery than the *einwohner* of Carlsbad ever dreamed of.

The vertical sun over the palm trees suggested lunch time. We carried our teapot and solitary loaf to the veranda of the bungalow and there coaxed the old Malay to try to get us some fruit. He went away and was gone so long we thought he had played "hookey," but at last we saw him coming up the path with a basket out of which were sticking long yellow plantains with mangosteens piled in below. We gave him 25 cents, which made him happy for one day at least. But disaster shadowed us; when we opened our tea-basket the pot was empty.

That ill-fated fall in the morning had drained out every drop. Next we unwrapped the bread, but *horribile dictu*, it was like putty. My friend remarked that the tea was still there, soaked into that lone piece of bread, but I could get no satisfaction from his philosophy. The combination did not tempt the appetite of a hungry man. Had it not been for the fruit which the bounty of the old Malay had provided we should have fared sadly indeed.

To while away the time we talked with him, much to his surprise, for why should two white travelers deign to converse with him, a copper-colored native? This is a question which orientals are not called upon often to answer.

We asked him where the hot water in the spring came from. He looked up with a smile and shaking his head answered: "*Itu tuhan allah punia tahu*"—"That is the knowledge of God."

We bathed and then strolled down the road over beyond a bridge where I saw a rare and beautiful butterfly, but my efforts to catch it only drove it into the thicket. The sun was beginning to sink into the west. It was the time of day when, as the natives say, the buffalo go down to the water. The herons were flying noiselessly homeward over the stretch of meadow, and the monkeys began to chatter in the woods. Our driver "poked" the bullocks and we clambered into the cart and rolled away into the "Reserve." The meadow was shut out by the jungle, the bungalows and palm trees faded next, and then nothing

was left but the narrow road, hedged in by the silent forest. The rain began to fall, and dripped drowsily on the *cajang*. I could not resist its influence, and so dropped off to sleep. The tree tops and creepers waved a last farewell, seeming to say in the mellow language of the people who live forever in their shadows, "*Salamat jalan*"—a peaceful journey. Just as the twilight was falling over hill and valley, converting the *ladangs* into vast expanses of somber gloom and the thickets into fantastic shadow forms, we turned off from the big road and saw the welcome bungalow before us. The day's experiences were done. R. C. F.

A MOOSE HUNT IN MAINE.

BY CAPT. TAYLOR.

WHILE attending the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden last May, and there viewing the exhibits of the United States Cartridge Co., I had the pleasure of meeting the noted Indian guide and moose caller, Joseph Francis, of Oldtown, Me., and I then made up my mind that I would take a trip in the Maine wilderness the next October with Mr. Francis.

The month of September at last came, and on the 26th I left Albany bound to Bangor, where I met Mr. Francis. We were going to take the trip alone, into the very best game country in the State of Maine, and as we were to be gone over a month my pack was large, for I had to take clothing enough to get through some cold weather. I carried all my duffle in an Adirondack pack basket. Arrived at Kineo, we spent the evening down at the Kineo store and there bought as provisions for the woods one loaf of bread, 2lbs. Kineo pilot bread, one-half bushel of potatoes, 10lbs. pork, 5lbs. bacon, 5lbs. butter, ¼lb. pepper, 20lbs. salt, 20lbs. sugar, 25lbs. flour, one box rolled oats, half peck onions, three dozen eggs, 5lbs. lard, 1lb. candles, four bars soap, one box matches, 1lb. tea, 2lbs. coffee, 2lbs. dried apples, 2lbs. prunes, four cans condensed milk, 1lb. baking powder, two cans baked beans, two quarts maple syrup, two cans tomatoes, two cans corn, two cans peas, one bottle mixed pickles, one cake chocolate, two cans corned beef, a flour sieve and some crash for toweling.

The next morning, Saturday, Sept. 28, our canoe, cooking utensils and tent arrived on the little boat Twilight; and putting our provisions aboard also, we took the little boat to Northeast Carry, eighteen miles distant. At 10:30 A. M. we arrived at the carry, took dinner at Luce's house, then piled the duffle into one of Luce's wagons and the canoe on top, and crossed the two-mile carry to the west branch of the Penobscot River. Placing the duffle in the canoe, we were soon paddling down the stream to our first camp, at the mouth of Moose-horn stream.

This was a delightful sail of eight miles, and at 3:30 P. M. we were on the camping ground. In less than an hour we had the tent pitched and the fire built, and Joe was soon mixing some bread. At 6 P. M. we sat down to our first meal in camp. Supper over, we built up the camp-fire and spread out our blankets for the night. As I sat before the big camp-fire of birch logs and listened to Joe tell of the moose he had called, we could hear a partridge drumming on a log just in front of the tent. By 9:30 we were rolled up, I in a Kenwood sleeping bag and Joe in his double quilted blanket. As we lay in the tent, the cracking of the burning birch logs and the sparks floating to the starlit sky told us that the night was to be a cold one, but we were soon asleep and had forgotten the moose stories and bear tales. This camp we named Camp Moose-horn.

Sept. 29.—Sunday morning dawned and I was the first to arise. At 5 o'clock I crawled out of the tent and taking up the pail found 1in. of ice in it. I lit the fire and when Joe heard me chopping he arose and we were soon preparing breakfast. Of course, we had no game, for the law was not yet off for two days, so we had to live on city food. After breakfast we set out for a cruise up Moose-horn stream in the canoe. We paddled up the stream as far as possible and then took to the old wood road. We followed this for four miles, and were delighted to see the great number of moose tracks, some old and others quite fresh. We branched off this road and followed a trail which brought us right into a moose yard, and we could see where a moose had lain down. We followed the trail on for a mile further and came into another moose yard, which had as many tracks as a barnyard, and we could see where a bull, a cow and calf had gone along together. It was now noon, so we traced our steps back to camp and dinner.

Sept. 30.—The night had not been as cold as the previous one, and I did not awake until I heard Joe make the first stroke of the axe. We soon had our camp-fire roaring, and while Joe started to make some partridge I put my fly-rod together and, placing brown hackles on the leader, started in the canoe for the mouth of the little stream, just opposite our camp ground. I had not cast more than two or three times when a 1½lb. trout struck, and I soon had him in the canoe. By this time it was raining very hard and I had to give up fishing, for Joe was calling breakfast. How good that coffee smelled! and we were soon seated in the tent around the table, which was made out of our camp-box. After dinner we paddled up stream to see if there were any more fresh moose tracks, but not finding any fresh ones we returned to camp, and the rain drove us to the tent. After supper we paddled up the stream again. It was bright moonlight, and we heard and saw a number of deer. It was great sport to sit noiselessly in the canoe and see the deer come down to the water and drink, and while listening we suddenly heard a buck break through the bushes and come down to the water's edge, when he suddenly saw us in the moonlight, and he whistled and started back in the brush. There was a doe along with him, but she did not see us, and came right on the shore and began to drink. The canoe was moving slowly and noiselessly and we got within 10ft. of her, and there we sat. It was a fine sight, for I could have touched her with the paddle. She had not seen us yet, but the old buck was eyeing u from the bushes, and evidently fearing the doe in danger he whistled, and she started to run along the shore and again stopped to drink. We then floated out in the stream and left the lovely animal to feed in peace.

We were nearly back to camp when we heard a large buck in the bushes, so Joe pushed the canoe up on shore and there we waited, and for nearly half an hour that buck was within 20ft. of us, and when he came down to drink he nearly stepped into the canoe, and he at last scented us and made off into the woods snorting and stamping.

Now this made me think of the hours that I had spent in the canoe with a beastly jack-light in the bow, while I in my earlier hunting experience had floated the waters of the Adirondack Mountains, and how the shining eyeballs of the deer had sent the thrill of butchery through my veins. In this lovely game country one has not to do this beastly work, and I hope the time will soon come when it will be placed in the game laws of New York that the jack-light and hound will be allowed no more.

Oct. 1.—We sat down to a hasty breakfast of bread, fried partridge, fried potatoes and tea, for we were in a hurry to visit again the trail where a few days before we had seen fresh deer tracks. At 9:30 we were on the trail, and we had not gone far before we saw fresh moose tracks. While we were noiselessly walking along the road we were keeping our eyes open for moose. Joe suddenly stopped and pointed to a little thicket not 60yds. distant. I looked and there saw the hindquarters of a deer, and taking aim fired. A bound in the bushes told that I had hit. I ran up to where I had seen the deer disappear, and there it had toppled over, a fine deer. We stopped and dressed it and laid it in the bushes and proceeded on, for we were looking for a small pond at the head of the stream, which we thought would be a fine place to call for moose. We followed this road for three miles and then a small trail, and from there some blazed trees. These blazes soon stopped, and we were not near the pond; so Joe said I had better return to camp and he would go alone and try and find

SWAPPING YARNS.

it and would return some time in the afternoon. At 4:30 P. M. he returned to camp, bringing the hindquarters of the deer with him, and said he had found the pond, and that the signs for moose were very good, but there was no trail to it, and it would be impossible to carry a canoe into it. We decided to break camp the next day.

Oct. 2.—Bright and early we broke camp and were on our way down the West Branch toward the rocky rips. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith, of Pittsfield, Mass., and his guide, Steve Stenislaus, and gave some deer meat to them. We went through the rocky rips and now were on our way to Pine Stream Falls. We soon reached the falls and Joe dropped over them and I walked over the carry, for the water in the West Branch was very low. We wished to reach the Chesuncook House before nightfall, and just as the moon was peeping over the eastern mountains arrived at the hotel and were glad to be where we would get a good night's sleep, so as to be fresh for our sixteen-mile paddle the next day down Suncook Lake to the dam.

Oct. 3.—At 10:30 A. M. we were on our way once more. The wind began to blow very hard, so we had to cross the lake to get into smooth water. When near the mouth of Red Brook two little buck deer came out of the woods and watched us, and when they saw we did not molest them quietly walked along the shore and into the woods, and were soon lost to view.

We reached the dam at 4 P. M. and pitched camp near the carry to Brighton Dam. After supper we paddled down the lake to find the man who with the aid of his team and jumper carries over the trail to Brighton Dam. There was no one at home, so I sat and waited in the moonlight, while Joe took the lantern and traveled over the carry to the other end looking for the teamster. While I was sitting on the old jumper sleigh the rabbits would run by me, and it afforded me great pleasure to watch them run and sit up and peer at me, and wonder what I was. I could also hear deer come down to the water and break brush not far behind me. Joe soon returned and we made our arrangements to be carried the next morning at 9 o'clock.

We then went down the lake to Suncook Cove and called for moose, but did not get an answer, so we paddled down to the south end of the lake and called once. Without an answer, a large bull moose came tearing through the woods. He must have been nearly a mile away. On and on he came and when within about 200yds. of us suddenly stopped. Joe called again, and we could hear him in the woods very near us, but no inducement could get him to come out. We soon knew the reason why, for some campers had left a fire burning when they went away; it was smoldering, and the wind carried the smoke close to the ground, and right between the moose and us; he smelt it and would not pass through it.

It was now 3 A. M. and we set out for camp, thinking that we would return before daylight and call again. In half an hour we were in camp and before the blazing camp-fire, and after drinking some warm tea were ready to return to the place where we had left the moose. At 4 o'clock we were on our way again back to the bog to wait until daylight and see if we could call him out. It was not long before gray day appeared, and we called, but the moose was not around. We were very sorry to lose him; he was a very large one, for we could hear his antlers strike the trees for a long distance off. We returned to camp and breakfast, for we were hungry and cold, and had not had a wink of sleep all night. This camp I named Camp No Camp, for we pitched tent, but did not sleep in it.

Oct. 4.—After breakfast the teamster arrived and we soon had the luggage on the old jumper, and were on the way over the carry to Brighton Dam. Joe and I went ahead of the team, looking for partridges. When we had gone a little over a mile I happened to look down a side trail, and there stood a large buck looking straight toward me, and only about 60yds. distant. I took aim and fired; the buck turned, reeled, and fell dead in his tracks. Joe soon caught up with me with the camera he was carrying, and we took a picture of him just as he fell; also one more view, with Joe and myself in it. At the dam we pitched the tent and prepared for the night. At 4 P. M. we took the canoe and made a cruise up the dead water of the stream. Here we saw plenty of fresh moose tracks, but no moose, and at dark left the canoe at the lower end of the dead water and proceeded over the trail back to the camp by moonlight. We turned in early, as we had had no sleep in the past thirty-six hours. This camp I named Camp Good Luck, for we had good luck in felling the big buck deer.

Oct. 5.—We broke camp and the team had come from 'Suncook Lake to carry our luggage and canoe over the Harrington Lake carry, for we next intended to camp on Harrington Lake for a few days. We reached the lake at 12 o'clock, and there met a party waiting for the team that carried us to the lake to take them back to Chesuncook Lake. They had been camping on the lake for three weeks, and had a fine moose head and skin, a caribou and a deer. We paddled across the lake and occupied the camp site they had just left, and named it Home Camp. Harrington Lake is a fine sheet of water nearly three miles long by a half mile wide, surrounded by mountains on one side and high ledges on the other. We sat down to supper at 4 P. M.; and, supper over, took a cruise around the lake to see if the big game was plenty, but the wind was blowing quite hard and we had to return to camp, and busied ourselves taking flash-light pictures of camp life at night, and we prize two pictures entitled "Swapping Yarns" and "Pleasant Dreams."

Oct. 6.—Sunday morning dawned and we had nothing to do, as we did not intend to hunt on Sunday. The night had been a cold one, and the water in the pail outside the tent was frozen nearly to the bottom. We ate our breakfast of fried venison, potatoes, bread and coffee, and went to work chopping wood enough for the day and night, for in the afternoon we wanted to cruise the country round about. At 1 o'clock we paddled down the lake, and Joe carried the canoe over the trail to a small piece of dead water. We paddled up the stream in search of fresh moose tracks. We had not paddled far before we saw a very fresh caribou track, and Joe got out of the canoe and followed it up on a ridge of rocks. While he was standing looking down in the swamp beyond I sat in the canoe, and I happened to look over on a high ridge of rocks about 150yds. away and there ran along a cow moose and a calf. They stopped for a moment, looked down at me and then trotted on down in the swamp out of sight. In not more than a minute a small, two-spiked bull moose came running over the same ridge, stopped and looked around, but did not happen to see me, and then started in the direction the cow and calf had gone. By this time Joe had returned to the canoe. I considered this quite a treat to see three moose in the daytime. We thought it would be a fine place to call moose the next fine night, so we pulled the canoe up on shore and returned to camp much pleased with our afternoon cruise. It was dark when we arrived at camp, but a big camp-fire soon lit up the scene, and we were once more seated around the blazing fire. The moon by

GOOD LUCK.

this time had risen, and everything seemed cheerful, and as we were seated around the table, eating flapjacks and maple syrup and drinking tea, we were wishing that some of our loved ones at home could happen in and see us and take tea.

Oct. 7.—When breakfast was over we packed our basket and bag and were soon on our way back to the dead water, where we had seen the moose the day before. We had provisions enough for two days. We arrived at the stream at 3 o'clock and there pitched a temporary lean-to made of a rubber blanket. At 5 o'clock we pushed off from the shore on an all-night hunt. We paddled the dead water until dark and then called. We could hear in the distance a cow call and a calf moose would answer her, but we did not get an answer and we still waited. We then paddled up stream again and saw two cow moose standing in the stream, but they scented us and made off in the woods. At 11 o'clock we turned our way toward camp, and when we were nearly to the end of the stream Joe called again and we immediately heard an answer, and by the grunt we knew that it was not a very large bull. He was wading up the stream, and was coming

right toward us, although he was a good way off yet. He continued to come, and when he was just in sight and we could see his form in the moonlight we heard some one fire a shot, and then followed more shooting in quick succession. The shots were fired in another stream over a mile away and this frightened our moose, and he quickly turned into the wood and we could not see nor hear anything of him, so we concluded to go to camp and get warm and just at daylight to return to this spot and try and call him out again.

We reached the lean-to at 2:30 A. M. and boiled some tea and at 3:30 started back to the spot which we had left. Before we again reached the place where he had left the water we heard him wading in the stream, and rounding the bend we could see that it was the moose in the stream, but he was a small one and I would not shoot him. We splashed with the paddle as if it was a cow wading, but no inducement could get him to come toward us. At last he started to come down toward us, but the wind was blowing directly toward him and he got scent of us and made back into the woods and was soon lost to sight and hearing. We then gave up the hunt and, leaving the canoe, traveled back to camp by the light of the lantern, for the moon had hid itself under a cloud, and it looked very much like rain.

By this time I was tired and sleepy, having been up all night and sitting twelve hours in the canoe. As soon as it was daylight Joe went down to our home camp on Harrington Lake and I wrapped myself in my sleeping bag and slept until 10 o'clock. I then began to feel hungry, so I opened a can of beans and boiled some. While I was sitting there eating a partridge flew up in a tree just near me and carefully eyed me, but did not seem to be much alarmed at my presence, and I then thought that I would try and photograph it, so getting my camera pointed upward toward the clump of trees, I photographed the partridge in the tree.

Joe had just returned with a good load of provisions, and it had now commenced to rain. We concluded that we had better return to our home camp again, as it looked as if it would rain for a week, and as our lean-to was not water-proof, we thought it best to move to home camp. We piled all the things under the lean-to, and shouldering our blankets started back to camp on Harrington Lake. We were soaking wet when we reached the tent, but it did not take long to dry before the blazing campfire.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

VIII.—Seals and Seal Hunting.

[Written for FOREST AND STREAM by Count H. de Puyjalon, and translated by Crawford Lindsay.]

THE seals found in the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence along the Labrador coast are the following:

The common or harbor seal (*Phoca vitulina*); the harp seal (*Phoca groenlandica*, Fabricius); the bristled seal (probably the *Phoca lagura* of Lacépède); the crested or hooded seal (*Stemmatopus cristatus*. Cuvier); the square flipper or bearded seal (*Phoca barbata*, Fabricius); the yellow seal (probably the *Phoca foetida*, Fabricius); the horsehead seal (*Phoca hispida*, Fabricius).

The harbor seal is very seldom killed far from land. It is chiefly found on the shore, on the rocks and in the deep bays which indent our shores. It sometimes ascends as far as the most distant falls in the rivers and remains there for the greater part of the summer. It is not unusual to see herds of twenty-five, thirty and even forty individuals disporting in some of the bays, but this is purely accidental, as, contrary to the habits of most other seals, such for instance as the square flipper, bearded seals, etc., which seem to be guided by the orders of a leader or to be governed by some common law, each harbor seal acts independently of the other members of the tribe.

Its length does not exceed 5ft. and its weight is under 200lbs. Its skin, a dirty yellowish white in color, is often marked with black spots close together, especially on the back, and its value is in proportion to the number of spots. It sells for from $1 to $1.50. The blubber, which is either melted slowly in the sun or tried out in a cauldron, yields from two to six gallons, according to its size, each gallon being worth from 25 to 30 cents.

The harbor seal is polygamous. The female brings forth at the end of June one, or, very rarely, two young, which she suckles for about a fortnight and afterward abandons, apparently without the slightest regret. The young seals at first seem in great distress at being abandoned; they swim about here and there, whining and approaching everything afloat with a temerity which frequently costs them their lives. I have often caught them right alongside of my boat, against which they pressed, their wailing cries sounding like the weeping of children. When thus abandoned they get very thin, but get accustomed to being alone and to providing for themselves, and shortly become as wary as their parents—especially if they have been shot at and missed by unskillful hunters.

Harbor seals are shot from boats when the water is calm. They are also caught in nets spread near the banks and rocks to which they usually resort, landing with the flood tide and remaining high and dry when the tide ebbs. They always choose rocks from which they can easily slide into the water when disturbed. As they cannot walk, they would be unable to escape if they had to go over a solid surface for any distance.

As already stated, these seals are hunted by men in boats, armed with guns. Like all other pinnipeds, they cannot remain long under water, and have to come to the surface to breathe after a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes.*

When the water is calm it is easy to see them emerge, but when it is rough it is very difficult to do so. When the animal is pursued it soon dives, the boat is then paddled slowly and as quietly as possible in the direction it has taken, and when it reappears the hunter aims at its head, the side of the head if possible, and kills it if he is not a bad shot.

Of course, it is frequently necessary to pursue a seal for some distance and compel it to dive several times before getting within range. The hunters also hide among the rocks and attract the seals by imitating their movements. Some are so skillful that they nearly always succeed in bringing the animals quite close, when they shoot them easily. The rocks selected for this purpose must be in shallow water, for otherwise the seal might be lost by sinking before it can be seized.†

The nets, called shore nets, have 6in. meshes, are from twenty to twenty-five fathoms long and from two to two and a half fathoms deep. The upper line is provided with cork floats and the lower one is weighted with lead or round stones to make the net fit close to the bottom. This net is spread around the banks or rocks on which the seals are accustomed to land and, as they swim in, they get entangled and are drowned.

These three methods of seal hunting or seal fishing are employed throughout the summer, not only for the harbor seals, but for all the other kinds which frequent the Gulf during the open season. I have often seen harp and horsehead seals caught in shore nets. Other methods have been tried, such, for instance, as stretching lines with large hooks under water around the rocks, etc., but they have all been abandoned because they were unsuccessful or because they injured the skins.

The skin of the harbor seal, when well marked, is in great request for making tobacco pouches trimmed with glass beads, warm jackets which wear very well, winter caps and mitts, etc. The oil obtained from their blubber is like all other kinds of seal oil.

The hunting of the other species of seals is carried on on a much more extensive scale, as they congregate in large numbers in the spring on the ice fields or floes in the Gulf. They are the harp seal, the yellow seal, the square flipper, the hooded seal. On the ice floes are also occasionally found the bristled seal—a small and very scarce seal, which may be the *Phoca lagura* of Lacépède—and the horsehead seal, the *Phoca hispida* of Fabricius.

The latter, like the harbor seal, is seldom found on the floes, and lives in small herds of from thirty to forty individuals around rocks at some distance from the shore and well supplied with seaweed of various kinds. It prefers shallow water, and I consider it both carnivorous and herbivorous.

Occasionally other seals are found on the floes which seem to differ from the above in some features not sufficiently distinct to allow of their being classified separately.

For hunting these seals the Newfoundland hunters use steamers, while the Acadian and Canadian fishermen, who are too poor to do the same, fit out small schooners of from fifteen to thirty tons, or from 150 to 300 barrels, in the language of the coast.

These small vessels are manned by twelve, fifteen or eighteen men, according to the reputation of the captain, and the crew work on shares. Each man provides his own ammunition and provisions for the trip, which lasts about six weeks. As soon as a crew is collected and the agreement made for the cruise, all hands set to work to fit out the schooner. Strong timbers are fastened to its bows and sides to a certain height above the waterline, the masts are greased with tallow, the chain cables riveted, the sails overhauled and new bolt ropes rove if necessary, and the boats hoisted in. When everything is ready, the ice is sawn away from around the schooner and she starts on her search for ice fields. This is generally done about March 15, and nearly all the schooners from Esquaimaux Point and Natashquan set sail at the same time. When at sea each captain acts on his own experience and sails wherever he thinks best. Some go to the Straits of Belle Isle, others to the archipelago of the Magdalen Islands, and others still toward the Island of Anticosti, seeking for the ice floes on which the seals take refuge.

This navigation is not without its perils. Sometimes the schooners are caught between the floes and, unable to extricate themselves, are slowly carried out to sea. Then the sealers are obliged to feed on the scraps of meat adhering to the sealskins and blubber on board or to abandon their vessels and make their way to shore over the ice, hauling their boats with their arms and provisions. This entails great suffering and hardships, to say nothing of the danger. At other times the schooners are nipped by the ice and sink with their crews. This fortunately happens but seldom.

When the lookout gives notice that there are seals on a floe, this floe may either be a very large one without fissures—and then the seals may be clubbed—or it may be broken up and seamed by many channels of open water, and then the seals have to be shot.

In the first case the sealers select a leader, put on white clothes, provide themselves with heavy tamarack or black spruce sticks 4ft. long and about 2in. thick and get on the ice very cautiously.

The leader carefully reconnoiters the place occupied by the seals and tells off every sealer to his post. In doing so he pays special heed to the distance which separates the seals from the water and to the direction of the wind. When all his instructions have been given and thoroughly understood each man crawls to the position assigned him and awaits the leader's signal. In spite of every precaution the movements of so many persons cannot fail to cause uneasiness among the seals. They lift their heads and sniff the air, endeavoring to make out objects whose nature their eyes cannot distinguish. It is here that the skill of the leader manifests itself, for if he has been guilty of the slightest neglect in ascertaining the direction of the wind and in assigning his followers their posts the success of the hunt is endangered.

The sealers remain perfectly immovable until the seals have quieted down. The leader then lifts his club and with a loud cry rushes on the herd. A portion of the sealers follow him, while the others cut off the seals' retreat. Then follows a scene of indescribable tumult and confusion, especially if two or three crews work together. The greenhorns or awkward sealers who miss their blows curse their luck or jump aside to avoid the teeth of the partially stunned animals. The slaughter is soon ended and the work of flensing begins. The skins and blubber are taken off with incredible rapidity: a few minutes suffice for the operation, which is called sculping.

When all the skins are removed they are laced; this consists in placing three or four small skins in a large one, around whose border small holes have been made, and by means of small lines this is laced with the hair outside over the skins inclosed, and the packages are hauled over the ice to the vessel, one being considered a good load for a strong man. When the packages are on board they are unfastened and the sculps are stowed away in the hold, being laid hair to hair and blubber to blubber. The sculp of the hooded seal is sometimes so heavy that it has to be hoisted in with block and tackle.

In the second case, that is when the ice field is divided by long fissures, the sealers have to resort to their guns. These are all muzzle-loaders, single or double-barreled, carrying a very heavy charge of powder and slugs. The boats used by the sealers are very light and narrow and painted entirely in white; they are manned by two men, clad in white.

The bowman has two guns and a boat hook close to his hand; the steersman has another boat hook and a sharp knife. Sometimes the hunter in the bow puts a block of ice in front of him to hide him. The steersman must be careful to keep well in line behind the bowman and work his paddle as quietly as possible without taking it out of the water and with his lower hand dipping in it. This kind of boat work is very difficult and requires practice and strength, for in keeping to leeward the hunters have always to paddle against the wind.

When the boat gets within range of the seals the bowman noiselessly lays down his paddle and takes up his gun, and leaving his comrade to continue paddling, he fires at the seals, aiming as much as possible at the side or back of the head.

When the ice floe is too large to allow the hunters to get within range in the boat, they land and crawl, one behind the other, until they get close enough. The hunter then fires and his comrade flenses the seals that are shot. A good marksman, who knows how to take advantage of the moment when the seals lift their heads to sniff the enemy, can kill as many as four at one shot.

There is still another kind of seal fishing by means of long nets with meshes 6in. wide, made of very strong twine and lines. They are set at points and passes between the islands and the mainland and are hundreds of fathoms long. One end is attached to a capstan, the other end is carried out and by means of a long line is brought in a curved direction to a second capstan, placed at some distance from the first. When a sufficient number of seals have got within the net the free end is brought ashore as soon as possible. They are thus imprisoned between the net and the land and are then shot or clubbed. This kind of fishing is carried on in the fall.

Seals have a certain amount of intelligence, and when tamed have been taught to do various things. The seal hunters of the Gulf affirm that when they are surrounded on the large ice floes and find it impossible to reach open water, the seals select the thinnest part of the ice field and pile themselves one on top of another, until their weight breaks a hole through the ice and they escape into the sea. I have never seen this done, but it has been told me by several Acadian hunters who seemed trustworthy.

The female of the floe seal gives birth about Feb. 15 to one, sometimes two and very rarely three young. For this event she selects the center of the largest ice floes, and always keeps holes open through which she can easily pass to obtain food.

She suckles her cubs for a very short time, and when the latter are abandoned they collect on the ice floes, where the sealers kill immense numbers of them. Seal cub hunting is carried on up to the middle of April, when they leave the ice, and it always precedes the hunting of the older seals.

The males and females mate almost immediately after the latter have brought forth, and as the hunters do not find any young seals before the following year, they conclude that the period of gestation extends over eleven or twelve months.

The hooded seal brings forth at the beginning of March. In the breeding season the male loses the hood, which gives it its name, and that ornament is replaced by a blood-red appendage about the size of two fists, and which seems to issue from the mouth without going beyond the maxillaries.

Some hunters have assured me that they have killed individuals of the *Stemmatopus* tribe with three nostrils. I only mention this fact and the previous one to show how necessary it would be to make a closer study of these animals, of which but little is as yet known, whatever may be said to the contrary. There is beyond a doubt some truth in the assertions respecting the transformation of the hood or crest in the breeding season and the abnormal enlargement of the nostrils. I am not in a position to say how far the same may be true, and I am sure that the most learned naturalists are not much better informed than I am and I deeply regret it.

The large seals are heaviest after the middle of March; they weigh about 400lbs. and yield fifteen or sixteen gallons of oil.

The hooded seals sometimes attain a weight of 2,000lbs., but they yield comparatively less oil than the harp or yellow seals.

The bristled and horsehead seals also yield a comparatively smaller quantity of oil.

The sealing schooners nearly all return to port at the beginning of May. The pelts are at once landed, the blubber is separated from the skins; the latter are salted and the former is tried out in large cauldrons and barreled. The skins are worth from 3 to 3½ cents a pound, fetching about $4 as a rule; a very fine seal will bring $12.

In good seasons the schooners take from 1,500 to 2,000 seals each, but it very often happens that the catch amounts to only 150 or 200, which barely suffices to pay expenses.

H. DE PUYJALON.

* Some seal hunters affirm that the seal can remain under water for an indefinite time without coming to the surface to breathe. It would be interesting to ascertain what truth there may be in this statement, which I have heard made in perfect good faith by hunters whose veracity seemed beyond a doubt.

† At certain times, when the seal is not very fat, it sinks at once, especially when killed outright. When shot at a long distance, it disappears before the hunter can get close enough to seize or harpoon it

CHAINED
to Business?
Can't go Shooting?
Do the next best thing—
Read the
Forest and Stream.

"STING SNAKE" AND RATTLER.

MISSISSIPPI, Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the description of my "stinging" snake your typo made havoc of the colors by a little error in punctuation. I wrote: "His body is of uniform color, not quite black, but dark, with a tinge of wine color; underneath, the ground color is scarlet," etc. The types made it read: "a tinge of wine color underneath," etc., which made some confusion in the description. I kept "McKinley," as I called him, for about six weeks. I frequently gave him a bath in a tub of water, when he invariably went to the bottom, crawled around with some show of animation, and acted as if he wished to burrow into the bottom and sides of the tub. I gave him frogs and grasshoppers while in the water, but he paid no attention to them, and ate nothing during the whole time that he formed a part of my family circle. He generally filled up on water, though, when in the tub.

A few days ago I carried McKinley on my arm down to the Sunflower River, a quarter of a mile away, and liberated him. While on the way I encountered a citizen who exclaimed in great excitement, "Why, man, that is a stinging snake! the most dangerous snake in the world! Look out! if he pops his sting into you he'll kill you?" It was with some difficulty that I convinced this gentleman by ocular demonstration that the snake was harmless, when he finally remarked, in a tone of disappointment, "Well, the stinging snake is a myth then, along with all the other myths." When I released McKinley at the river he immediately burrowed down into the mud and wriggled himself away through the soft mud, which leads me to believe that mud is his habitat and feeding ground.

About two weeks ago I secured a fine specimen of *Crotalus horridus*, or in plain English a rattlesnake, something over 4ft. long, with ten rattles. He was a vigorous specimen, noisy and disputatious, by name Bryan. I turned Bryan and McKinley loose together in a spare room with two rather small chickens for a whole afternoon. The snakes paid attention neither to one another nor to the chickens, which latter exhibited a mild curiosity when Bryan crawled by them, but no fear.

Bryan was domiciled in a box about 2½ft. long, one side being of glass and with auger holes bored through the other sides. A few days after he came to live with me I left him on the porch in the afternoon, where the sun reached him, and when I returned in the evening Mr. Bryan was stretched out in his box, stone dead.

I had supposed that rattlesnakes could stand a high temperature, but do not know any cause of this one's demise except the heat of the afternoon sun on the glass side of his box.

COAHOMA.

BLACK DUCK BREEDING GROUNDS.

MR. THOMAS JOHNSON writes from Edmonton, North-West Territories, under date of Aug. 8:

I have found out the breeding grounds of black ducks. We have no black ducks in Manitoba, and when Mr. Hough was a guest of my friend, W. B. Wells, their shooting was principally of black ducks—that is, at their club preserve at Mitchell's Bay. It was a puzzle to Mr. Wells and myself to know their breeding grounds, but I found it at Lake St. Anne, about forty-five miles west of here. They are in thousands, and a peculiarity they have during the breeding season is similar to that of the coot, or water hen, viz.: they won't fly, but dive or swim out of danger. Another lake, named Lac la Biche, is also a great breeding ground for black ducks. This lake is 160 miles north of here.

Buffalo and Furs.

I saw to-day two of the largest buffalo robes I ever saw, and I have seen tens of thousands. The buffalo were killed in March last, north of here. I measured one and it was 8ft. 6in. wide and 9ft. 8in. long, the skin measuring only from the shoulder, as the Indians who killed them are very superstitious about the heads of buffalo. I met to-day on my way in from Big Lake Mr. Frank Hardisty, going to the Yellow Head Pass with two young Englishmen on a mountain sheep and goat hunt. He told me that he had offered the Indians $25—or its equivalent—to tell him where he could find the heads of the buffalo, but they would not under any circumstances give him the information. It is what they term "bad medicine" to do so.

You could hardly credit the number of furs brought here. I send you a clipping from to-day's Edmonton *Bulletin*, showing the quantity of one trader. When I tell you that near $350,000 worth have already been brought in this season it will give you a fair idea of the immense number:

"Colin Fraser's fur consisted of 2,962 marten, 570 mink, 35 fisher, 71 otter, 110 cross fox, 185 red fox, 20 wolverine, 45lbs. castorum, 1,148 beaver, 34 silver fox, 282 lynx, 8 wolf, 3 skunk, 6,690 rats and 125 bears. Bids were offered this morning and the lot was secured by the H. B. Co. for $19,897."

A Dragon Fly Attacks a Nonpareil.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Aug. 6.—The following is, I take it, a rather remarkable story, and as it comes from an entirely reliable source, I send it to FOREST AND STREAM as the best place to bring it to the notice of naturalists, to learn whether any one has known of any similar case.

As Mr. and Mrs. Heth Canfield, of this city, were sitting on the porch of their cottage a few days since, they noticed a little bird known as a nonpareil fall fluttering to to the ground from a cedar tree near by, and as the dog sprang out to catch it Mr. Canfield hastened to rescue the bird. As he stooped over it he found that a large mosquito hawk or dragon fly had fastened upon its neck.

Picking up the bird, which seemed nearly exhausted, Mr. C. shook off the insect, which flew away with the bunch of feathers plucked from the neck of the bird still in its jaws.

The bird was taken into the house, where after a while it recovered from its fright and exhaustion and flew away. The neck showed plainly where the fierce grip of the insect had taken the feathers.

I have often seen the large mosquito hawks catch butterflies and the large horse flies, but I never knew they attacked anything as large as a bird. The nonpareil, a beautiful little bird of the South, is somewhat less in size than a canary.

W.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

CAN IT BE STOPPED?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen with much interest and satisfaction the vigor and constancy with which FOREST AND STREAM and many of its contributors uphold the stand taken to stop the sale of all kinds of wild game. That the foremost journals, devoted to the highest order of outdoor sport and recreation, and that the most intelligent and observing individuals, who are nearest and most intimate with nature and natural conditions, should advocate a cause so earnestly and unanimously, stamps the undertaking as undeniably judicious and right.

Indeed, so far as my observation goes, and it is not confined to narrow limits, I am surprised that there should be any opposition to a proposition so clearly humane, sensible and economical. If Americans consulted no other sentiment than their fundamental principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, the population of the continent should unite upon so plain and simple a method of protecting their own interests, and there should be no dissenters. The miserable pot-hunters themselves should be thankful if such a means of livelihood is denied them.

The eternal scramble for dollars and dimes, that seems to be an inseparable adjunct to civilization, is demoralizing enough under most circumstances, but let us not forever continue to encourage it to extend its blight to every nook and cranny of the continent of America. There should be some precincts sacred from the blasting touch of avaricious greed and itching palms. The protection of game, natural conditions and wildernesses may have a greater influence upon the welfare of a nation than most of those nearly concerned are aware of. There are countries where aristocrats alone can leave stone pavements and smoky, impure and choking air and find relief in their private parks. There are places where only the rich may taste of grouse and venison. There are examples enough, not only in the history of old countries, but in many parts of our own, to fix beyond question forever the judiciousness, desirability, the imperative demand that the avaricious destruction of natural and common provisions should be prevented.

About the only reasonable plea that is advanced by those who desire to kill game for money comes from pioneers—remote settlers and mountaineers. These claim, and not without reason, that they must depend upon what nature puts in their way. They must catch fish and kill deer and other game, and take it to towns and trading posts to exchange for necessities. This plea will continue as long as there is an acre of vacant forest or a timber-clad mountain, or a trout stream, open to the public.

But if the claim of this class is admitted where will restriction begin? After the pioneer comes the sawmill to denude the land of timber, the miner to drain the streams for mining, or the farmer to utilize the water, or the smelter or factory to poison it. All of these interests have their advocates and the usual result is that private or corporate greed asserts its supremacy at the expense of the conservative or helpless majority. The finale will come inevitably and within a few years. History will continue to repeat itself.

To stop the sale of game is the very wisest if not the only means to prevent its extermination, and even this is not all that must be done. The professional hunter who kills game for money is not the only one who kills it ruthlessly, although in most places he is the most destructive. There is a class of excursionists, and another of vandals, who raid the country in game districts and who seem to enjoy themselves chiefly by killing or destroying—but in continuing I am only reiterating what has so often been more vigorously stated in these columns.

One thing I have observed in many persons and places is this: the genuine backwoodsman, the true sportsman and observant lover of woods and streams is not, and never was or will be, wantonly destructive of wild life. The most experienced hunters I have known, and the oldest mountaineers and frontiersmen, have been religiously humane and the most reluctant to kill any creature wantonly. When such men shoot they always know they are aiming at seasonable game, and they kill it only to supply their needs.

In California, heavily timbered and mountainous as it is, many varieties of wild game have been exterminated. There is not now an elk within its boundaries. The grizzly bear is extinct or only a stray one occasionally heard of in its migrations. A remnant of a band of antelope was heard of a year or two ago in a northern county, and the fact was a thing to be wondered at and published from Siskiyou to San Diego. They were so well advertised they probably went off "like hot cakes."

The California Legislature finally did a good thing. It passed a law against the sale of venison and elk (the elk were long gone), and better yet, stopped the sale of deer skins. The effect is not yet noticeable, but it will be. I have seen campers return from the mountains with a wagon load of freshly killed deer skins and no meat (before the law was made) and I have known of men who employed Indians to kill deer by the hundreds—perhaps thousands—for their skins alone, an industry common enough in the West.

The sale of venison and deer pelts in this State is not profitable now—not being altogether safe—but since March, 1895, other game and fish laws languish. The Legislature in 1895 renovated the laws and made some good changes—and one bad one. They made the fines imposed go to the public coffers and did away with the provision allowing informants pay for their time and trouble. They "authorized" counties to appoint wardens. Some few of the counties appointed wardens, but most of them refused on account of "an unnecessary expense!" Then some wise judge gave it as his opinion that the appointment of wardens was unconstitutional, and many unripe journalists of the State saw in this an opportunity to denounce all game laws. Just why country newspapers enjoy obstructing game laws I can't guess, but they do it with relish, zeal and peculiar idiocy. Perhaps they do it because they like to denounce things beyond their comprehension. The next Legislature may agree with the aforesaid immature people that our game laws are all unconstitutional.

In this vast country of ours it seems that not only eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, but eternal vigilance and contention are necessary to the protection of the natural advantages of the great commonwealth.

It is, I think, proverbial that the great enemy and obstacle to progress is ignorance. This, I am inclined to think, is peculiarly obvious whenever a rural journal or grocery store orator denounces game laws. If all such obstructionists would read FOREST AND STREAM for a while, thereby nourishing their ideas—or perhaps their reasoning power—they might not only favor game preservation, but unite in the effort to stop the sale of it.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

CALIFORNIA.

ADIRONDACK GAME NOTES.

Dead Deer.

DURING a recent trip through the Adirondacks, which began at the Fulton Chain of Lakes and ended at Westport, on the D. & H. R. R, I heard much about the number of deer that have been seen this season in the North Woods. Without a single exception deer were reported at the various camps to be on the increase, and it is safe to say that never again will the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission be able to gather accurate statistics of the number of deer killed in one season. One man was frank enough to say to me that if he had known what use the Commission was to make of his report he would not have reported so many deer killed as were killed by a party of which he was a member. He said if the Commission was to use the number of deer killed as an argument against hounding he would not help the argument with another report of the number actually killed. At two places I was told that between twenty and thirty deer were seen at each place in or around a single lake in one day. It is evident enough that there are many deer left in the Adirondacks, but it is also evident that deer are killed illegally, and it is a most difficult thing to detect the violators of the law.

A little way down the Raquette River, after leaving Long Lake, our nostrils were saluted with a stench which incited us to look for the cause of it. In the water near the bank a dead deer was found with wounds in head and breast. The animal was not in a condition for a close examination, but circumstances seem to point to the fact that the deer had been shot by jack light, and though badly wounded had escaped the hunter, only to die in a manner to render the venison worthless when found, even if it was found by the hunter. Two other dead deer were found in the same river lower down, and a game protector had been hunting for the violators of the law without success up to the time of our visit. Miles away from the spot it was known that the deer had been killed and where the carcasses were, which was natural, for such news travels in the woods, but nothing could be learned of those who did the killing. I happen to know something of the strenuous effort made to find the guilty ones, but it is not strange that they should escape in the wilderness.

One of the State game protectors told me he had just been to Deer Pond, in St. Lawrence county, in consequence of reports that deer were being killed. Within a space of four rods square he found the carcasses of eleven deer, ten of them does. From one but a single ham had been taken, and but little more meat had been taken from the other carcasses. The protector said it was not likely that these deer had been fire-hunted, as he saw eighteen deer in or around the pond during an hour's time. The deer had been shot wantonly, and in all probability between fifteen and twenty fawns had been left to perish after their mothers had been killed, for if they did not die at once they would be so poor and weak that they would not survive the winter. There is a possibility that some of the miscreants who did the shameful work may be brought to justice.

Breeding of Deer.

In a deer park at Loon Lake, Mr. Ferd. Chase, the proprietor of the hotel, has a number of deer which have been captured at various times during the open hunting season and turned into the park, where their habits may be studied, instead of turning them into venison in the ordinary way. The conditions existing in the park are not unlike those to which the deer have been accustomed in a wild state, except that their quarters are circumscribed. Two years ago a female fawn was born in the park, and this year that fawn is the mother of a fawn. Her fawn was born when she was about one year old, and this was to me brand new information concerning the natural history of the Virginia deer, as it was to Col. Wm. F. Fox, Superintendent of Forests of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, and it is possible that it may be unusual in the breeding habits of the deer, and I note it to obtain light on the subject from those who have deer in confinement an i under observation.

Does vs. Bucks.

Last autumn during the deer hunting season I heard from two sections of the Adirondacks that more dry does were killed than in many years before, and it was accounted for by the fact that it had become the rule in those sections to kill only the bucks and spare the does During my journey through the woods the matter of dry does was brought up at a number of stopping places or hunting centers, and while it was admitted that such was the case, I heard it charged to hounding during the breeding season; that the dogs so harried the deer and separated them that the increase in the deer herd was less than it otherwise would be. This theory was combated, it is true, but it seemed to be as reasonable as the other, for really more does were killed last season than bucks, the proportion being 2,207 bucks to 2,693 does.

Adirondack Moose.

The last moose to be killed in the Adirondacks was killed in the 60s, I think. I have heard Alva Dunning credited with killing the last moose, and also heard Mitchell Sebatis credited with the same act. Be that as it may, I think the last moose was killed near Long Lake.

A few days ago the register of the Threehouse Hotel in Glens Falls, N. Y., for the years 1843 and '44 was brought to light in the village, and a newspaper man has been looking over it. The register has been kept in a private family as a sort of scrap book, as it was in the day of it more than a register of the arrival of guests. Under date of Oct. 10, 1844, is recorded the arrival of two men, with this legend, "Returned from Long Lake. Killed two moose, three bears, five deer (one big one), one

panther and a polecat." There is no comment entered regarding the moose, and it would appear to be the regular thing for two hunters to kill two moose. At least it occasioned less remark than the killing of a big deer. One of the men, Mr. Ordway, was from Glens Falls, where his relatives now reside, but the other man I know nothing of except what the register tells me. I think Col. William F. Fox has the date of the killing of the last moose in the State of New York. A. N. C.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Chicken Crop.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 15.—From every indication there will be a better crop of chickens and wildfowl in the Northwest this fall than has been the case for years. The season has been wet enough and not too wet. A great many of the Dakota lakes that were dried up entirely are this year again full of water, and the same is true for parts of Minnesota and upper Iowa. In Minnesota the shooters will have the best chicken shooting they have known for a long time. In Illinois there will be a good crop also. Illinois has for five years been one of the best of the chicken States, though the fact has not been generally believed; the shooters preferring to press on to "newer" fields, not believing it possible that these latter could have been so soon and thoroughly depleted. In Wisconsin also there are more prairie chickens than is known by the average shooter of this section. Waukesha county will show quite a number, and a bit further north, around Berlin, Portage, Fox Lake and the edges of the big Horicon and Poygan marshes, there will be a lot of birds killed on the opening or before the opening of the season. Illegal shooting has been flourishing royally for some weeks in Illinois, and no doubt the other States as well, for it is almost impossible to keep shooters of a certain class from beginning to kill chickens as early as they can flap up out of the grass. Nowadays when a man has a good chicken pocket he keeps quiet about it. Many inquiries come to me for chicken country. I know of no surer place than the upper county of Minnesota, in the northwest corner of the State, or in the northeast county of North Dakota. This is not the only place where there will be birds, but it is about as sure as any I know of. Look up the laws before going, and stick to them. I don't know of anybody who is any better than anybody else when it comes to breaking the laws of a State, and one's personal preference for himself may not extend into the beliefs of the officers and courts. It seems to me that if shooters ought to have compassion on any bird on earth it should be for the prairie chicken, for a more helpless, defenseless bird never flew. When I hear shooters boast of the big killings they have made of these birds it occurs to me that they are advertising their own lack of quality as shooters. It is against the law to send or take these birds out of Dakota or Minnesota. Sportsmen will not wish to violate this law, others must not.

Woodcock.

Local woodcock shooters have been killing a few birds, not in numbers to amount to much. This bird enters less into the calculations of the Western shooters than it does into those of the East. Early woodcock shooting has little of fascination to it, and in fact the month of August seems too early for one to take his gun afield for any sort of game. There are good woodcock grounds along the Kankakee, the Yellow River, and others of the marshy upper waters of Indiana. There is also good ground below White Pigeon, Mich. Along the timbered *moffes* which outlie the great St. Clair marshes above Detroit there is fine woodcock shooting in season, but all that country is watched pretty closely by eagle-eyed sportsmen, who find out each nesting before it is hatched and wait eagerly for the law to lapse.

About Missoula.

Mr. R. E. Miller, of Elmira, N. Y., wants to know what Montana town he can go to for a few months' life on a ranch near deer and other game, and inquires about Missoula more especially. Missoula has a good winter climate and there is big game near by, and some small game also. Mr. Will Cave, of that town, can be more specific, if he should please.

From the Piegan Reservation in Montana come two or three letters from members of the FOREST AND STREAM Indian party who made the feature of the Sportsmen's Exposition at New York last spring. Bear Chief is well and apparently prosperous. He wants me to pick him out a good wagon here in Chicago, of a kind that will be useful on his mountain farm. Bear Chief says he has fifty acres of oats ready to harvest, though a good many are not so well off. "Those who might have had a good crop," he says, "went and spent a week at the Medicine Lodge, and while they were away the crop suffered. I did not go. Prayers will not feed cattle in the winter."

Billy Jackson says that Natoka and the little footlight favorite, Natoye, the Indian baby, are well, and are the envy of the tribe, all of whom want to come East to the white man's country. Billy says that very few hunting parties are coming West this season, and he lays this to the presidential campaign. He is going hunting for a few weeks himself, but though he says he can get lots of game, he gives it up about ever seeing another bighorn equal to the one whose head he gave to the FOREST AND STREAM office here. I can assure him that the head receives a great deal of admiration, and is prized very highly indeed.

The Grayling.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, E. S., Mich., writes me in regard to recent mention of the decreasing grayling supply in Michigan, confirming the doubts I have expressed. He says: "What you say about the disappearance of the fish is all too true. I have taken only three small ones this year in Kinne Creek, the preserved waters of the Père Marquette Club, but I hear that Mr. B. B. Mitchell, of the Fontinalis Club, and some of his fellow-members had very good grayling fishing last year somewhere on the Pigeon."

A Double-Header.

It is perhaps pardonable that one should wish to have himself photographed in connection with an exceptionally large bag of game, though there are many photographs of that sort now in existence the originals of which may later wish they had never had made, for the tendency of opinion to-day is quite against extremely large bags of any sort of game. However this may be, there are always men who long to be pictured as the slayers of a lot of game. Recently the vaulting ambition of one of these men o'erleaped itself, or rather it o'erleaped the shrewdness of a Chicago publication devoted to pet dogs, guns and loads. The mighty hunter in question had been out with a party in the South, and they had killed a respectable lot of deer and a bear or so, which had been hung on a long pole for the purpose of photographing. The picture showed about 30ft. of game hanging up, with a nice picture of the mighty man well posed in front in the act of watching for some imaginary foe which was supposed to be threatening the camera from behind, and whose assault was to be repelled by rifle if need be. It required little study to discern that the string of game was divided into two equal and similar parts, though the human figures were not the same. In fact, the picture was a double one, made by pasting two pictures together. The photograph was made of the game twice, the men posing in different positions the second time. This gave the idea of twice as much game as there really was. I adduce this as the most elaborate evidence at hand of the ambition of certain men to achieve reputation as game hogs in the most labor-saving way.

I am pained to see that a Kansas paper is spreading the report of a Fort Scott tame drake which has developed a fondness for young spring chickens. This unnatural fowl eats the chickens alive, and if it experiences difficulty in swallowing one it dips it in the water and lubricates it until it can swallow it. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A STILL-HUNTER'S CALIBER EXPERIENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The mornings are getting cooler and the air is beginning to have a decided autumnal whiff at certain times at least up in this northern country. This state of things reminds me that I ought to have my say about those calibers for hunting rifles and some other things.

Now a few years ago I took a three months' trip up in the upper Michigan peninsula. My camp was located somewhere in the woods twenty-five miles from Ironwood, and the nearest railroad station was Beechwood, a town of a couple of log cabins and a frame "hotel" the inside of which consisted of a long row of bottles and a bar! The repeating rifle is or was then the favorite in that section and I had one, a .45-85 repeater with a cartridge 3 or 4in. long. This cannon weigned about 10lbs. early in the morning, but had a habit of weighing in the vicinity of 50lbs. at night, and that's a bad enough habit in a gun, not to mention its kicking ability. It kicked some, but withal was a good shooter, worked nice, and gave satisfaction in a general way. But the agony of lugging this elephant gun around did not compensate for seeing your game "drop in its tracks," and as I could not eat up more than one or two deer at the best, and my appetite is good, I came to do considerable thinking evenings when the gun was heavy and six or eight miles lay between myself and camp. Then, too, any man will get tired of venison steak after awhile, and the squirrels and pheasants looked good to eat, but how could I shoot any of them with that thing? Any one who has tried it knows why not. Still there was the chance of running across bears and—tell it softly—moose. Only I never run across bears and moose when I have a gun along. So to sum up the whole thing I carried for three long months every day in the week 10lbs. of iron to kill the two little bucks, which were all I needed and all I killed on that trip, and for their sake had to forego many a squirrel stew, pheasant roast, etc. As said before, I did considerable thinking on the caliber question

Only once during that trip did I have a chance at anything unusual, and that was the first evening in camp. I had made camp and got all "slicked up" about an hour before sundown. I resolved to go out for a stroll and get the lay of the land and look for sign in a small oak opening which was visible from camp. Sauntering along slowly, I suddenly observed some sort of an object dodge behind a fallen log. I stood motionless for fifteen or twenty minutes, when there slowly appeared in sight above the top of the log a few tufts of hair. It might have been a woodchuck for all I then knew, but I fired. There was tremendous snarling and kicking behind that log, and on cautiously stepping up I observed a large Canada lynx in the throes of death. Another shot finished him, and he was one of the finest specimens of lynx I have ever seen, but his fur was not yet "ripe," although it was then the first week in October; still I managed to save his skin in fairly good shape. Under the circumstances a .22 would have answered almost as well as the .45 to kill the beast; if I had had the first size there would be more of the scalp left on top of the head—the .45-85 lifted his brain cap clean off.

Well, the trip ended Christmas day of the same year, and it did sort of seem good to be among friends again. The .45-85 was disposed of, however, and I invested in a .38-55 Marlin a short time afterward. That gun suits me to a T when going into the woods for a short stay of a week or so, and when the main object of that trip is deer. It's plenty large enough for the toughest buck, it's light and handy—the ideal deer gun. As for moose hunting I cannot say. I never hunt them, and have long since learned not to expect to come across them accidentally. It seems difficult how so many hunters—and mostly amateur hunters—come unexpectedly across moose and bears. My own experiences have been that these animals but very rarely are taken unawares in our much frequented American woods. If going out after such game, I go prepared for it; if not, I am not lugging around 3 or 4lbs. of iron and ammunition on the chances of coming across them. I am not dealing in chances, they do that better in the wilds of Wall street, where the bears are more plentiful and not so shy.

Now, this year I shall take another trip of a couple of months or so. My weapon will be a .32-20 Marlin; that's what I have decided upon. If the trip would last only a couple of weeks the .38-55 would be about right, but as it's going to be a long stay I prefer the .32-20. Now, whenever I take an extended trip I do considerable loafing and loitering around in the woods; maybe I have a dozen or so of No. 2 Newhouse traps scattered in the vicinity of camp. To me there's more fun in trapping a few of the sly fur-bearing animals than there is in shooting deer—unless they are still-hunted. Now, I dearly love to putter around among these traps, and perhaps try my hand at building deadfalls for mink and sable (pine marten). Then there is the fun of shooting partridges' necks, a squirrel still-hunt, and perhaps a chance shot at bunny by the way; all this I can enjoy with my .32-20. Of course, my chances for deer are smaller, but what's the odds? In a trip of this kind a good hunter usually has a number of chances at deer, and if the first deer does not give me a fair chance for a dead shot in a vital part, I wait for the next, that's all. The rifle is short, light, accurate, and the ammunition can be had in any country store—a weighty fact. So I will take my chances on the .32 this trip and venture to say will have no more cripples lost than you, Mr. .50-110. MATTERHORN.

IN COLORADO MOUNTAINS.

As told by the Junior of the Party.

EVER since the beginning of the vacation my father and I had been planning to take a hunting trip together somewhere, but we had not fully decided where, until one day my father received a letter from his old college chum, Mr. C., who at the time was engaged in some business at Denver, and who said he had heard of a very good hunting ground, and that if we would come West and join him for a short trip he would make the necessary arrangements. As he promised us shots at deer and elk and a chance at bears and mountain lions, with all the trout fishing we wanted, we of course jumped at the idea.

The place he referred to was Marvine Lodge, in the White River region of Colorado. This lodge was established by the Marvine Rod and Gun Club, and is leased to Wells & Patterson, two experienced guides and hunters who fit out hunting parties with horses, guides, provisions, dogs, etc. The lodge is fifty-five miles by stage from Newcastle, the nearest station on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad.

We reached Denver about 8:30 on the morning of Aug. 30, and spent the day there seeing the city and getting some necessary articles for our trip. That night we all took the sleeping car on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad for Glenwood Springs, a point thirteen miles this side of Newcastle, and arrived there on the morning of Aug. 31. Glenwood Springs is a beautiful place situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. It is named from the hot sulphur springs which are found there, and which have been led into a large artificial basin about 100ft. long, and from 3 to 6ft. deep. The water is very warm (about 90°), and to one accustomed to seashore bathing is a little too much so. Invalids go there for rheumatism and catarrhal affections. We took a swim in the pool before dinner, and on coming out were cooled off by a shower bath, which felt very grateful after the warm water of the pool.

After supper we took a carriage, and drove by moonlight thirteen miles down the cañon of the Eagle River to Newcastle. It was a beautiful ride and a very exciting one. We drove at the Western breakneck pace whether we were on level ground or where we could look down from the side of the carriage 100ft. to the rocks in the cañon below. It was nearly full moon, and the moonlight shone beautifully on the rocks and trees around and above us, and on the foaming, tumbling water below.

Every time we struck a rock in the road I expected the wagon with us in it to go over the cliff; but it didn't, and we arrived safely at Newcastle, where we stayed for the night.

Next morning we were up bright and early and ready for our start, which we made about 7 o'clock in a four-horse open stage, which carried our party of three, the driver and our baggage, guns and fishing rods. All that morning we climbed up and up on the divide between the Eagle and White rivers to an elevation nearly 5,000ft. higher than Newcastle. We reached the top about noon, and made the remaining twelve miles to the dinner station in two hours, arriving there about 2 P. M. We had a very good appetite for our dinner, as we had had nothing to eat since 6 o'clock but a few squaw berries picked on the way and spring water. Jim Shaw, who keeps the dinner station, is one of the queerest specimens of humanity we met during the whole trip. He lives there in a tent all alone through the summer, and takes care of the horses for the stage relay at that point, doing also a little ranching. He furnishes meals for passengers, cooked by himself, for which he charges "50 cents a head, sir," and very good meals they are. I heard some gentlemen who had been camping in the vicinity telling Jim what a hard time they had getting a dead buck out of some timber near by. Jim's only comment was, "That place rough? Why, I hauled rye out of there," which he repeated at least twenty-five times during dinner.

Nothing happened to interrupt our journey until we were five miles or so from the dinner station, when, happening to look up, I saw a good-sized buck walking across a little open park toward a bunch of quaking asp. It took me just about ten seconds to get a cartridge into my rifle and get out of the wagon. By this time the deer, which had not observed us, had walked slowly into a bunch of timber. I tried to head him off, but did not succeed in getting a shot. This was the first deer we saw. It was a six-point buck, three points on each antler, not a large deer.

We were descending the slope now toward the White River, and could make fairly good time, and on reaching the White River bottom we made still better time on the comparatively level roads up the White River to Marvine Creek. I killed three blue grouse, and shot at some ducks on the way. We arrived at the lodge at 8 o'clock in the evening and received a warm welcome from Mr. William Wells, who was to go out with us, and his brother, Mr. Frank Wells. We were ready for bed after our fifty-five-mile ride and were soon sound asleep.

We had not arranged to start on our hunting trip until Sept. 3, so we decided by Mr. C.'s advice to spend the second trout fishing in Marvine Lake. We started early on our seven-mile ride on horseback to the lake and spent the day fly-fishing from the shore. We all filled our baskets, Mr. C. getting the most. I had my rifle with me in case we should see a deer. I was riding in the lead on the way home when my horse jumped violently, and I saw three deer start up not 20ft. away; they were a doe and two fawns, and therefore not fair game, as no sportsmen shoot does or fawns in Colorado. Soon after this I killed a grouse with my father's shotgun, and we arrived at the lodge without further adventure in good time to prepare for our start into the wilds next day.

Tommy, Cream, Baldy, White Man, Deceiver, Ghost, Crowfoot, Speckles, Dawn, Mac, Nelly, Fly, Honey, Buckskin Tex, Roaney, Teddy, Brook, Kitchen Dick

Gents and Okey, these are the names of the horses with which our party started. Of these six were saddle horses and the remainder were pack horses to carry provisions and camp outfit. Our guides were William Wells and John Goff. Charley Lea went as superintendent of the coffee-pot and biscuit oven. We had three dogs, Hector and Ajax, who were trained in lion and bear hunting and in tracking wounded deer and elk, and Brigham, a young hound, who, though he had little experience in hunting, had a good nose, as will hereafter appear. We also took a bear trap, as we thought we might have use for it. I rode Tommy, my father rode Cream, and Mr. C. rode Baldy. We followed Marvine Creek to White River and went up the river one mile to Lost Creek. We then went up Lost Creek, and crossing Lost Park camped on the West William's Fork of the Bear River at about 3 P. M., making a distance of sixteen miles. On the way up I saw a good-sized buck at the edge of some timber, but before I could get ready to shoot he had turned, and with a few bounds disappeared. We had also seen two or three does, and as Wells said we were camped in a very good deer country we decided to take a short hunt with him before sundown, while the deer were out feeding in the open parks. It took some time to get the horses unpacked, and it was 4:30 before we got started on our hunt. We rode across the little knoll on which we were camped and down through a deep ravine with steep banks up to the next ridge. Just as we were nearing the top a doe jumped up out of the weeds and Ajax, the younger dog, made after her. The dogs are taught to follow no deer trail but a bloody one, so Wells promptly stopped him with a shot from his sling-shot, which he carries to punish pack horses that get out of the trail. This struck me as a practical and useful application of the sling-shot.

On reaching the top of the hill we came out into a large park, and to my great excitement we saw a big buck feeding about 100yds. away on one side. But he saw us as soon as we saw him, and before any of us could get a shot he ran around behind a clump of trees and disappeared. Wells then led the way in the direction in which the buck had gone, and we started up a grouse. After riding about 200yds. further along the edge of the hill, Wells, who was in advance, saw the buck down the hillside to our left, and motioned to me to come on with him, and to Mr. C. and my father to stay back. After trotting forward under cover of some timber about 100yds., we quickly dismounted and stole forward on foot. After going 25yds. or so Wells touched my shoulder and pointed to the end of the park where this big buck and two smaller ones were coming out of the edge of the timber across the park. I shot at the big buck just as they were entering a clump of timber, and as he was going fast I shot behind him. At the shot they all stopped, and he offered me a beautiful broadside shot at about 125yds. I missed that shot and then another. I suppose I was rattled, and probably my using my heavy .40-82 Winchester, with which I had so far shot very little, instead of my .38-40 Marlin, with which I had practiced a great deal in the past and was a fairly good shot, helped me to miss him. The two largest bucks by this time thought they had acted as targets about long enough, so they bounded off into the woods; but the smallest one, a yearling or spike buck, stood there and let me have another shot. I didn't care much whether I hit him or not, now that I had lost the big ones, so I suppose my nerve came back, and I killed him at the first shot, the ball passing through the base of his neck, breaking the bone. While Wells was cleaning him, and Mr. C. and my father were scouting around, looking for the big bucks, another good-sized buck ran across the park in front of us and stopped on the opposite side. I could see nothing but his head and horns, and shot where I thought his body ought to be, but did not hit him, the ball going high. I mention this to show how plentiful the deer were. We packed the dead deer on Wells's saddle horse and returned to camp. On the way back, in the ravine of which I spoke, two cow elk passed us at full speed, but we, of course, did not shoot, as the same rule applies to them as to does.

Next day, after breakfasting on deer liver and other camp delicacies, we started for our permanent camp on Beaver Creek, reaching there early in the afternoon, lunching on the way on Pagoda Creek, where we got our first view of Pagoda Peak, so named by Hayden, because its top resembles that of a Chinese pagoda. Its summit is 11,877ft. above sea level.

On reaching camp Mr. C. and I decided to try to get a mess of trout for supper out of Beaver Creek, while my father took his gun and sauntered off into the woods near by in the hope of getting a shot at a buck. The guides stayed in camp to fix up things generally. The trout did not bite. We were fishing with flies only and it was probably too late in the season at so high an altitude.

On my way home I heard my father calling to Wells, who was picketing the horses, and saw Wells ride into the woods. They soon after appeared in camp with a fine spike buck hung over Speckles's saddle, shot by my father, thus assuring us of plenty of meat at the outset—a very necessary consideration in camp where you are largely dependent on your gun for food. To have venison good it must be hung up several days after killing before being eaten. Fresh-killed venison or elk meat is apt to make you sick. I suffered from eating it last year when hunting in Wyoming.

The next day—Sept. 5—was a memorable one for me. We stayed in camp all morning helping the guides to gather spruce branches for our beds, make a camp table, and "fix up" generally around camp. In the afternoon Johnny and I and my father started in one direction, and Wells and Mr. C. in another, to look out for bear signs and locate a good place to set our bear trap, and also to try to kill a big buck.

Mr. C. nearly got his deer. He creased a large buck and knocked it down. It fell over a log and lay with its feet up, but before they could reach it it recovered and got off. If a deer, elk or bear is hit, or rather grazed with a bullet on the top of the neck, the shock stuns him for an instant, so that he rolls over as if dead, but in thirty or forty seconds he recovers his senses and strength. This is called creasing. Mr. C. wounded another deer, but it also got away, though followed by the dogs some distance.

My father, Johnny and I rode two or three miles without seeing any bucks. Then we began to get into the buck country. After catching glimpses of two very big ones, we decided to get off our horses and still-hunt afoot. After going about a mile, Johnny suggested we go on alone, while he went back to bring up the horses, appointing a rendezvous with us in a bunch of quaking asp trees in the distance. We got there without seeing anything but several does and fawns, and were sitting on a log waiting for Johnny, when I saw a small buck. Just as I was showing him to my father, two great big bucks and one small one appeared near him, running toward the thick spruce timber. We each took a snap shot at about 150yds. as they were disappearing in the woods, but without effect. Soon after this Johnny came along with the horses, and we mounted and rode up to the top of the ridge and along it for a mile or more. We had seen nothing on this ridge except a solitary doe, when all at once a good-sized buck got up about 300yds. off in the fallen timber. I jumped off my horse and shot. The ball knocked up the dust in striking, so as to show it passed about 3in. above his back. The shooting started another buck. My father then jumped off his horse, and we both shot at once as this buck stopped on the top of the hill. We miscalculated the distance and over-shot. The shooting turned him and he came down by us, jumping beautifully over the fallen logs, and ran down hill toward the valley. By this time I had the range of my rifle, and when he stopped at a point fully 350yds. away I took a good steady aim and pulled the trigger. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and as the smoke blew away I saw him plunge forward and tumble all in a heap against a big log. Maybe I wasn't happy! We had seen when he ran by us that he was an extraordinarily large buck with very fine antlers. I was afraid that I might have only creased him, so I ran on down ahead, leaving my father and Johnny to bring up the horses. I scrambled over logs and through bushes until I was about where I thought he had fallen, but Johnny still motioned to me to go on. When I had gone 100yds. further I stopped again on a fallen tree, and there I saw him, not 20ft. away, lying stone dead against a log. He measured 6ft. 3in. from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail and 48in. around his chest, and the fat on his rump was 1¼in. thick. My first thought was to count the points on his antlers. I found he had twenty-four, twelve on each side, an extraordinarily fine head. It was all that three of us could do after he had been cleaned to lift him on Kitchen Dick's back, and Dick had a very heavy load to carry home. Johnny walked and led him all the way, watching carefully that the precious antlers were not broken by catching on trees.

The next morning after breakfast we skinned his head and cut away the flesh from his skull so that the head should keep until it reached the hands of the taxidermist. This took until almost noon. We then, after getting a bite to eat, saddled our horses and started on an elk hunt, my father and I and Johnny going together again. We hunted all day without getting anything. My father missed a large buck soon after we started, and I cut a piece off the horn of another during the afternoon from about 150yds.

We stopped for lunch in the thick pine timber, and soon afterward found something that greatly pleased and excited us—the track of an enormous grizzly bear in a deer trail which we were following at the time. We could see it was the track of a grizzly bear, both from its large size and from the impression made by its claws, which in a grizzly grow much longer than in a black bear. We followed his tracks through the woods for some distance, but did not run across him. Thence the deer trail led through a beautiful meadowy park. Near the middle of this park were several large trees, and as we neared these we saw two blue grouse sitting on a log between the trees. I jumped off my horse and began to throw stones at them, not wishing to shoot, for fear of alarming the larger game. No sooner did they fly than two more appeared in their places, and then others, until I had driven away eight from the same spot. I was a little out of practice, so the grouse all took their base on balls and escaped.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

IN THE SANDHILLS.

OMAHA, Nebraska.—The season of the year which awakens the ardor of the sportsman, even as spring is wont to revive the rhythmical flow of fancy in the poet, had come and I was forced to surrender to a great longing for the companionship of my dog and gun and the unpolluted air of the boundless prairie; so, with three congenial spirits, I determined to explore a portion of our State, of which, up to that time, I had been in complete ignorance. True, the Sandhills were words familiar enough to all of us, but there had been nothing in them suggestive of the rod and gun, nor of the numberless lakes teeming with water fowl; but nevertheless rumor had it that the latter did exist, and we concluded to gratify our curiosity at any rate, and find as wild a country within the confines of our own State as possible.

A complete camp outfit was gotten together, and a ride of 400 miles by rail brought us to Gordon, a point from which we planned to continue our way by team. At Gordon we were apparently equally anxious to get away from human habitations, and it was but a short time before we had secured the services of a guide, loaded our outfit into a wagon behind a stout pair of broncbos and were leaving the little burg behind us.

For about fifteen miles we drove over rolling prairie, with nothing more interesting to watch than the thousands of bunches of tumbleweed, which, as they went rolling along in the distance before a stiff breeze, forcibly reminded us of the enormous herds of buffalo that roamed the prairie but a few years ago. Reaching the edge of the Sandhills, our road for the remainder of the way lay among veritable mountains of sand, into which the wheels of our heavily loaded wagon sunk nearly to the hubs. Not a spear of grass was to be seen, or a tree or a bush, but only drifting hills of sand, with spots of alkali here and there like scattered ash heaps. It was certainly wonderful how any one could discover anything in the nature of a trail through these hills, especially with the sand beating into one's eyes like the driven particles of ice in a Western blizzard, and still more wonderful how there could be lakes in such an apparently moisture-forsaken territory.

However, as the day drew to its close, and we reached the top of a particularly high roll of land, there stretched out before us a sight which was greeted by a cheer that startled from their resting places numerous flocks of ducks, and sent them hurrying across the water to a point where could be seen a number of emerald-like spots nestling among the hills, indicating that we had found water to our hearts' content. We watched the feathered forms grow dusky and then disappear in the distance, then started down a gentle declivity to the nearest lake. What a refreshing sight that was, after our long and dusty drive! Below us Round Lake; to our left, and where the sun's last rays were just bidding farewell to the dancing waves, and causing them to sparkle and then grow dark, like the smile of a maiden at the parting kiss of her true love and the following shade of sadness at the thought of separation, rested the Twins, only separated by a narrow strip of land, and lying there side by side no one knows for how many years, but perhaps supremely happy even in the midst of this desert of sand, with one another for company. Away to the north could be seen Big Alkali, and tucked away in an adjoining valley Clear Lake, and to the right of this Horseshoe. Big Alkali is perhaps two miles long and a mile wide, and Horseshoe about three miles from one point of the shoe to the other, and the smaller lakes from one-half to three-quarters of a mile across. There is apparently no inlet or outlet to any of them, and the water is so strong of alkali that none but the lower animals can drink it without decidedly injurious effect, and we were consequently compelled to haul all of the water for camp use from the nearest ranch, a distance of about four miles.

The first game was brought to bag while we were on our way to a sheltered spot on the north shore of Round Lake, when with a startling whir of wings a grouse burst from the shelter of a bunch of grass close by, and before he could get out of range a charge of 6s caught him and he made a very acceptable addition to our evening meal.

Early next morning we started on an investigating tour of the lakes to find a point for our camp where we would be as near as possible to the center of the shooting. We drove past Twin Lakes and around Big Alkali without finding a spot that exactly suited us. We finally came upon a small pond which sets back into the hills at the south end of Horseshoe, when a jack rabbit darted across the road, and one of the boys, hungry for a shot at something, let drive at him. The jack's long legs were evidently taking him over the ground faster than it seemed, for the shot only caused a puff of dust to rise at his heels and his speed to be increased, but at the report of the gun hundreds of ducks arose from out the rushes of the pond with a roar of wings that made our blood tingle. There were more birds here by far than we had seen anywhere, and it seemed an ideal place for water fowl, with its long stretches of rushes and clear patches of water; so, without firing another shot, we turned and made with all possible haste for camp, and before the haze of returning night had fallen upon us we had our tent pitched and "all the comforts of home" ready at hand.

As soon as we had our camp in shape we lost no time in getting into our mackintoshes and selecting likely stands for the evening shooting. Even before we were able to reach places where we would have a reasonable chance of finding the birds after they were knocked down the shooting began on all sides. I took two or three shots that were too tempting to resist, but finding that I was surrounded by altogether too heavy cover to have any success picking up dead birds I let my gun remain empty and made my way out into the pond to the edge of an open place, where I stood in the water nearly to my armpits, and only shot at those birds that came over the open water. The shooting for a few moments was perfect, as the ducks came to my stand much faster than I could take care of them, but it was soon too dark to shoot with any degree of accuracy, and after dropping two or three birds in the rushes instead of the open water I stopped shooting, made the rounds of the open, picked up all the ducks I could find and worked my way to the shore. I was soon joined by my comrades, each with a nice bag of ducks and in glorious spirits, more at the prospect before us of some of the finest shooting any of us had ever had than on account of the result of our first shoot. We proceeded back to camp and shortly had a fine pair of mallards roasting and everything in shape for solid comfort. After we had stuffed ourselves with roast duck, and pipes had been smoked and a few of the brilliant shots of the evening dwelt upon, we turned in, preparatory to an early start the next day.

The sky was cloudless the next morning, and the quiet breeze from the south was more suggestive of June than of October, and it was far from an ideal day for duck shooting. However, it depends on one's characteristics as to what constitutes a satisfactory day's shooting. With some it is necessary that a great many more birds be bagged than with others, but with the true sportsman it is only necessary that he should have plenty of opportunity to exercise his knowledge of the habits of the game and the methods of getting within range under unfavorable circumstances, and we therefore tried to be content with the prospect of a small bag of ducks and consoled ourselves that in so doing we were "true sportsmen." The ducks all went out of the lake at the first shot that was fired, and although we waited several hours there was no sign of their return.

In the afternoon we drove over to Horseshoe and found that lake fairly alive with ducks, but out in the open water, where it was impossible to get within range. During our wanderings about this lake we discovered what appeared to be a perfect feeding place for mallards, not over a quarter of a mile north of Horseshoe, and the ground between this slough and the lake was from that time to the end of our stay our most successful shooting point.

About the middle of the afternoon we noticed a flock of mallards leave the lake and take a straight course north to this slough, and soon after another flock and then another. Without losing any time we ensconced ourselves in the tall patches of weeds between the two points, and the shooting we had for the next two or three hours was such that none of us will be likely to forget in some years. "There's a beautiful bunch of mallards coming right toward us, and flying low," I hear my friend exclaim in an excited whisper from the patch of tall grass to the right of me a short distance, and almost immediately two puffs of smoke issued from his cover and two sharp reports rang out, and a feathered form dropped almost into his blind and another took a gradually lowering course in my direction, and just as I was glancing along the barrels of my gun at him plunged downward into the grass. The rest of the flock, after a few feet of rapid climbing up into the air at the first shot, sheered off to me enough to present a perfect shot, and at the double report of my gun two more hand-

some old greenheads came to grass. Until about dark there were ducks in sight constantly—big flocks and little flocks, pairs and singles, mallards, canvasbacks, teal and widgeon—coming sometimes from all directions at once, and some apparently straight down from the clouds; one could not tell where to expect them next.

As far as I was concerned, I never had so much shooting and got so few birds in such a short space of time before; but when they got to coming so fast that there were a dozen or more flocks at the same time presenting tempting shots, I have to confess to becoming so excited that my aim was decidedly uncertain at times, and those that I finally did give the preference I generally missed "slick and clean," and I think the other fellows must have had similar experiences; for while we had ducks enough to supply our camp for several days, and sent quite a number to town the next day to be expressed to friends at home, still when we thought of the number of ducks we had seen and shot at, it seemed as if we should have had a wagonload.

We spent eight days among these entrancing lakes, enjoying ourselves, we all had to admit, as we had never done before on a trip of the kind; and then, just when the "honk" of the wild geese was beginning to be heard at evening and the gray and white forms of the "Canadas" were appearing to offer an additional incentive for us to prolong our stay, one morning when the weather seemed to be just a little nearer perfection than ever, and when the "quack" of the ducks and the "scape" of the jacksnipe sounded just a little more alluring than it had before, we were compelled to pull up stakes and start for home. Vacation was up and we had to leave behind us for a period the Sandhill lakes, their myriads of water fowl and curious subterranean waters. BURT SEARLE.

A SPORTSMAN'S GLOSSARY.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So far as I know, there never has been a glossary of sportsmen's terms prepared to fill a crying modern want. The following gives a full and complete technical explanation of the terms most in common use and which have received the approval of our best sportsmen:

"SQUARE MEAL"—One which makes a round stomach. "Done justice to a square meal" is when one man eats enough for two, with the necessary sighs, grunts and wheezes which betoken accompanying appreciation and satisfaction.

"A CLOUD OF FEATHERS"—About four feathers or less.

"ONE HUNDRED YARDS"—Fifty half paces, with a few thrown in for make-weight.

"TAKING A FENCE" is when the sportsman is camped near a fence and is short of firewood.

"SPECKLED BEAUTY"—A trout caught by a gentleman dressed in fine outing clothes and equipped with a fairy rod and reel. Or it may refer to a pretty girl with freckles. Sometimes it is used to denote quail.

"GENTLER SEX"—Conceded by courtesy as being truthful.

"THE WINGS OF THE WIND" is meaningless. The wheels of the wind is better. See bicycle tires.

"THE INNER MAN"—Stomach.

"TRUE SPORT"—The manner in which I fish or hunt.

"UNSPORTSMANLIKE"—The manner in which the other fellow fishes or hunts. Also, in the East, blowing out the gas.

"GAME HOG"—The fellow who kills more birds or catches more fish than I do. If he catches them in my favorite resort he is a deeper dyed hog than if he captured his game elsewhere.

"A GOOD DAY'S SPORT" is when I catch or kill more than any of my friends do.

"A FIELD TRIAL" is where sportsmen harvest grievances for the twelve months following thereafter.

"A FLY-CASTING CLUB" is a school in which veracity is in adversity.

"THE BRIGHT AURORA GILDING THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE" means sunrise with a poetic wheel in the writer's head.

"THE GOD OF DAY DISAPPEARING BEYOND THE WESTERN HILLS" means sunset with a wheel as above mentioned.

"AN UNACCOUNTABLE MISS" is when the shooter is wholly at fault. A lady learning to ride a bicycle.

"MY BARK IS O'ER THE SEA," means that he left his dog in England.

"AN AMATEUR" is a man in trap-shooting who thinks he should have a share of the prize money whether he hits anything or not.

"DOG FANCIER"—Sometimes a man who loves a dog. It often denotes a man who fancies the dog for the reality of money.

"A PROFESSIONAL" is one who has exhausted subterfuges and can no longer wear a lamb's skin. An enemy of the amateur. A man much disliked for being able to do to a certainty what others will do if they can. A man who colligates first prizes.

"KICKER"—A man who had high hopes of winning a prize and failed to do so. One who dislikes rules. Sometimes one who is ill-tempered, selfish and ignorant.

"A GOOD FELLOW"—One who buys freely. One who will not refuse an invitation. One who doesn't object to being fleeced.

"MAD DOG"—A pretext for excitement and disorder. A cheap manner for a policeman to display heroism.

"THE LOVE OF NATURE"—A fad of people who can neither shoot nor fish. There is as much that is cruel and painful in nature as there is that is pleasurable and beautiful.

"I DONE IT"—A popular expression east of San Francisco.

"A BROTHER SPORTSMAN"—One who will tell where the best fishing and shooting can be obtained, and who will lend his dog and gun on occasion. If he will not tell he is likely to be classed as a hog.

"A CRANK"—A man with a runaway fad.

"DUCK EGGS"—Things eagerly sought by the Alaskan Indian to present to his pale-faced brother in the States.

"A LONG SHOT"—Five hundred to one.

"A RED-LETTER DAY"—One in which the sportsman had a square meal, a good bag of meadow larks, blackbirds, quail and squirrels, with a free feed in a watermelon patch where the owner was absent, and a long shot or two.

THE DOG BROKE HIS BACK"—This, strange as it may seem, hurts the owner more than it does the dog.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

New York Grouse Season.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The anxiously looked for Aug. 16 occurred on Sunday this year, and the gentlemen with the polished breechloaders, fearing that it was not legal to go gunning the Saturday preceding, quietly folded up their anxiety and awaited the first blush of the 17th. But I dare say it was not an altogether satisfactory opening day. A pretty strong wind prevailed during the early part of the day, the dogs were all more or less afflicted with "wire edge," and many of "the boys," owing to lack of practice, were not up to standard shooting form. I learned of several fair bags of woodcock; the scores on ruffed grouse, however, were below the average, as they should have been. I saw young grouse on Monday last which were no larger than a September woodcock. The law in respect to ruffed grouse, as was pointed out in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM last year, is a ruinous and destructive statute. It is an outrage, or a close approach to one, to legalize the killing of these young and undeveloped birds. A couple of gunners out for a big score and nothing more, and aided by a good dog, often find the almost, if not quite, total annihilation of an entire brood of these young grouse a comparatively easy matter. This provision of the game code should be amended speedily. Sept. 15 is soon enough to permit grouse shooting in New York. It finds the birds larger, stronger of wing, and the conditions for shooting in every way more nearly correspond to the true sportsman's idea of a day afield in quest of grouse.

Mr. Bert Hartranft, of Cortland, told me yesterday that he was over near to the source of Fall Creek on the 18th and bagged eight grouse. He furthermore assured me that had he been in first-rate shooting form he could have killed a backload of them. Every shooting man I have interviewed on the subject has been frank and outspoken in condemning this premature shooting of ruffed grouse. At the same time, it is argued that as nine out of every ten shooting men afield are doing simply what the law permits them to do, what visible benefits are derived from the tenth man holding aloof from the slaughter? It is a case where persuasion and example availeth naught; where selfish instincts and mistrust of man's obedience to a law more beneficent in its general results than that which often finds a place in legal enactments reign supreme; where, in a word, men combine to get the very best individual share of an easy thing, meaning a "soft snap," which the elected wisdom of the Empire State annually sets before them.

Later on the writer will take pleasure in indicating some points in this section of the State from which members of the FOREST AND STREAM family, if they wish, may operate in getting some satisfactory grouse shooting.

About Peruville, Freeville, Caroline, along through Ellis Hollow, at North Lansing, West Danby, and in the vicinity of South Danby, some good woodcock grounds should be encountered. At all events, these places indicate the locality wherein reliable grounds have heretofore existed. And all the conditions are present for their continued existence. M. CHILL.

Does Not Snare Foxes.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND, Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With reference to my letter in your esteemed paper of July 11 last, and your remarks thereon about the snaring of foxes, I beg to state that my friend and I do not make a "practice" of snaring foxes. I do not even know how to set a snare, and admit that it is not a sport to snare foxes. When we ran that fox to his den we considered the sport over and that the fox was our property, and that being the case we had the right to get him the most convenient way possible.

I make a business of breeding black foxes, and when I wish to capture some of them in the corral and thought that snaring them was the most convenient I would not consider it a breach of sport to get them in that way.

There is no law against snaring on this island, but still I am against the practice of it, to capture game running at large. CHAS. DALTON.

Game in Shannon County, Missouri.

OAKSIDE, Mo., Aug. 20.—Game as a general thing this year is very plentiful. Deer are in goodly numbers. Turkeys are plentiful all over the woods, some 100 to 200 in a gang; they are very tame, but no bags have been made to speak of. Quail are abundant; everybody has three, four and five flocks, with all the way from twenty to fifty in a flock; they are nearly grown and make fine sport. Squirrels are coming in in small numbers. Coons, opossums, ground hogs, rabbits and pheasants are very plentiful. Ducks are coming in in large numbers. Wildfowl shooting is very good owing to the numerous small ponds and swampy places. Fishing is very good, as we have a swift stream with large, deep holes in it, with swirls and riffles for bass, trout and other fish.

L. S.

Deer in Sullivan County, N. Y.

THE *Game Laws in Brief* gives Sec. 40 relative to deer as forbidding killing deer in Sullivan county for five years from 1895; and Sec. 44 as permitting the killing of deer by hounding in Sullivan county (in the townships of Highland, Cumberland, Tusten, Cochecton and Bethel) from Oct. 1 to 15 inclusive. This last provision was enacted in 1896, and since there is a conflict between Sec. 40, protecting the game at all times, and Sec. 44, permitting its chase for fifteen days, Chief Protector Pond advises us that the provision of Sec. 44 is to be construed as amending that of Sec. 40. In Sullivan county in the towns named deer hunting with dogs will be lawful this year.

The New Hampshire Ruffed Grouse Outlook.

BRISTOL, N. H., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is my first visit here since last fall, and I have been deeply interested in the welfare of the birds I knew were left in this vicinity after last season's shooting. Yesterday I took a stroll through the old familiar covers, and the result was surprising. I knew many birds were left over, and I also realized that the past winter had been a very favorable one; but I was hardly prepared for what I saw. My tramp occupied about four hours, and in that time I flushed no less than seven distinct broods of grouse. They ranged all the way from the nearly full-grown bird to the chick scarcely feathered. The pastures bordering the covers are full of blackberries; in many places the black luscious fruit bends the bushes to the ground, and in almost every instance the birds were flushed from these feeding places. But I heard ominous sounds which bode no good to the birds. A half dozen gun shots in the woods at this time mean that the work of destruction has already commenced, and it is not the city sportsman who is doing it either. J. W. B.

The Still-Hunter's Dog.

ANOTHER point which many still-hunters are doubtful about is the question of a suitable dog companion to take with you on a hunt. I have expended much thought and some money on this subject. For a long time I have tried to train spaniels to be docile enough to follow at heel, and not get excited when game is winded. So far all my efforts have been a flat failure, and I am convinced that the spaniel is not the still-hunter's dog. But I want a dog, for besides being a good companion he saves a heap of trouble and labor in finding wounded game. A large dog is of no use, as he eats so much—and this counts where all the grub has to be lugged on one's back—besides he's apt to upset the dugout or canoe. A small dog that will follow at heel, and a dog that will take any scent on which he is placed and don't get excited, that's what I am looking for and want information about. A friend advised me to try a beagle, but as he sells beagles I am a little doubtful about taking his advice. However, I am open to conviction on the dog question. MATTERHORN.

Another Plank Suggested.

BOSTON, Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With the account of the shooting of guide Charles Porter in the Maine woods last Saturday before me, I would suggest that FOREST AND STREAM add another plank to its platform, not only for the preservation of game, but human life as well, viz.: No rifles or shotguns allowed in the woods during "close season," under penalty of $50.

If such a good wholesome law could be enacted in every State, the woods would be full of game and we should hear of very few such terrible tragedies as this one at Grindstone. I put in a few days this season at a camp in Maine where a youth just entering his teens was allowed (by a doting parent) a .44 Winchester for indiscriminate use. Nothing that the good God had clothed with fur or feathers was safe from his murderous onslaughts. I have thought of it many times since and I wonder how all the people escaped. Now will some one please tell me what business man or boy has with a gun or rifle in the woods during "close season?" If they haven't any, stop it!

J. W. B.

Connecticut Rail.

ONANOKE, Conn., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rail season opened on the 20th inst., and a number of boats have been up to the rail grounds on the Housatonic. As yet the only birds to be found here are those which have been bred in the marshes, and these, which are only just full grown, are neither plenty nor fat.

Besides, the tides have been low and it has not been practicable to get into the best parts of the meadows. The best tides are at the moon's perigee, and these when helped by an easterly wind enable the boats to shove all over these grounds, so that many rail are killed and the rest driven ashore.

There will not be many birds here until one or two sharp frosts in the north shall have started the birds there to migrating. These northern birds when they come will be fat and delicious, but we cannot expect them to be very numerous. It is years since there has been good rail shooting in Connecticut. XER.

Sea and River Fishing.

A RECORD JEWFISH.

PASADENA, Cal., Aug. 4.—After a year and a half of happy experiences, in which the grand old Sierra Madre Mountains have unfolded many a hidden cañon and forest-clad slope, it seems like deserting an old friend to turn one's back and seek pleasure elsewhere, and I confess to a feeling of remorse as I stepped aboard the steamer at San Pedro, leaving behind not only the "mother mountains," but the beautiful valley besides.

Twenty-eight miles of channel lie between the harbor of San Pedro and Santa Catalina Island, requiring two and three-quarter hours in its transit.

These are famous waters, where flying fish glisten as they emerge from the dark blue waves and sail off in the sunshine.

On quiet days, when the sea shines like a mirror, the surface here and there takes on a darker hue, the water churns and boils, and as the steamer dashes by one sees myriads of small fry leaping to escape the savage tuna, barracuda and yellow-tail, only to be pitilessly pursued by the gulls above. These patches, sometimes an acre or two in extent, are passed every few minutes, and give one, long before he reaches the fishing grounds proper, somewhat of an idea what the wondrous resources of these waters are.

At this season of the year scarcely a trip is made without one to half a dozen whales being seen. On July 21 the Hermosa ran over one as it dove under the bow, and upon the next trip, when we returned to the mainland, one threw its tail high in the air as it "sounded" 100ft. away, near enough to attract a babe in arms, who threw its tiny hand out and cooed; imagine a babe cooing at a whale! Then two great fellows came to the surface near by and spouted in unison, captivating their limited audience on the Hermosa as completely as any political spouter ever did that of a convention.

Gradually the feeling comes over one that the half has not been told regarding this little corner of Uncle Sam's domain.

At Avalon one gets a still nearer view of the wonderful variety, for here, where the Catalina Ananias Club holds full sway, are brought all the enormous catches for verification. Great racks stand upon the beach, upon which a returning party hang the day's catch for admiration and photographing.

It's an early bird at Avalon that catches a glimpse of the first preparation for a day's sport, and 5 o'clock is none too early to meet the fishermen who come in with fine as it slowly came in, and caught the first glimpse of

the seine and a boat load of fish and small fry. There are sure to be a number of fishing parties preparing for an early start, and a representative of each is on hand to secure some particular kind of bait suitable for the day' sport.

Flying fish a foot long have a standard value of 5 cents each, and the half a dozen usually brought in are greedily taken by the first comers as they are later by the savage tuna, whose especial bait they are.

A 2 or 3lbs. mackerel makes a dainty bait, and if put on the hook alive when fishing with rod and reel makes a pretty good fight right along, until some 30 or 40lbs. yellow-tail appears and leaves the impression that Mr. Mackerel has been struck by a comet.

Even when planning a raid upon some special variety of fish it is well to take a hatful of small-fry bait along ready for any emergency which may arise, for the possibilities of these waters are full of surprises.

One must be a laggard indeed to watch these preparations and resist the temptation to do likewise, and, although no bait was obtainable so late as 8 o'clock in the morning, it did not take long to induce Dr. Roscoe C. Thomas and C. D. Daggett, of Pasadena, and Stanley Christopher, of Kansas City, to combine our luck.

The only available craft left was the little power launch Catalina, which we engaged for the morning. Hardly had the wheel commenced to turn when trolling lines and large hooks with white bone-covered shanks in rude imitation of a minnow were put out, one on each side over the stern, and two more from the ends of oars sticking out like wings amidships. From these last a short lanyard is attached and drawn in a few inches, which telegraphs instantly any strike made upon the main line, when it can be hauled within reach and the fish hauled in.

Long before reaching Seal Rock at the east end of the island the question of bait had been settled, for every school of barracuda which we passed through contributed freely to our store, often three out of the four lines having a fish 3ft. long struggling at the same time. The Doctor generally set the gait by a sudden show of activity, quickly followed by one or two of the others, and the race to see which brought in the fish the quickest furnished an animated picture.

Great numbers of yellow-tail were seen near the surface, but were not biting to any extent, and the only one taken afforded Mr. C. D. Daggett as pretty a fight as one cares to see.

Tuna, destined to attract much attention in the future from advanced rod-and-reel fishermen who have become satiated with tarpon, lashed the spray about us as they rushed to the surface after their prey, but we saved our lines by not hooking one.

A Mr. Morehouse, of Pasadena, I am told, has the honor of catching the first and only tuna ever caught with rod and reel, and he still haunts Avalon in the hopes that some other fisherman may land one and give him pointers how he (Morehouse) did it, as the whole affair savored somewhat like catching a tiger by the tail, leaving the impressions wound up in a cloud of dust—or rather spray in this instance.

After twenty-five barracuda and the yellow-tail had been hauled over the rail some one asked the captain how much time we had, and he thought we had just time enough to try for a jewfish.

The little launch was headed toward the shore about a mile beyond Church Rock, where we anchored at the edge of the kelp in 50ft. of water, where the roar of the surf drowned that of the sea lions on the rocks beyond. While one of the party prepared rod and reel for rock bass, two lines were prepared for its heavier cousin.

The Doctor put down his line, its great hook protected by a length of copper wire firmly imbedded in a section cut from the middle of a barracuda—just such a chunk as a boardinghouse keeper might buy for a dozen hungry boarders. Before the second line, which was more elaborate and had a shark hook and chain, and above it another with copper wire attachment, could be prepared, the Doctor began to show visible signs of agitation. As the line began to run out we gave evidence of the same symptoms. It proved to be a small one, however, of less than 100lbs., and after circling about on the bottom awhile was drawn to the surface two or three times and finally hauled aboard.

This was a nice sample of what we might expect, so the double-baited line was dropped down by the writer, with the firm belief that if 8lbs. of bait produced nearly 100lbs. return, 16lbs. should return 200lbs. Possibly fifteen minutes were spent in like cogitations and another fifteen minutes in watching the great swells, as they lifted us high and dropped us low, until one gets that peculiar feeling that prompts him to watch other members of the party in hope that some one of them will insist upon pulling out for home before you have to. We had, however, been very generous with our bait, and old Neptune in this case did not force further tribute, thanks to a gentle strain upon the line, not exactly a bite, but a steady pull, as if a strong current was dragging the line away. This moment of doubt is always a critical one, for there is almost irresistible tendency to pull back to see if it is really a fish, with the result that your jewfish, who has simply taken the bait in his mouth to mumble and suck, as he gives his tail a swish of satisfaction, carrying out a dozen or 20ft. of line, instantly disgorges it and the opportunity of a lifetime is gone. If the movement is facilitated by paying out the line, suspicion is allayed and you soon have the hook planted where it will do the most good, and about that time all thoughts of seasickness will leave you.

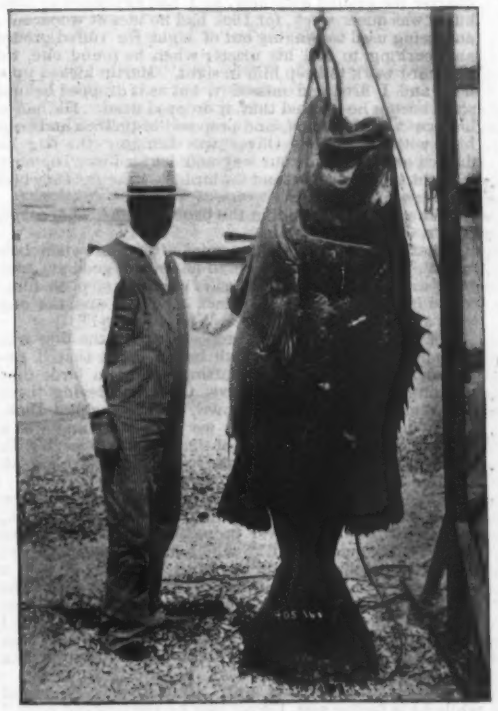
The line flies through your hands until it beats to the bone, and you glance at the rapidly disappearing coil at your feet, wondering what the result would be if one of your feet should be accidentally encircled by a loop, and what had better be done when the end of the line comes, for your best efforts cannot check him. Before this contingency arises there is a sudden slack and you pull in 5, 15, 20ft., and just as you turn with a woeful look toward the Doctor and a disgusted "lost him," the line swishes, the fingers burn and the Doctor denies the statement in full chorus with the others most emphatically.

The big fellow does not strike right out like a yoke of runaway oxen, snapping the line when he reaches the end, but instead makes angry circles, often coming back to the starting point. After three such runs, each a little more vicious than the other, a steady pull brought him up some 15ft., when down he plunged again, this time heading under the boat, with the line dragging across the keel. The party gathered at the opposite side and watched the its great head and eyes just as it gave a lurch and went to the bottom with a rush. Then comes the work of hauling him up to the surface, each time a little nearer, only to let the line fly back as he plunges down to sulk at the bottom. Finally he lies on his side, we supposed utterly whipped, and a sheath knife is deftly slipped toward the gills, but at the first prick of its point no baby whale ever "sounded" with greater vigor, deluging us all with water. Everybody yelled, "Let him go!" but what was there to hinder? That fish had the privilege of going where he pleased.

The next time we had him alongside the Doctor planted a gaff back of the head and held bravely on until dragged to the stern, where a tremendous plunge and twist broke the handle square off above the socket and gave us another shower bath.

After another steady pull he lay alongside again. We held a council of war and decided that it would be a pity to lose such a monster at this stage of the game. The hook had already enlarged the hole and might come out at any plunge, but the second hook hung over the nose, its bait slipped far up the line. C. D. Daggett cautiously placed this against the lower jaw, firmly planting it, but did not escape the deluge which promptly followed.

We now felt fairly certain of our fish and soon had him where his efforts failed to take him much below the surface, gradually getting him to a point where we could hold him there, completely whipped, so that he gave but a feeble splash when the knife was applied to his gills. We rested and admired this enormous fish while his blood poured out, discoloring the water for quite a space. Then came another tug of war and we almost gave it up several times, but by taking a turn around a little mast



MR. DAGGETT'S BIG JEWFISH.

in the stern we raised him an inch at a time until he lay across the fan-tail with his tail in the water on one side and his head far over the edge on the other, and thus he rode as we slid into the bay at Avalon at 12:15 noon, where the captain pried him overboard and a small boy had the honor of towing him ashore in the face of a great crowd gathered to see the "biggest one yet." A little later, just as the weight—405lbs., length 7½ft.—had been called out, I felt a pull at my sleeve, followed with "Say, mister, ain't yer going to give me a fish for towing that big un ashore?" He was told to help himself to the best fish on the rack, and he disappeared up the gravelly beach dragging a fish nearly as long as himself.

The jewfish were turned over to the local fisherman after extracting a few scales as souvenirs, and they are said to appear later as very excellent "boneless codfish," while the campers soon carried off the rest.

The first half of the week, commencing July 20, proved to be a banner jewfish period, and some enormous catches of other fish were made as well.

A San Francisco party held the record up to the 20th with a jewfish weighing 350lbs., and the 405lb. one above described is the heaviest caught in three years.

The Stewart party came in Monday with a 305lb. jewfish and 109 barracuda, besides three yellow-tail and a great halibut.

Then the Beck party made a phenomenal catch of 113 barracuda and one yellow-tail.

Tuesday the Matthiessen party, who came along just as our party started for home with the 405lb. fish, concluded to try their luck at the same spot, and returned later with a fish which looked much like ours in size, but all the coaxing would not make it pull down over 395lbs. Another of 300lbs. helped to balance it at the other end of the rack. Besides these they had many barracuda and yellow-tail.

It seems a pity that so many fish must go to waste during the season when they are biting so freely and so many are enjoying the sport. It is a fact that tons are wasted every year. Great catches are brought in, exhibited upon the racks, photographed; many are used; but this is repeated often each day during the season, and the result is that many a load of the finest fish on earth are carried out beyond the bay and dumped as food for sharks and prowlers of the deep.

It has been suggested that a fund be established and the fish packed in ice and turned over to the associated charities, a method which would be very satisfactory to the many who comment upon the present wasteful methods.

FRANK S. DAGGETT.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

IX.—The Brockway Boys.

THERE seemed to be no end to them. The woods were literally full of them—of Brockway boys, I mean. Boys, and girls also, from babies to grown men and women, they were everywhere I went. This ceased to be surprising after my uncle, Erastus Brockway, had driven mother and me from Monroe to his home at East Ogden, in Lenawee county, Mich., and after crossing the county line pointed out each house for miles as being owned by one of his numerous kinsmen until it seemed to my boyish fancy that all Michigan must be peopled by Brockways.

The fact is that mother's two brothers, older than she, had emigrated to Michigan in the early thirties, while it was yet a territory; each had a large family and at this time they had grandsons older than I, for their many sons had followed the parental example in the matter of replenishing the earth. It is probable that these boys all had names, and that I knew their different cognomens at the time, but that was long ago, either the year before or the year after the events recorded in No. VII. of this series. Probably it was after that time, as there remains no recollection of bragging about the killing of the deer, so truthfully narrated week before last.

Mother was an invalid and the journey from Albany to Buffalo was made by canal, and from the latter place to Monroe by steamer. The packets, which carried passengers on the canal, had been about killed off by the railroad and we had good quarters in a large freight boat, the captain giving up his cabin to us and a woman with two boys. It was an ideal trip. In 1875 I had frequent occasion to go from Lynchburg to Lexington, Va., up the James River and Kenawha Canal, and it is my mature opinion that traveling by canal is the very poetry of traveling. It is the ideal mode of getting about. This statement is often met with ridicule, "it is too slow." My friend, listen. You who say this know little of the pleasure of travel, for itself. You wish to annihilate space in a businesslike way. You want to go from New York to Chicago and consult the time tables for the train which will land you there an hour sooner than another, and you take a "sleeper," that abomination rendered necessary by merciless business, and you go that way even on your wedding trip! Go to! The mad American train-catching spirit has possessed you and, like my friend Col. Raymond, of my last sketch, you "can fish if they bite fast." The pleasures of that week on the Erie Canal often arise as I whirl over the route in late years. Little Falls! There we boys jumped ashore and stole apples and caught the boat at the locks. Weedsport, here we got off on the "heel-path" side and ran into the outlying edge of Montezuma Swamp and had to swim the canal, when I was the only good swimmer, and after carrying all the clothes across and safely landing the smallest boy, was forced to lick the older one in the water to keep him from drowning me. His story to his mother conflicted with mine; his blackened eyes and swollen nose seemed to prove his claim to have been beaten without provocation, but mothers will be mothers, you know, and there was a drop in the social mercury.

Pardon me, the canal took me off into the swamp, miles away from the Brock-way. I will try to get back to the Brockway boys, as I knew my cousins and sons of cousins away back in Michigan in the long ago.

Jim was a big boy, nearly a man. He could not only smoke a cigar, but could also empty a clay pipe without any visible protest from his stomach. He was big and strong, and could beat us all at jumping, and was one of the younger sons of the oldest of the brothers, Eusebius, or Uncle Sebe, as he was called—a man who at sixty-nine years of age was entered for a foot race the day I first saw him. Martin and Oliver were smaller boys, sons of Erastus, who by the way was many years younger than his brother, physically much weaker, but intellectually stronger. Jim could throw me by sheer weight and strength. Martin or the others of his age could not, for wrestling and boxing had been my study as well as play. This put me on a good square footing with my backwoods cousins, who had little respect for my soft hands and city ways. They had small facilities for schooling, but great opportunities for clearing land for the plow, chopping trees that had been deadened by the girdle, piling great logs for burning that a few years later would have been worth more than the land originally cost. Harvesting the hard-earned crops had given them a rude strength that made it seem incomprehensible how a city boy, who couldn't pitch a fork full of hay into the mow, could lay them on their backs. From a subject for ridicule this city boy became to be respected, especially when they found that he could turn a back somersault from the floor and alight on his feet. They had seen pictures of such things, but to find an ordinary boy outside a circus turn a flip-flap was a thing that made him a hero. My city manners and fine fishing tackle were all forgotten, and the Brockway boys from far and near were invited to come and see their cousin, who in a few hours had overcome all prejudice and was voted to be a really decent fellow.

Said Jim: "Let's go a-fishin'; what yer say? We'll take a team and wagon and go over to the River Raisin and have a good time; yes?" And we went, about six of us. There was William, about forty years old, a hunter of deer and turkeys, who owned a rifle that became mine some years later; Jim, Martin, Oliver and others whose names are forgotten, but all brothers, cousins or uncles to each other, and a jolly party they were. Harvest was over, and threshing, corn husking and such work had not begun—just the time for a fishing trip. An early start and a drive of about ten miles behind a good team brought us to the house of another relative, for, as before said, the woods were full of Brockways; the team was cared for, and a walk of half an hour brought us to the river. They cut poles and rigged up their lines with float and sinker and with worms for bait. They had said that the river contained pickerel, and I tied on some very small hooks and with a little switch caught several minnows while they were taking a few catfish, sunfish and others. Grins went around and Martin asked: "Is that the kind o' fishin' you do down in York State?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"It 'pears like small kind o' fishin'," said Jim, "don't ye ever ketch bigger fish 'n that when you go a-fishin' 'bout Albany?"

"Yes, sometimes."

'Mighty small eatin', them things," said another, "guess you've got to get yer specs on to see 'em when

they're cooked. I wouldn't take 'em home if you'd gi' me a cart load. Here, take my pole an' fish for fish that's worth having."

By this time there were half a dozen live minnows in the little water hole scooped in the bank, and reaching for my pole I bent on about 20ft. of line a fair-sized hook with a gimp snell—another new thing to the boys—and hooking a minnow through the lips I cast and skittered it, a trick learned from old Port Tyler on the Popakinnay in the spring before. All except William, the oldest "boy," haw-hawed out loud. He simply watched the curious performance. Cast after cast was made, when a gar fish took the lure and was landed—a strange fish to me, but no stranger to the others, who with one accord voted him "no good." They had all stopped to watch this way of fishing, which now was proved capable of taking a gar at least, but when a pickerel of about 18in. long came in it was my moment of triumph. If this—to them—crazy mode of fishing had not been a success that morning, ridicule would have been my portion. I had known that from the remarks at the beginning, so, turning around, I said: "Yes, Jim, we often catch bigger fish than that when we go a-fishin' about Albany;" and William, who had said nothing, borrowed a hook on gimp and arranged to skitter, while Martin and Jim went catching minnows for the same purpose. When you beat a man, or boy, at a game he thinks peculiarly his own, he suddenly develops a respect for your abilities—perhaps beyond their real deserts. Once while hatching shad at Holyoke, Mass., the net was badly torn in several places. It belonged to the fishermen, and one named Benway was awkwardly tying up the holes. Picking up a needleful of twine, I began to cut a hole into proper shape for mending, when Benway became alarmed at its increasing size and protested. He became violently profane until the knitting began, then he watched; and when the hole was knit full, good as new, he thought me a great man. "I've hearn tell o' men knittin' in a hole, so't was jess same as before, but I never b'l'eved it," said he, "but there it is, I swan!" It appeared that none of that gang of fishermen had ever seen a net properly mended. I had beaten them in a matter of fisherman's work, and after that my opinions on fish and fishing ranked high in that camp.

William, and others, took some good fish by skittering, and altogether we had a fine lot, something like 200lbs. of fish, many strange kinds to me, including pickerel (pike we call them now), suckers, a strange green sunfish, a strange catfish, as well as the familiar bullhead, and the common yellow perch. There was also a "dog fish," strange in that day, and stranger still this last-named fish and the gars were said to be uneatable. I had supposed that all fresh-water fishes were eatable, even the suckers in winter, only like the beer story, "some's better'n others." We were all learning. When the whole catch was collected it was divided into as many parts as there were houses to be passed on the road home, some fifteen or twenty, and strings arranged to be left at each, with a special one containing choice kinds for a widow, and we rattled home in short time, under a full moon.

Going among people whose whole life, training and mode of thought is different from my own has not been an uncommon thing, but this first experience was new, and at times annoying. I felt as a dime museum freak must feel, if he does feel. Interest in such things as changing autumn foliage, the form of a passing flock of wild geese or the strange appearance of clouds, seemed to my backwoods cousins to be silly; these things had never occurred to them as worthy of thought because they were every-day affairs, and to-day I know that a boy who has to turn out at 5 o'clock in the morning, milk the cows, feed the horses and pigs, and get ready to hoe corn after breakfast, has no eye for the beauty of a sunrise any more than he has for a glorious sunset after a hard day's plowing, when the horses have to be cared for, and all those things which a farmer calls "chores," not "work" by any means, have to be done before he eats his supper and crawls to bed, only to be awakened before nature tells him that he has slept enough. Yes, to-day it is plain why the city boy was a "freak." He had no "chores' to do at home. He could breakfast at 8, go to school at 9, and after 4 o'clock he had leisure to observe the change of foliage, the flight of wild geese and the colors of the sky at sunset. On Saturdays he could shoot and fish, and there was a six-weeks' vacation when the only things he had to obey were his instincts. School time to many boys was time begrudged by some parents as lost from work; to my parents school seemed to be the whole end and aim of a boy's life. To me school was a bore, schoolmasters were tyrants whose sole object seemed to be to prevent boys from having any fun. I hated schoolmasters, at least all but poor crippled Prof. Anthony, who played ball with us as well as he could, and somehow seemed as if he had some sympathy with boys.

Lenawee county was marshy in many places. It was the source of water flowing east into Lake Erie, west into Lake Michigan and south into Ohio. The country was heavily timbered, and the phlebotomizing mosquito was abroad in the land. We boys slept in the barn to avoid them. Boys came from nearby houses for the frolic in the hay, old boys and young boys, sometimes a dozen or more. Uncle Erastus did not object to their sleeping there, but did forbid card playing; whether he objected to cards at all times or only to the lights necessary to their use among his hay we did not know. One day, after a little talk leading that way as we sat in the house, he said: "I suppose the boys have a game of cards once in a while in the barn;" this in an inquiring sort of way.

"They couldn't play cards in the dark," I answered; "they'd have to have lights for that. There! What was that big bird that passed the window?" and I ran out to see.

The next day mother said: "Fred, did you find out what kind of a bird it was passed the window when your uncle asked you about playing cards in the barn?"

"No ma'am, it was gone—"

"Yes, it was probably gone before you saw it, but I'm glad that you did not tell on the boys nor lie to your uncle. Do they play cards there nights?"

"Yes'm, but William said not to tell uncle, and Jim threatened to lick me if I did, and I hope he won't ask me any more. I'll lie to him if he does."

"No, you mustn't lie to anyone, and I am glad you told the truth to me. I knew they played cards and had candles there, for I saw the light through a crack that their blankets did not cover, as I walked out last evening." Oliver had heard this and said afterward: "Golly! But you got out of that scrape nicely, if you had told your mother the boys didn't play cards in the barn she'd 'a' had you, sure."

"Well, Oliver, I was in a corner, but I never tell mother a thing that is not so, nor father either, and I try to be truthful all the time, but it's hard work sometimes. There was no other way to dodge your father than to see a big bird and run out, but before that I fear that what I said was almost a fib, but I wouldn't tell on the boys."

"That's all right. Martin wants to know when you want to go after the blind snipe we started the other day. What was it you called 'em?"

"Woodcock; say to-morrow."

"O K; there's a spaniel over at Uncle Sebe's that William trees pa'tridges with, don't know how he'll do on these birds, nobody shoots 'em here. I never saw more'n three or four in my life, and never thought they were plenty."

The spaniel was not a promising dog for the work, but we started. In the talk about woodcock shooting something was said about shooting them on the wing, and Martin almost shouted: "What! You don't mean to say you shoot 'em a-flyin'?" And here again was a surprise; but the success of skittering for pickerel was in mind, and there was no ridicule, but an amount of curiosity to see the thing done. Such a thing had never been heard of, and on a small scale it resembled the experience of Col. Raymond in an adjoining county a year or two later. I had William's light double gun, and Martin carried a single one, while Oliver was to look after the dog. When we reached the bog where we had kicked up a bird before when crossing it, Oliver started with the dog to try and quarter the ground somehow, as I had explained to him; but it was queer work, for Dick had no idea of woodcock, and being used to ranging out of sight for ruffed grouse and barking to call his master when he found one, we had hard work to keep him in sight. Martin kicked up a bird, and I fired and missed it; but as it dropped behind some bushes he insisted that it dropped dead. He had a long cord in his pocket, and proposed to tie Dick and keep him with us, and as Oliver was bringing the dog he flushed one that came our way and I killed it. The boys thought this wonderful and the bird the strangest they had ever seen.

"What's his eyes doin' in the back of his head?" asked Oliver.

"That's so's to see who's a-comin' after him when he's feedin'," explained Martin, "and he can see good too, and don't scare up till he thinks you're going to step on him. Say! I'll tell what let's do. Let's all three and the dog walk abreast an' kick 'em up. What d'ye say?"

This seemed to be a good proposition, for the dog was of no use, and we tried it with better result than I expected, for we succeeded in putting up eleven birds that morning, of which I killed five, Oliver retrieving them almost as soon as they were down, with the help of Dick, for the dog soon learned what we were after and was a fair retriever. The boys told of that morning's work with great pride, never failing to add: "An' he killed 'em all a-flyin'."

On the way home one of the boys shot a big blue heron which was standing in meditation by a marshy brook, and wing-tipped it. Oliver proposed to capture it alive and we surrounded the bird, which had no idea of allowing us to catch it. Standing with head drawn for a stroke and with defiance in its eye, now ablaze with fight and facing the one who came nearest, it was a most heroic figure, worthy of study by an artist. The spaniel essayed a hand in the fight, and then tried four spry legs on the home stretch after the heron stuck his spear-like bill in the dog's back.

"You make a dive for him," said Oliver to us, "and while he is facing you, I'll get him by the legs and neck." He tried it and the bird wheeled like a flash, and struck the boy a blow on the back of the hand that rendered it useless for months. Martin then tried to stun him by a blow on the head with a stick, but the heron met him with a jump and a stroke at his face that luckily missed, or he might have been killed or lost an eye. We learned something of the fighting qualities of a blue heron that was new to us all. I had not been as rash as the others, for Port Tyler had told me how one had made a dent in the stock of his gun, and after seeing what Oliver and the dog got I had great respect for a wounded heron, which, by the way, the boys called a "crane," as they took him to the house dead.

We made several trips to the river and each time had fine sport. Martin once had a big turtle on his hook, which fortunately was strong, and the turtle was landed. But it was a singular beast. In the last story it is related how the collecting of turtles was a fad of early boyhood, and I thought I knew them all, yet here was one with a soft flat shell which felt like wet sole leather, a snout like a pig's, and a temper as savage as that of a snapping turtle. Verily Michigan had singular fishes and turtles, but no unfamiliar bird had been seen so far; but that was to come, and in a way to be remembered.

"Ever shoot a wild turkey?" asked Jim.

"No, never saw one; we don't have 'em about Albany."

"I'll get you a shot at one if you'll come over to my house," said he, "and you won't have to go far for it. I know where it feeds every day."

If I had known the whole story, or how it was going to turn out, perhaps the turkey might have lived longer; but Jim had an idea of getting some fun out of either me, the turkey or some other thing. It happened that a neighbor of his had a flock of white turkeys which ranged the woods, and a stray young wild turkey fed with the tame birds, meeting them in the morning and leaving them in the evening, when they went home. A boy about Jim's age, whose people owned the flock of white turkeys, knew of this wild one and had marked it for his meat later on. Jim went with me and posted me behind a fallen log, and I killed the turkey and started for the road to find Jim, when a big boy appeared and claimed the bird. Now the killing of that turkey had not a bit of sportsmanship in it and was nothing to be proud of, but it was a wild turkey and mine. I refused to give up my game.

"This is not one of your turkeys; yours are white."

"I say it's mine, and I'm going to have it. That sneakin' Jim Brockway sot you up to kill my turkey, he dassen't kill it himself, but I'll have it."

"You won't get it. Jim Brockway is down in the road yonder, an' if you call him a sneak he'll lick you."

"Jim Brockway can't lick one side o' me, nur you an him together. Gi' me that turkey," and he pushed me. I set the gun back against a log and tossed the turkey behind it. He was bigger and stronger than I, but lessons from Shel. Hitchcock, Albany's teacher of sparring, gave me confidence, if he could be kept from a "catch as catch can" hold. He struck an awkward swinging blow and got a stinger on the ear. He was astonished, but made a rush which was avoided and took one on the nose, which, as Professor Sheldon Hitchcock would have said, "brought the claret." So far I was unharmed except for my right hand, which has never been equal to the biceps which drove it, and I had only learned to use the left as a guard. He gathered himself and struck straight this time, but I dodged and upper-cut him on the jaw, and, in the language of the Professor, "he grassed." By this time Jim appeared. He had seen it all, but affected surprise.

"Hello!" said he, "what's this all about?"

The fellow picked himself up and said: "You know what it's all about, Jim Brockway, and I'll get square on you for it some day, you mind."

"Why don't you get square with this boy?" said Jim, in a tantalizing manner, "you seem to have had some trouble with him. I don't know what it's about."

"I'll tell you, Jim," said I, "I killed a turkey and he claims it; there it is, a wild one, and everybody knows that all the tame turkeys about here are white, so't they can tell 'em from wild ones. Come on, Jim, he don't want that turkey now, 'cause he said he was goin' to take it, but he didn't."

On returning to the house of Uncle Erastus with the turkey, which was doubly mine now, first by right of having reduced it to possession and again by the gauge of battle, mother at once saw the condition of my hand, now painfully swollen, and, mother-like, wanted to know what had happened. I answered: "Mother, if I should try to tell you just how I injured my hand in shooting a wild turkey the story might get twisted, and I was excited so much that I might be mistaken. Jim will be over to-night. He was there and knows all about it; let him tell it." This must have made her curiosity almost boil over, for there was a mystery, but she was one of those stoical people whose faces never give an indication of either curiosity, pleasure or pain, so she said, "Very well," and waited. After hearing Jim's version of the turkey hunt she never referred to it afterward. She may have detailed the whole affair to father, but when I said, one day after getting home, "Father, I killed a wild turkey out in Michigan," he only asked, "How much did it weigh?"

Before returning to Albany there came a rumor that the whole city had been destroyed by fire. "Mother, let's go home," said I, in despair.

"My boy, we have no home to go to, if the whole city has been burned," replied this extremely sensitive but outwardly impassive woman, whose great, kind heart it was her constant struggle to conceal, and I must, perforce, accept her philosophical view of the situation. Newspapers came slowly in that backwoods, but the truth came with them. The greatest fire that Albany had known had swept lower Broadway, I forget the exact boundaries; but while father's office had been burned, none of his barges were lost, and the burns which he had received while warping a barge across the basin were only slight ones on the face, neck and hands, so he put it, and we went home.

About the boys? Oh, yes. Jim went home from Antietam with a leg off, Martin was killed at Gettysburg and Oliver died at Andersonville. Good boys and fine men, all of them. No, I can't say what became of the fellow who claimed the turkey. I do not remember his name. He did not get the turkey. FRED MATHER.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not for many seasons have I received so many letters of inquiry from American anglers for the best localities for fall fishing in northern Canada as have reached me within the past few days. Notwithstanding that I have endeavored to cover all this information very fully in "The Book of the Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," especially in the chapters on "Angling for Ouananiche" and "Other Fish and Game," you will perhaps afford me the hospitality of your columns to indicate a few facts that may prove useful to American sportsmen about to visit Canada, and to apologize for my inability to reply personally on the subject at length to all who have written me for information and advice.

Of course every owner of *Game Laws in Brief*—which ought to be equivalent to saying "every sportsman"—knows that the close season for ouananiche commences on Sept. 15; so that anglers who would try their luck this year with this plucky game fish of the North have not very long to do it in. A party of New England fishermen is about to visit the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, one of the most picturesque of the many pretty camping grounds in the Lake St. John country. Usually at this period of the year ouananiche are plentiful there. A surer locality in September is the lower part of the Metabetchouan River. About this date the fish are in the mouth of the river. Toward the end of the first week in September they may be found in what is known as the Island Pool, an illustration of which appears in the book above referred to. In Dr. Van Dyke's "Little Rivers" is a description of a somewhat difficult route by which he reached this pool, driving by buckboard for nine miles from St. Jerome over an exceedingly rough and hilly road, and then scrambling down a steep hillside 500ft. high. But for those who do not object to rather rough portages there is a much shorter route to this fishing ground. For a mile and a quarter from the mouth of the Metabetchouan there is calm water which may be paddled, and then a portage of a mile and a half brings the angler to the lower pool, where ouananiche are plentiful in the early part of September, and where Col. Andrew Haggard had the remarkably successful fishing that he describes in his introduction to "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment." Another portage of a mile leads to the second pool, and the upper or island pool is exactly another mile higher up the stream, necessitating another portage.

In both Lake Tschatagama and Lac-à-Jim there should also be good sport at present, and the fisherman's creel should at both these resorts contain both trout and ouananiche. Fly-fishing is always good in September at the foot of the various falls in the lower fifteen or twenty

miles of both the Aleck and Little Peribonca rivers, both tributaries of the Grand Peribonca. Ouananiche may often be had here, and trout are abundant. For those who seek for trout alone I would strongly urge at this season of the year the attractions of the Lac de la Belle Riviere, of Lake Kenogami, of the headwaters of the Ouiatchouaniche—a few miles behind Roberval—and the waters of the various club limits between Quebec and Lake St. John for those who are entitled to fish them. Particularly on the Triton Tract, in and about Lake Batiscan and the Lightning River, and in the Jeannotte, the outlet of Lake Edward, may large trout be looked for next month. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 21.

STE. MARGUERITE SALMON.

BOSTON, Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find a clipping from to-day's *Globe*, the record of a catch which, in my judgment, is of such exceeding merit and taken in such a sportsmanlike manner that I thought you might find room in your columns for a reproduction of the article. Observing the table, you will find an enormous total in pounds; but considering the length of time fished, I think these gentlemen showed great compassion for the salmon. There are few days in which they took more than one large fish, and some days none at all. I have seen larger scores, yet none more creditable, and I pronounce it the greatest catch I ever heard of.

Though the fishermen are unknown to the writer, he would be proud to lift his hat to those gentlemen, two only of a great sect which has made Boston famous as "the City of Culture." A. WOODLE.

There are pools in the upper northeastern branch of the Ste. Marguerite, which empties into the Saugenay, in the Province of Quebec, teeming with salmon that may be induced to look at a lure if it be properly presented. The upper part of this splendid salmon water belongs to David H. Blanchard, of this city, who is widely known as an enthusiastic devotee of the rod and gun. Mr. Blanchard bought the upper part of this river a good many years ago from a Dominion magnate by the name of Price. It contains five likely pools, which each spring and autumn are filled with fresh-run salmon that come up the St. Lawrence, the Saugenay and the Ste. Marguerite to the wood-embowered preserve, where Mr. Blanchard sometimes takes his friends.

It is one of the very best salmon waters in the Province, and quite as productive of good sport as the Restigouche and its far-famed feeders, the Matapedia, the Patapedia, the Upsalquitch and the Tom Kedgewick, where the nobles of England and the high muck-a-mucks of Canada wet their lines.

Mr. Blanchard has a well-appointed camp on his preserve, and all of the well-tenanted pools are within half a dozen miles of his boat moorings. One of these pools is called the Prince of Wales Pool, that jolly sportsman having at one time whipped up its waters with some gaudy lures.

Mr. Blanchard has just returned from the Ste. Marquerite, where he has spent some very happy "salmon" days with his young friend, Mr. "Dick" Harding. "Dick" did nothing for weeks before the start but dream of arrowy rushes, prodigious leaps and 4ft. 40-pounders with glistening sides of silver and blue. Besides Mr. Harding there were in the party Mr. Blanchard's daughter, Mrs. Poor, and her two children.

Camp was reached on June 26, and on the 27th, which, by the way, was a day sacred to great clouds and good fishing, the first line was wet. The party remained on the Ste. Marguerite until Aug. 6, and in that time they had twenty-five days' fishing. Only one man fished at a time.

When Mr. Blanchard was out offering his mimic insects to the king of fish Mr. Harding remained in camp. Thirty-eight salmon were taken, averaging 21½lbs., the largest weighing 34½lbs. This was killed by Mr. Harding on July 29.

Mr. Blanchard gave his guest a close call on weight, and he did it too on June 30, the third day out. Mr. Blanchard's record that day was one fish weighing 33½lbs. He had, on the two previous fishing days, taken a 22-pounder on the 27th and a 25-pounder on the 29th.

The 33½-pounder landed by Mr. Blanchard gave him a battle royal for upward of three-quarters of an hour. No one who ever felt the quick, sturdy rush of a 30lb. salmon when struck with the barbed steel will wonder at the length of time required to subdue one of these lordly aristocrats.

Mr. Blanchard is an adroit handler of light fishing tackle, but his 33½lb. fish gave him plenty to do, while his boatman's skill was put to the test in following the fierce rushes and steadying the boat when the big fish stopped to sulk.

On that occasion the music of Mr. Blanchard's reel was sweeter to his ear than the most entrancing strains of the symphony orchestra. His whole frame thrilled as his line stretched and twanged like a banjo string. The fish indulged in the most prodigious leaps, vexed the water with acrobatic flip-flaps, and then, after tugs and jumps and head-shakings failed to dislodge the hook, he would bore straight down and curve the rod into beauty lines that would make an artist blue with envy.

When at last he was brought within gaffing distance Mr. Blanchard was content to lay back in the boat and reel in, unjoint and go to camp. One such fish in a day's casting is enough for any one, while the exertion of playing and landing is sufficient to remind an old college man of line bucking and wedge breaking on the football field.

On the 30th of July Mr. Harding got into very close companionship with a 26lb. salmon. He hooked him by the tail. The big fish rose leisurely to the lure, but changed his mind and turned quickly to go under. His tail broke the water like the clip of a screw wheel when the stern of the boat is high. In some way unknown to Mr. Harding the hook was fastened deep into the salmon's tail, and the fun was on right away.

The rushes made by this fellow were terrific, and at times the taut line whined like a jewsharp.

The best part of two hours were consumed in subduing this fellow, and as Mr. Harding had landed his 34½-pounder the day before, he quit fishing and returned to camp. Dick admits that a feeling of "goneness" passed through his frame when the 34½-pounder came up with open jaws and bulging eyes and shook his head at him. "I felt,' said Dick, "when he first broke water after I struck, as if I was looking at a ghost, and his size made me feel a little uneasy regarding my tackle. The sport in playing that fellow was the best I ever enjoyed, and had I not caught another fish I would have been perfectly satisfied."

The St. Marguerite is indeed a delectable piece of salmon water, and on moonlight nights the dwellers in Mr. Blanchard's camp are often delightfully entertained by the great silvery beauties breaking water and jumping about on the surface. The noise is enough to drive an out-and-out angler to distraction, and make him pray devoutly for the quick approach of morning.

The following table will show that both Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Harding have built up something for winter rumination. The star is used to designate the fish caught by Mr. Harding:

	Pounds.		Pounds.
June 27	22	July 17	12½
June 29	25	July 20	20
June 30	33½	July 22	16½
July 1	*34½	July 23	22½
July 2	25	July 23	21
July 2	21½	July 23	22½
July 2	17½	July 24	22½
July 2	23½	July 25	*16½
July 3	19	July 27	20
July 4	22½	July 28	*20½
July 6	24	July 28	24½
July 10	24½	July 29	*34½
July 11	19½	July 30	*26
July 13	32½	Aug. 1	*16½
July 14	14	Aug. 1	12½
July 14	13½	Aug. 1	16
July 15	13½	Aug. 3	23½
July 15	26½	Aug. 6	*18
July 16	17	Aug. 6	27
Total			38
Average weight			21½

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[*Continued from page 150.*]

THE dawn opened in the east with rosy evidence of magnificent weather for the day, while a southwest wind, always an angler's delight, blew from the crimson woods with an air of gentle intoxication. Miniature showers of silver gleamed on the waves as they rose and sang the praise of the tropic breeze; the forest warblers were out in joyous melody and the sky a romance in violet and orange. The savage shoreland that gave severity to the scene displayed its piles of detached and defaced rocks draped with lichen and moss and generously touched with gold from the glowing orb. A fragile bell flower here and there and a dipping sea gull made diversity as well as delight.

We turn our thoughts to Blind River, as the Mussulman turns toward Mecca, for we knew that a gravelly and shady pool, margined in part by grasses and shrubs that wave in the wind like light plumes, was there to be found, and in which poised and played the loveliest of spangled spoils.

At last breakfast is over and we are again on the open lake, passing the great ramparts of aged stone that are blazing with a silvery glare as the effulgent sun pours down upon them, while the cedar and birch and balsam that closely crowd to the shore are glistening in a luster of green that goes far toward destroying the charm of wildness.

On reaching the mouth of the little stream we pushed over its shallow mouth and were soon at the desired pool. The choice seat in the boat again fell to Ned, and as he was the first to reach the preserve, he without delay had his red-headed terror, the "dusting brush," sailing through the air like a lurid comet. It struck the water with anything but downy lightness, but it nevertheless aroused a poising trout that went with savage fury for his dropper, a silver-doctor. Ned was on the *qui vive* for the response and gave him the cold steel in a most admirable manner. The angler at once realized that he had no Sand River babe to deal with, and after the boat had backed away from the pool and the snags that lined the shore he had an open field for the battle and started in to win the laurels. Being out of the reach of the basin, I of course watched the struggle with deep interest. Not a word was spoken during the strife and the only murmur was in the soughing waters, the rustling branches and the lisping birds. Ned was remarkably cool and alert, and when the leap into the sunshine was made the startling proportions of the jeweled beauty were made manifest.

"Big one," said Kenosh in a low voice, and then deep silence again prevailed and the battle went on with savage fury. The royal beauty at last weakened and then the happy angler forced the fighting, and in a moment or two he was drawn to the boat and netted and held aloft for inspection, with his ruby-tinted robe gleaming in the bright sun.

"Weigh that scarlet darling," says Ned. Kenosh at once secured the indicator, and hooking him through his red-lined jaw drew the steel point to the 5lb. notch, the largest trout we had yet caught. He, however, had disdained the "dusting brush," and that gave us all much pleasure in humorsome diatribe at the fortunate angler's expense. Ned took it all good-naturedly, for he had captured the blue ribbon trout, and like an armor-clad warrior felt impervious to all cynical or humorous assaults. His joy was too supreme to heed the foils that were thrust at him so constantly.

The boat again being placed in position, I have a fine chance at the pool, and at the very first dropping of my flies I had a splashing response and with it came a delicious aria from the reel. Again the boat retreated from the pool and again a fierce battle, and another victim of the glittering spangles. It was a full 3-pounder and had given me much solid pleasure, the pleasure indescribable, that neither gold nor precious stones can purchase. Cautiously working back to the little preserve, Ned got in the first drop, and another courageous Hector of the scarlet robes sprang upon his silver-doctor with the impetuosity of a bounding panther and then dashed for the snaggy bottom, but the skillful angler swerved him away and compelled him to fight over the shallow and gravelly bed. Here he was soon robbed of his tenacious vitality and made another victim for his enticing foe.

The failure of Ned's red-headed terror to attract the trout was a picnic for us, for we lampooned him right and left, advising him to take the "dusting brush" out of the water and retire it for the season. It was simply in evidence that the vagaries of the trout are beyond the ken of the human family. One day the attractive fly is somber, the next bright, then again red, violet, yellow, brown, gray, and so on to the end. I frequently, in selecting my flies for the leader, have a strong contrast in color. If one is repellent the other is doubtless attractive, but it is always best when trout are hard to tempt to make frequent changes, not only in color, but in size.

The little frolic with the fiery fly being over, we ventured once more to the lovely pool, and as soon as luck favored me with a fine command of the pool I got the drop on Ned and snatched the next radiant trout from the translucent waters, and then there came a cry of enough, and the shady pool was not again disturbed by falling flies. We were loath to leave the transports of the charming stream, where the air is balmy and sweet and blue-eyed violets peep o'er the bending grasses, while the waters, so like a mirror, reflect the loveliness of a painted sky. We hoist the sail on reaching the great lake, and little rolls of snowy beads drop from the bow of the speeding boat as we pass shores of gloomy jagged rocks, so savagely and anomalously sculptured as to excite your most fervent admiration. Groves of pine and cedar pushing their way to the mighty waters are ever in view, while dismantled and wave-washed blocks of flinty granite, which have toppled down from the ragged cliffs above and whose tops are streaked in silver and gold and gray, add commanding interest to the picturesque coast line that reveals itself as a standard show of nature's great workshop.

The next morning being favorable for our departure, we were up early to breakfast, and made all haste to break camp and sail for Aguawa Harbor. We managed to get off by 6 o'clock with a spanking breeze, and then it was

> "Hurrah! my lads, we're homeward bound,
> We're homeward bound for freedom's ground;
> Up with the sail, and off goes she,
> Hurrah! my lads, hurrah! hurrah!"

The waves were running quite high, and every crest was shaking its snowy plumes. The run, which was only ten miles, was made in about an hour and a half. In another hour we had the camp perfected, and then eagerly went in search of the tinted and tattooed tribe. Our outing gave us three handsome trophies, but each of them was bravely earned, and that is more satisfying than making big catches from a preserve or a mill pond.

We did no fishing at all in the afternoon, being fearful of glutting the larder, and therefore passed much of the time in luxuriant idleness, with cards and reading coming in as part and parcel of our diversion. Ned in the intervals did a little work in making another flaming fly and tying a few leaders. The half-breeds busied themselves in mending their clothes and gathering an amplitude of firewood, which they found strewn along the shore. We had a charming place for a camp-fire, it being well protected from the lake breeze, and many an hour did we pass there in infinite and comfortable enjoyment. After supper that night we had a regular carnival of fun around the blazing pile. Ned was at his best, and told many a humorous story and gave us some charming bits of melody, while Kenosh gave us much interesting information about his early days on the Great Lake and along these bold and craggy shorelands. His tales of hunting and trout fishing at that period were marvelous. He could then catch all the trout he wanted at the "Soo," and as for game, the woods were full of it. Partridges you could knock down with a pole, rabbits were overabundant, ducks were found in great numbers in all the inland lakes and streams, and bears turned up in unexpected places. Indian had good time then, he said, as his trapping season was always highly profitable. Now the Indians are compelled to leave the shores of the lake for their game, and settlements are being made nearer the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Nine-tenths of the Indians and half-breeds have left these rock-bound shores. This has been our observation, as also of others, during the last six years. Aguawa has been entirely deserted. Bachawaunau Bay is almost in the same condition, and Maimaise Point the same. No fish, no game, no nothing, and so Mr. Lo, who has assisted in all this decimation, has to seek other quarters for his dollars and his hash. It is fast becoming an equivalent of the Western prairies, with their disappeared buffalo.

A gentle northwest wind, bright skies and an exhilarating atmosphere were the trinity of attraction that was introduced to us the next morning when we arose and vacated our tent. Immediately after breakfast we started along the east shore, casting our flies in every place that we thought a trout would lurk. We went fully two miles along the shore without a rise; but just as we struck a mass of fragmented rocks, and when we were on the point of returning, the carnival commenced. Here Ned, who had the choice seat in the bow, had a double strike, and I almost simultaneously a single. There was a little excitement in the boat when both organs were playing. Ned being so exceedingly anxious to save his battling pair, I told the boys to pay no heed to me till the twain were captured. After the fierce struggle had about exhausted them, the question arose as to safety in landing them. I suggested to the half-breeds that each take a net, and when the pair were exposing their crimson-fretted sides to the blazing sun for each to dip in unison. The opportunity presenting itself, they were both skillfully netted, and then there was an overjoyed angler in the boat. Jo now turned his attention to my wearied trout, which was about ready for the net. A run or two more and he gives the signal of surrender, and then the wide-awake half-breed slipped the net under him and carefully deposited him in the boat. He was an ounce or two over 3lbs., while Ned's peerless pair were fully 4lbs. each.

"That like old time," said Kenosh, when he saw the three glittering fish lying side by side.

"So is this," said Ned, who had just hooked another on his first cast. "And this also," I added, as I sunk the cold steel into the iron jaws of another scarlet Hyperion.

We will not further detail the account of that morning; suffice it to say we caught ten, the largest being 5lbs. and the smallest but a shade under 4. We were so much excited with the sport that not till we asked Kenosh the sum total of the catch did we know, and then we threw up our hands in surprise and discontinued the war.

"Some waste here," said I to Ned when I looked down upon the pile of gleaming beauties.

"No, I salt 'em," spoke up Kenosh.

"What for?"

"For myself, for home."

"They will make a small display."

"Oh no, I got some already."

"Where did you get them?"

"Saved 'em, so they no spoil."
"You said nothing about it."
"You no like it if I speak it out."
"Why do you tell it now?"
"We go home now, and you no care."
"How many have you salted?"
"Heap, keg nearly full."

And so the wily half-breed had all along had an eye single to some of the spoils and had quietly been putting away all he could eliminate from our catch. We had frequently asked him about the amount on hand and he would always say, "Not much." Ned and I wondered at the immense number of trout we thought we were eating, when in fact they were going into the brine.

Occasionally he would ask for the loan of a trout rod when we did not desire to angle, and then the two would take the boat and fish along the rocks very industriously. Sometimes he would report his catch, and again it was "no good." I don't think either of them were dishonest, and did not suppose that by their salting a few of our trout they thought they were doing anything wrong. Kenosh in further explanation stated that if we had too many trout on hand we would not fish, and as we loved the sport they wanted us to enjoy it all we desired and hence the salting down. It was a blessing in disguise that gave us rare sport and the half-breeds a big part of the spoils.

We were late in leaving the harbor, not getting off before 10 o'clock, owing to the rather mixed condition of affairs in the elements. One minute it blew from the North, and the next it came from the south. We were as badly undecided as the weather, and finally let Kenosh determine the matter of our leaving. After the restless half-breed had taken a careful observation of the leaden sky, where "mare's tails" were streaming out and gray islands of clouds moving to the east, he said in a very hesitating manner, "We go anyhow."

Then the camp was very hastily dismantled, the boat hurriedly loaded and away we went in the threatening weather, with the sails fairly humming as we sped along over the tossing seas with the white caps riding on every rolling ridge.

We held well down into the big "horseshoe" and had not gone more than three or four miles when the wind suddenly changed and gave emphatic evidence of a very turbulent sea.

"What are we to do now?" asked Ned when he saw the combers toppling over.

"We go to Montreal Island," answered Kenosh.

And so she was headed for it, with the dancing sea making lively work for us. It took us over an hour to reach the deeply wooded island. On landing Kenosh ran over to a long spit of sand on the inside coast line in order to see what progress the blow was making, and if it would be advisable to try and make the Montreal River. We in the meantime gathered a few branches to fight off the attacking mosquitoes. They were not at all like the nipping insects along the mainland, but regular fighters and stingers on sight. "Big were they?" Like hummingbirds, and they came in such droves that it was impossible to fight them all off. Their sting had the vigor of a wasp and the swelling from it was as large as a hickory nut. They had grown and fattened in the swamp lands of the island till they were warriors bold, and nothing could resist their sanguinary charge, which came from all sides.

"For heaven's sake," said Ned, when a swallow-headed insect or two tormented his proboscis with their sharp lances, "let us get out of here."

Kenosh at this period of Ned's suffering said he thought he could make the six-mile stretch to the river.

"We'll have to make it. Drowning is preferable to this inferno."

At this manifesto we quickly jump aboard, and in a moment the sails are taut and we are flying o'er the curling waves that roar on the rock-bound shore and crash into the dark and damp ravines of the massive walls that confronted us.

When we are well away from the lee of the island, the sea tosses and foams as if old Neptune had been chiding it for its summery indolence. It was a beam wind that sent the old Mackinac "heeling" over and we all without prompting endeavored to even up matters by sitting high up on the windward side. The wild waves made ugly surges at us and time and again was the vigorous breeze "spilled" out of the sheets.

It was ugly sailing, and to hear the moan of wind and wave as it sped along on its cruel mission drove all the sunshine out of the entire party, who only could see the bright side of the picture on the distant shore, where the trees were tossing their branches in wild delight. The boat had to be held up stiffly to the breeze to make the river, and this gave us some very damp clothes. Ned said that he liked it better than a cloud of gigantic mosquitoes, and in fact would rather swim to the mainland than remain on that insect-infested island.

When we were within a mile or two of shore we had the protection in a measure of the aspiring mountains, which tempered the breeze considerably. We, however, were driven a short distance above the mouth, but a resort to the oars soon brought us to the river and the desired camping quarters on the beach.

The boys took the boat up the river a short distance and there unloaded her. Our tent as a preventive against the little trumpeters was put up on the gravelly beach, where the breeze from the lake drove them away.

It was a bad place in a hard blow, but as the wind was fast subsiding we thought it safe for the night.

Everybody was terribly hungry, for it was now near 2 o'clock and not a bite had we taken since 6 o'clock in the morning. After our ravenous appetites were fully satisfied we had some idle hours on hand, and as an auxiliary time-killer we put our rods together to try for trout in the big river. Ned gave his rod to Kenosh, who went up to the pool, while I tried the mouth of the stream.

After careful and earnest efforts of over an hour or more the sport was abandoned, with profitless results. We have never caught any trout here and I never saw one that ever did, although there are reports of some having been taken from the river. The afternoon was a gloomy one, and before evening the lake became as smooth as a mirror. The wind even failed to stir as much as a small flutter among the leaves, and the impressive stillness of the place was such that it seemed as if the voice of God had spoken.

While we were seated at the edge of the lake, taking in the vistas of the immediate landscape, a young loon came swimming along within a few feet of us, picking up shad flies that were floating on the surface and diving occasionally, to see what tribute the bottom of the lake would add to appease its hunger. It took no notice whatever of us, and finally entered the river and ascended it, feeding as it went. It had doubtless wandered away from its parental head.

After supper foreboding clouds filled the heavens, and soon after retiring the rain fell, and to its gentle patter we fell asleep. ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAN FRANCISCO BAY FISHING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—As the season for rock cod fishing has just commenced, a few words relative to the sport may be of more or less timely interest. Smelt fishing is probably the most common angling pastime of this bay, but as the fish are only caught when a school is running, and are then taken on the pot-hunter plan, they do not interest me to any extent. The rock cod, or, more properly speaking, rockfish, as they bear no semblance of a cod, furnish an entirely different form of sport, though of a very mild kind, as indeed are all field and marine sports in the vicinity of a metropolis. "Outside the heads," as it is called, that is, in and beyond the Golden Gate, on the fishing banks, a cod is taken in thirty to fifty fathoms' depth of water which weighs from 5 to 15lbs., but this is hardly a typical fishing of San Francisco Bay. On the other hand, within the bay along rocky shores and in any depth down to fifteen fathoms, a smaller fish, though precisely similar in appearance, is taken running from 2oz. to 2lbs., and it is of these latter that I am about to write.

We were Jack, Jim, Joe and Jerry; and on Saturday night we went to Tiburon, and there at a country hotel we spat upon the midnight embers, swapping fish yarns and buzzing the natives as to early season catches. Four A. M. found us in a Whitehall well out on the Raccoon Strait, headed for Angel Island. Arrived there, Joe and Jack started the fire. Jim went for water at a spring in a nearby ravine, and Jerry, unable to make himself use-

HENRY C. FORD.

ful, dropped a line off the wharf at Chinese Camp. Twenty minutes after landing on the island coffee was poured out and Jerry dropped four ½lb. rock cod on the frying pan. And, by the way, I herewith challenge any man to suggest a more soul-satisfying nectar than black coffee served in camp at 4:30 A. M. Well, breakfast over, we rowed down shore to a likely looking spot and dropped lines. A few fish were hooked during the first hour, but owing to the early time of year they were few and far between in the later hours. The standard tackle consists of a heavy cotton line, 1½lb. sinker, and three or four No. 0 3 Carlisle hooks. For diversion Jack rigged a 2oz. sinker and hooks on a light trout line, and then the fun commenced when a fish took that line and tangled it up with the others, each man having two lines down, and all in an 18ft. boat. Jack's light tackle had been down but a few minutes when there came a magnetic tap on the line, then two or three more, followed by such jerking as though telegraphing for a fire department.

"Look out for your lines, I've got a shark."

"Ha-ha-ha! Look at that sardine," said Jerry, as Jack pulled in a ½lb. rock cod. But Jack said that size didn't count, it was the tackle that made the sport, and so were we all convinced before the day was over that the lumbersome lines of the other fishers were a fraud. Several fish, and one of 1½lbs. in particular, would swim around with that 2oz. sinker and mix up our eight lines in direful confusion. At last, getting no more nibbles, we had lunch on the beach, and at noontime steered homeward with very few fish, but enough of healthy recreation to satisfy us until the season was better advanced for good catches. D. B. C.

Adirondacks.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Levi Kenney and Dr. A. H. Fowler, veteran anglers both, of this city, have returned from a few weeks' stay at Dart's Camp, in the Adirondacks, where they enjoyed some capital trout fishing. Both speak in high praise of the fighting qualities of the trout found in the vicinity of the above-named camp.

Jno. H. Selkreg, another veteran, has lately returned from a successful trip to Redwoods. "And such fishing," saith John. "Ah, well, life has few finer things."

M. CHILL.

Lake Winnebago Bass.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Aug. 14 —The *Times* of to-day reports: "On Wednesday a party composed of Adolph Mehlmann, H. Lindner, Otto Noss, Robert Voss, Will Wilkinson, and several others, chartered the steam yacht Cora and went to the east shore of Lake Winnebago, where they spent the day fishing. One hundred and thirty black bass, weighing about 400lbs., were caught, besides a number of pike and other varieties. About 200 sheepshead were taken and thrown away."

TARPON ON THE FLORIDA EAST COAST.

PENNSYLVANIA, Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cut the inclosed dispatch from a copy of one of our daily papers: "St. Lucie, Fla., Aug. 18.—The largest tarpon ever caught at St. Lucie was landed last evening by Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania. It weighed 263lbs. After an exciting struggle, in which the craft was nearly swamped, the Senator landed his fish safely in the boat. While struggling with the fish Senator Quay was struck on the leg below the knee, but was not seriously hurt. The boatman also had a narrow escape."

So many tarpon and such large ones are caught nowadays that this particular one might not be worth special comment save for the way in which it was caught and the place. The catching of tarpon on the east coast of Florida is an altogether different affair from catching them on the west coast or at Aransas Pass. The fish are only caught in the inlets of the Indian River. That at St. Lucie has a fringe of breakers extending entirely across its mouth. The open water within the inlet is not of very large extent, as it is soon divided up into numerous cuts among the mangrove tracts. There is therefore no chance for the tarpon to drag the boat after being hooked. On the contrary, the boat must be securely anchored. The fish do not swallow the bait either, and must be securely hooked in the mouth to hold them against the great strain that ensues as soon as the fight is fairly on. It takes usually a good many trials before a fish is finally "hung," for the lips are soft and the hook easily tears out, while the roof of the mouth is very hard and bony, and it is difficult to imbed a hook firmly in it. Sharks too abound, and you will usually catch half a dozen sharks to one tarpon. The fish are scarce at any time at St. Lucie, but you can easily see that to catch, land and kill a tarpon weighing 263lbs. from a small anchored boat is a feat of which any fisherman can be justly proud. A 30ft. cotton line is used for snell, as it stands the wear and tear better than metal links.

I had rather an amusing incident with a shark while down there fishing. We were on the beach and there were plenty of sharks in sight, but the beach was very shallow and it was difficult to throw the big iron hook with half a sheepshead on it far enough out for the shark to reach, and when they did get it they did not take hold very well. I finally left my friend K. and Gorsie, the boatman, casting for shark, while I went a little further along to try for channel bass, when I heard a shout from the others. They had at length secured a fish and were hauling him up on the beach. They had got him perhaps halfway up from where the waves ended to where the thin water came when the hook pulled out of his mouth. K. started at once for my Marlin .38, which I had left on the beach about 200ft. on the other side of them from where I was. The shark in the meantime finding itself free swung round and made for the water. This was too much for Gorsie. He could not stand by and see that fish that had cost him so much trouble to get, escape in that fashion, so he rushed after it, grabbed it by its thick tail and commenced pulling it back up the beach. I shouted with laughter at this novel mode of shark fishing. K. stopped to see how Gorsie would make out. The shark finding himself thus attacked in his rear swung round to meet his new assailant. Gorsie prudently dropped his tail and beat a retreat. K. started once more for the rifle. Then the shark started seaward once more, and once more Gorsie's courage rose, and he grabbed him by the tail, determined to have that shark or perish in the attempt. I encouraged both combatants impartially. Go it, Gorsie! Go it, shark! But Gorsie won; he succeeded in dragging the shark upon dry sand, and K. sent a bullet through its head. It was about 6ft. long, and weighed, we judged, about 150lbs. We caught another that afternoon, a female, and on cutting her open found five young sharks, all attached to her by the umbilical cord, so that settled the question of sharks spawning, about which there was quite a question down there. J. H. FISHER.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 21.—There is a marked improvement in surf fishing along the entire ocean front. From all points there is encouraging news, so that once again the surf tackle is brought into play. Kingfish are being taken pretty freely, and an occasional weakfish to enliven the sport. When the surf will admit, parties go out in what are locally termed bank skiffs—full, round bottom boats, and hard to capsize—in quest of bluefish. I wonder how many FOREST AND STREAM readers have ever taken bluefish with rod and reel, either churning or trolling from a boat in the open sea. They are difficult enough to handle when standing on *terra firma*, but when in a pitching boat the matter assumes a different form entirely—especially when they are of the 7 to 10lb. variety.

We of the Middle States know nothing of the glorious powers of the salmon or the speed of the muscalonge, but we do have battles royal with the striped bass and bluefish. I am strongly of the opinion that were the bluefish to be had under the same conditions as the salmon he would soon prove a strong rival in point of piscatorial favor; but the conditions under which he is only to be had make the use of light tackle an impossibility; besides, he could never be taken on gut leaders—his terrific strike precludes that possibility; so we are content to fight it out with him with heavy casting tackle, and consider ourselves fortunate if we are best man at the finish.

Thanks to the splendid activity of the fish wardens, Barnegat Bay is having a protection never before experienced. Last week two more of the rash spirits were arrested and fined and their nets and boats confiscated for seine fishing. In consequence of this protection, as I have before written, the bay is literally swarming with fish life. Within the past few years there has been a literal reversal of opinion in relation to the edible qualities of the bonito. I have seen in years past tons of them used for compost, whereas now they are highly esteemed and justly so; large quantities of them are now sold in the city markets for Spanish mackerel, which fish they somewhat resemble; and they may easily be foisted upon a person not well posted; and it is perhaps but just to say that the imposition is not a serious one, as there is but little difference in their respective table qualities. As a fish for the angler they are superb when it is possible to reach them, as they are always taken either in the open sea or in the inlets of our large bays. Their feeding habits are identical with those of the bluefish, and their voracity is as great. There is perhaps no fish capable of

greater speed or more determined resistance when hooked; their contour and fin equipment suggest at a glance the idea that speed is one of their qualifications. Taking it altogether the bonito is a fish with a future for the table and for the angler. LEONARD HULIT.

BARNEGAT INLET, N. J., Aug. 24.—The fishing in our locality is almost unprecedented, large catches being reported from all points along the bay. The night fishing being especially fine, from 150 to 200 bluefish to a boat being a common occurrence.

Last Monday Messrs. Brouwer and Bunnell, of Forked River, caught nearly 1,000lbs. of large bluefish by using the squid from the shore on North Point of Beach.

All captains unite in saying the run of bluefish at present is the greatest of the season, nearly every boat having fine sport.

Large catches of weakfish, kingfish and sea bass are reported in the vicinity of the inlet.

An event which will interest sportsmen who visit Barnegat Bay during the gunning season is the opening of the Great Sedge Islands for the accommodation of sportsmen. Previously this was the private shooting and fishing property of Dr. L. W. Warner, of New York. It has been leased by two New York gentlemen, who will conduct it as a first-class gunning and fishing resort. In 1895 large quantities of geese, brant and ducks were killed from its shooting points.

The prospect for wildfowl for the fall of 1896 was never better, owing to the extraordinary growth of wild duck grass and other food. The law permits gunning for wildfowl Sept. 15. SEA DOG.

Salt-Water Fishing Near New York.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 24.—Bluefishing in the vicinity of New York is practically at a standstill. Not a bluefish has been caught by the Sheepshead Bay or Canarsie boats during the past week. Two weeks ago bluefishing was at its best, but the fish have suddenly disappeared and refuse positively to be caught.

Because of this state of affairs the captains of the fishing boats have confined themselves to fluke fishing, with only fair success. Capt. Bob Greenwood, of Sheepshead Bay, and a party on board the Annie C. brought in fifty-six fluke last Monday and a smaller mess the following Sunday. Nat Wilson, sailing the Pacific, had eighty on Sunday, and on the same day Capt. Will Cowdrick, of the Cricket, and his party captured seventy-six, one of which weighed fully 10lbs., so the captain avers. These fish are caught by drifting in the vicinity of Sandy Hook.

A rumor to the effect that a large number of the small bluefish, weighing 2 to 3lbs , and commonly called snappers, had been captured off Manhattan Beach went the rounds of Sheepshead Bay last week. On the strength of this report Will Fox and myself spent last Saturday chumming for them from Will's speedy little Hope. We neither saw nor caught a fish of any kind, although we covered all the ground possible for a fast boat to cover.

The smaller snappers, which are caught in the bays and creeks, have not come in yet. Everybody is anxiously awaiting their arrival.

Sand porgies, usually so numerous in the month of August as to be considered a nuisance, are not caught in large numbers this year.

To sum up, salt-water fishing in this vicinity is about as bad as it ever has been, and old fishermen attribute this condition to the stormy weather of the past month.

G. F. DIEHL.

Susquehanna Notes.

THURSDAY, Aug. 13, we called on the genial corresponding secretary, James A. Dale, of the Pennsylvania State Fish Commission, at York, Pa., and from him learned of the serious illness of the late Henry C. Ford, president of the Commission. Mr. Ford, for a number of years the head and to a considerable extent the soul of the Pennsylvania Commission, served the State well; his loss will be deeply felt and his place will be hard to fill. Under him in fishcultural matters the State has taken first rank; to him angling was the chief of recreations, and the fraternity has lost one of its most honored members.

The bass fishing in the Susquehanna had been fair before the July run of bad water, and during the week ending Aug. 15 the fish were biting all along the river.

There is usually very good trolling for pike perch (salmon) in deep water from October to Christmas, even when the slush ice is running. Complaints have been made of salmon being caught in fish pots in the lower part of the river. Favorite resorts are found along the river from Bainbridge to Fites Eddy. At the latter place Capt. Dannar looks out for the fishing, welfare and comfort of many guests. BART.

Bass Near Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 24.—I have just returned from a very pleasant ten days' fishing trip at Blackwood Lake, Blackwood, N. J., where I found black bass, pike, large catfish and perch abound. Was out fishing every day, and landed all the fish that were wanted for our table. The largest bass caught was 4½lbs.

The last half day I succeeded in landing one bass 3½lbs., one 2½lbs., and one 1lb., which was returned to the water; also twenty-eight large catfish and one yellow Ned. Not so bad for a half day's sport.

The lake is a very fine body of water close to our city and only about 100yds. from Blackwood Station. There are also boats to hire at a nominal price, and live bait is furnished by Mr. E. L. Wilcox. Any one wanting a day's outing and pleasure could not do better than go there and cast his luck. V. V. D.

The Giant and the Beetle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to thank Mr. Stewart for his correction of my misquotation. It came from pure carelessness in not looking the matter up, for a volume of Shakespeare is always on my desk to be picked up at an odd minute, opened and read at any accidental page, and when Mr. Stewart's note was read I opened the volume at Measure for Measure, and read Isabella's words in Act III., Scene 1. Of course one can't tell why he did such a thing. I knew where that quotation could be found, and will try not to offend in this manner again.

FRED MATHER.

Round Mountain Lake.

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—There is still some fly-fishing for trout in the more distant and less frequented lakes and ponds in Maine. Mr. L. M. Crane is back from Round Mountain Lake, and though going with many misgivings and expectations of "no luck at all," he is most happily disappointed. He says that they caught trout, with the fly only, nearly every morning and evening; taking all the camp could possibly use. The trout are small, to be sure, from ¼lb. to 1¼lbs., but he says that the lake is full of them. On his way home, leaving his son and wife at the camps, he met Dr. Creardo, with his son, at Rangeley. They were hunting for a spot where they could take trout on the fly with some sort of success. Round Mountain Lake was recommended by Mr. Crane and they went there. A letter Thursday from the younger Mr. Crane says that they are having great fishing. The Doctor is much pleased and is taking all the trout he cares to catch. They fish mornings and evenings and take thirty or forty at a trip, the smaller of which are returned to the lake, all, in fact, that are not wanted for the camp table. They also speak in high terms of the fare they get at the camps. SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates, Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 8 to 11.—Binghampton Industrial Exhibition's sixth annual bench show. C. H. Barrett, Supt.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 23 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show, Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Stockton Fair Association's bench show, Stockton, Cal. D. J. Sinclair, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detroit, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS

Sept. —.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Dog Owners' Association's inaugural trials for amateurs, R. J. Gallaugher, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Ayles, Pres.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D. H. G. Nichols, Sec'y.

Oct. 21.—Alticar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 23.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 19.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

THE HAULING DOG IN CANADA.

[*Concluded from page 158.*]

THE hauling dog is not confined to barbarism or semi-civilization. He is used as a draft animal in many places, but in the vicinity of Quebec he is an institution, although of late years he is not so commonly used. In my young days, children drove dogs as they now drive a pony or a goat, but somewhere about 1860 a law was passed prohibiting the driving of dogs in the streets of the city and it was confined to the suburbs, especially in that of St. Sauveur. Large mongrels were bred and it is really wonderful what loads they could draw. The Newfoundland was the favorite owing to its size and weight, but when mastiffs or St. Bernards came in it was found that by crossing them with greyhounds a fine hauling dog was the result, especially when it retained the short hair of the greyhound, as, in such case, it was better for the deep snow in winter. There was one dog, a cross between a mastiff and a brindled greyhound, which retained the color and shape of the latter, but on a more massive scale, which had quite a record for its hauling powers.

These dogs, whose harness is made like that of a pony, minus the bridle, and which are driven in shafts, are used for hauling wood and water; beggars use them to drive to their stations. At the present moment there is a cripple at the Island of Orleans who has a fine pair of Newfoundland dogs which he harnesses either abreast or tandem to a cart, and drives down to the park where he begs.

This custom of driving dogs seems to have been followed in this country from the first settlement of the colony, and no doubt came from France, in the northern section of which, as in Belgium, dogs are still used as draft animals. The Swedish naturalist Kalm, who came to Canada in 1749 and published a very interesting account of his travels in North America, which has been translated into English, has the following on the subject:

"In many places here they use their dogs to fetch water out of the river. I saw two great dogs to-day put before a little cart, one before the other. They had neat harness like horses and bits in their mouths. In the cart was a barrel. The dogs are directed by a boy who runs behind the cart, and as soon as they come to the river they jump in of their own accord. When the barrel is filled the dogs draw their burden up the hill again to the house they belong to. I have frequently seen dogs employed in this manner during my stay at Quebec. Sometimes they put one dog before the water carts, which are made small on purpose. The dogs are not very great, hardly of the size of our common farmers' dogs. I have seen them fetch not only water, but likewise wood and other things. In winter it is customary in Canada for travelers to put dogs before little sledges, made on purpose to hold their clothes, provisions, etc. Poor people commonly employ them on their winter journeys and go on foot themselves. Almost all the wood which the poorer people in this country fetch out of the woods in winter is carried by dogs, which have therefore got the name of horses of the poor people. They commonly place a pair of dogs before each load of wood. I have likewise seen some neat little sledges for ladies to ride in in winter, which are drawn by a pair of dogs, and go faster on a good road than one would think they could. A middle-sized dog is sufficient to draw a single person when the roads are good. I have been told by old people that in their youth horses were very scarce here, and almost all the land carriage was then effected by dogs. Several Frenchmen, who have been among the Esquimaux on Terra Labrador, have assured me that they not only make use of dogs for drawing drays with their provisions and other necessaries, but are likewise drawn themselves in little sledges."

The Indians at Lorette, the last remnant of the great Huron nation, and who are in much demand as guides for fishing and hunting, for they are expert canoemen and hunters, and understand English, use dogs to haul water from the river and firewood from their reserve. These same dogs are used to haul tents and hunting equipment on winter hunting expeditions, as one of these dogs, following on the track beaten by snowshoes, will haul more than a man can carry and of course it is much easier for the man.

A friend of mine, whose rifle has brought down many a moose and caribou, and who has landed many a fine salmon, once became the happy owner of a Newfoundland dog called Rover, which was a splendid hauler and which he always took with him to haul his own personal baggage. Once when proceeding on a hunting expedition north of Quebec with Lorette Indian guides he was accompanied by Rover, while the Indians had two other dogs. On their way they had to stop at one of the camps or log-houses erected by the Quebec Government at certain distances along the colonization road used by settlers proceeding to Lake St. John before the railway was built. Now the keeper of the post, where my friend and party had to pass the night, owned a huge cross-eyed yellow dog which had a great reputation far and wide. He was supposed to be able not only to whip his weight in wild cats, but also to beat any number of dogs as well. There was a certain amount of anxiety among the party as to what would be the result of their dogs coming into contact with the yellow dog, and the Indians especially were uneasy, for if a dog was disabled it meant so much more for his master to carry. When they arrived the canine terror happened to be away, so there was a little respite, but just as the dogs were about to partake of their meal of shorts, oatmeal and biscuit with some of the pea soup, he turned up and announced his intention of having a meal at their expense. The Indian dogs at once recognized his superiority, but Rover was too hungry to lose his dinner, so he made up his mind to fight for it, and although generally a peaceful animal, he completely conquered the other dog, which acknowledged him as his master. The night was cold and my friend took Rover to bed with him on the top bunk. Early in the morning he awoke, and looking down he saw the Indians with their dogs lying on the floor, besides some settlers, also with dogs, as there were not enough bunks for all. My friend, who is a prominent member of the legal profession and professionally as serious as a judge, is a regular schoolboy when out on an expedition of this kind, and his spirit of mischief inspired him with the idea of having some fun. Seizing Rover, he threw him on the floor on top of the sleeping men and dogs, and in an instant there was the biggest of dog fights on hand, in which dogs, Indians and settlers were all mixed up, and the air was blue with polyglot profanity, while Rover's master was choking with laughter under his blankets. After a while order was restored, the dogs were separated, and their owners, who had been drawn into the scrimmage, were repairing damages, and anxious to find out how the row had begun. No one seemed to suspect except the head guide, who knew my friend's propensity of old, but was too loyal to betray him.

I used to drive a dog myself harnessed to a little sleigh with miniature sleigh robes, silver bells, etc., when I was eight or ten years old, but I have had only one experience of driving a dog in the woods and I do not like it. My friend above mentioned, two others and myself, with Indian guides, were going into the bush for a fortnight's caribou hunting and we had two dogs with us, one being driven by the cook and the other by one of the guides. After walking for some time, as we got near the lake on which we were to camp, the head guide went ahead to reconnoiter and soon returned, saying that there were caribou on the ice. Of course all wanted to go, but that was impossible, because, as all the guides were wanted, some one had to remain with the cook to drive the other dog, for the day was getting on and if we did not hurry we would have to camp in the dark, an unpleasant job at any time, but especially in a snowstorm such as was then raging and which is ideal weather for caribou hunting, as it is easier to stalk them then. The lot fell to me, so I made the best of a bad bargain; for, in addition to driving the dog, I had to carry my own pack, which was not heavy, but still confined my shoulders by the pack strap. The cook was ahead with his dog Boule (pronounced Bool, a French variation of Bull; nearly every big dog here is called Boule by the French-Canadians) and my dog fol-

lowed pretty well for a while. He evidently soon found out that dog-driving was not in my line, for he sat down very often and looked at me. I coaxed him and, I am sorry to say, swore at him in English and French and, not knowing Huron, I called him "bad dog" in Latin and Greek; but it was of no use. Finally he lay down just as we were going around a hill about 10 or 12ft. above the level. At last, out of patience, I placed the muzzle of my rifle against the back of the sleigh and pushed with my shoulder against the butt of the piece. The result exceeded my expectations, for the dog made a spring forward, I lost my balance and fell over the side of the hill head first into a snowdrift, from which I could not extricate myself owing to my pack being twisted round my neck. Fortunately the cook, not seeing me behind him, came to look for me and got me out all right, but with any amount of snow down my back, which was far from comfortable. The cook then talked to the dog; I don't know what he said, but it evidently produced an impression, for I walked in front of the two dogs, while the cook followed behind the last, and we got on very well.

CRAWFORD LINDSAY.

A. K. C. Advisory Committee.

AT the meeting of the advisory committee held at 55 Liberty street, New York, in August, Vice-President Edward Brooks in the chair, there were present: Messrs. E. M. Oldham, A. C. Wilmerding, J. Watson, F. S. Webster, H. F. Schellhass. Absent: A. Belmont, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.

The following business was acted upon: A. K. C. vs. H. M. Griffin, in the matter of charges by him of unfairness on the part of the A. K. C. in respect to a pedigree. On Mr. Griffin's expression of regret the charges were dismissed.

Seattle Club vs. L. J. Birdsall, the latter an exhibitor at the Seattle Club's late show, who removed two of his dogs from said show without the consent of the officials. Under Rule XVII. Mr. Birdsall was disqualified for one year.

A. K. C. vs. City of the Straits Kennel Club. The club chose suspension of sixty days instead of a fine of $25, said suspension to begin June 21, 1896.

A. K. C. vs. John Moorhead, Jr., *re* appeal from suspension. The appeal states that he is an officer of the Bull Terrier Club of America, but took no part in the proceedings of said club in its resolutions attacking certain A. K. C. delegates, and was in ignorance of what was done at said meeting or what was said by the A. K. C. as to the course then taken. He plead innocence of all breach of rules or ungentlemanly conduct, and therefore asked for reinstatement. Appeal refused, as it was clearly the duty of said officers to have called a meeting of the Bull Terrier Club, for the purpose of taking some action in the matter; and therefore the suspension must continue until such time as they have shown a disposition to conform to the demands of the A. K. C., either collectively or individually.

In the matter of the A. K. C. vs. Pacific Kennel Club, *re* violation of Rule XII., the deposit of $25 made by the club was declared forfeited.

St. Louis Kennel Club vs. Fred Kirby, who was charged with fraudulently substituting one dog for another, the charge was dismissed.

Pacific Advisory Committee *re* Rules of Procedure the matter was referred to the committee on constitution and rules to put into form. The committee recommended that a provision be made in the A. K. C. constitution for the recognition in it of the Pacific advisory committee.

The following named clubs were admitted to membership: American Bedlington Terrier Club, Baltimore Kennel Association, Central Beagle Club, Erie County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Poodle Club of America, Queens County Agricultural Society.

The following names and prefixes were granted: Blackhawk, Mr. Frank Sturges *et al;* Bonnie, C. A. Sumner; Nubian, A. T. Knowlson *et al;* Oregon, Thos. Howe; Smallwood, J. A. Caldwell; Thornelo, A. L. Laukota; Windermere, Misses Lee and De Koppet; Windelblough, A. S. and E. W. Allen.

National Beagle Club of America.

A FIELD trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, Wednesday, Aug. 19. The members present were Messrs. J. W. Appleton, chairman; Hermann F. Schellhass, George B. Post, Jr., John Bateman and George W. Rogers. The committee on grounds selected Hempstead, L. I., where the club will hold their seventh annual field trials, on the property owned by Mr. Joshua Barnum and Mr. Thomas H. Terry. Messrs. Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury, Mass., and Charles Quynn, of Frederick, Md., will officiate as judges.

The committee on premium list and classes submitted the following, which were accepted:

Open Class A.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at any recognized field trials held in America.

Open Class B.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at any recognized field trials held in America.

Derby Class C.—For dogs and bitches, 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895.

Class D.—Futurity Stakes. For dogs and bitches 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895.

Champion Class E.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and under, having been placed first in any open class, except Derby and Futurity stakes, at any recognized field trials held in America.

Champion Class F.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, having been placed first in any open class, except Derby and Futurity stakes, at any recognized field trials held in America.

Class G.—Brace stakes. For dogs and bitches, 15in. or under, the *bona fide* property of party making entry at time of entering and starting class.

Class H.—Pack stakes. For four dogs and bitches, 15in. or under, the *bona fide* property of party making entry at time of entering and starting class.

The conditions are: Class A.—Entries close Oct. 5; fee to start, $10, of which amount $4 forfeit must accompany entry and balance be paid prior to starting the class. First prize, $45; second prize, $30; third prize, $20; fourth prize, $10.

Class B.—Entries close Oct. 5; fee to start, $7, of which $3 forfeit must accompany entry and the balance be paid prior to starting class. First prize, $25; second prize, $15.

Class C.—Entries close Oct. 5; fee to start, $5, of which $2 forfeit must accompany entry and balance to be paid prior to starting class. First prize, $20; second prize, $10.

Class D—Futurity Stakes.—Entries close March 15; total fee to start, $10, payable as stated in conditions of stake. First prize, 40 per cent.; second prize, 25 per cent.; third prize, 15 per cent.; to breeder of winner, 10 per cent.

Class E.—Entries close immediately before starting of class; fee to start, $10, which must be paid in full before class is started. First prize, 60 per cent.; second prize, 30 per cent.

Class F.—Same conditions as Class E.

Class G.—Entries close immediately before starting the class. Total fee to start, $5. First prize, 60 per cent.; second prize, 30 per cent.

Class H.—Same conditions as Class G.

NOTE.—It shall be understood and agreed that no class shall be started unless two or more entries are made and filled. In event of any class being declared off money will be refunded.

In addition to regular prizes, the club will present a rosette or silk ribbon, properly inscribed, to the owner of each prize-winning dog.

Trials will begin on Oct. 26 and continue until all classes have been run off. GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Queens County Agricultural Society.

SECRETARY MORTIMER writes us that the following additional specials are offered: $5 from H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., for the best curly poodle in the open classes. The Gordon Setter Club of America offers $5 each for the best Gordon setter dog and bitch in open classes, competition open to members of the club only. The Bedlington Terrier Club has donated $10 for the breed, but has not as yet sent the conditions to govern the award. The American Dachshund Club offers the Venlo challenge cup, value $100, for the best dachshund the property of a member of the club. Also the Klein breeders' trophy, value $50, for the best dachshund puppy bred and exhibited by a member. These prizes have to be won three times before becoming the absolute property of the winner, but the club will donate a very handsome certificate to each winner in commemoration of the event. The Dachshund Club also offers $5 each for the best American-bred dog and bitch. The Bulldog Club of America offers a silver club medal for the best American-bred bulldog, the property of a member.

The society have adopted the American Spaniel Club's classification No. 3, with additional classes for Irish water, Clumber and cocker spaniels, and in accordance with it have made an extra class, to be known as Class 47½, for challenge spaniels, all breeds, over 28lbs., dogs and bitches. They have also open a challenge class for Black and Tan terrier bitches, to be known as Class 108½. A novice class will be opened for any breed providing there be not less than three entries. This also applies to puppy classes, as already published on page 13 of the premium list.

The English Bloodhound Club of America offers a gold medal for the best bloodhound in the show owned and exhibited by a member of the club. The Bull Dog Club of America has added another silver club medal, so that there will be a silver medal each for the best American-bred bull dog of either sex.

The Poodle Club of America offers two silver cups, one each for the best French (curly-coated) poodle dog and bitch in the open classes.

The American Spaniel Club offers the "Bell Paintings" for the best brace of cocker spaniels under one year; to be won four times; open to members of the Spaniel Club only. Also $5 for the best brace of spaniels over 28lbs., and $5 for the best brace of cocker spaniels.

JAS. MORTIMER, Sec'y and Supt.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

MANITOU, Man., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the following list of entries for the club's All-Aged Stake. I am sorry it is not longer, and thankful for what we have received. I think we can depend on about twelve starters, which will make good trials. Last year with fifty-two entries we only had sixteen starters. Amateur stake has no entries.

All-Aged Stake.

Thirteen English setters, two pointers:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Paul Gotzian's Lawrence.
Del Monte Kennels' Sam T.
G. B. Borradaile's Dodo III.
W. F. Ellis's Colombus.
W. F. Ellis's Jekyl.
E. McKenney's Val-Lit.
Norvin T. Harris's Tony Boy.
D. E. Rose's (agt.) Domino.
D. E. Rose's (agt.) Greenway.
J. Simoneau's Bessie S.
Manchester Kennels' Gleam's Ruth.
A. L. Shonfield's Noble Leo.
J. Wootton's Bonnie Lit.

POINTERS.

N. T. De Pauw's Sister Sue.
T. T. Ashford's Von Gull.

JOHN WOOTTON.

Toronto Show.

TORONTO, Aug. 21.—The prospects were never so bright for the coming International Dog Show of the Industrial Exhibition, to be held at the city of Toronto, Sept. 7 to 11.

Secretary Stone is receiving applications for prize lists from all over the United States and Canada, some of them as far South as Baltimore, and West as Des Moines.

The Industrial will offer a special cash prize of $10 for the best kennel of Scottish terriers owned by one exhibitor or kennel. Word has been received that E. W. Barker will bring on a large string of Siamese, Abyssinian and Australian cats. Mr. Burland will exhibit his fine Persian cats, but not for competition, one of which cost $1,000 to import. The Cat Show will be held in the same building as the dogs, the upper portion of the building being devoted to the cats.

A special prize of $10 cash will be offered for the best kennel of toy spaniels.

Mr. Watson's letters to the FOREST AND STREAM and the *American Field* differ somewhat. In the *Field* he states that the Collie Club only offered two medals at Toronto, and they conditionally, while in the FOREST AND STREAM he states that two were given for members, and one conditionally; while his letters in my hands distinctly state four: two for members, and two conditionally.

C. H. STONE, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. A. P. Fish, secretary bench show department of the Binghamton show, under date of Aug. 19 writes us that John Brett, Closter, N. J., will judge the following classes: St. Bernards, mastiffs, Great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, all setters, Irish water and Clumber spaniels, collies, Old English sheep dogs, poodles, bull dogs, bull and Boston terriers, dachshunde, beagles, Basset hounds, fox, Irish and Black and Tan terriers, White English, Bedlington and toy terriers other than Yorkshire, King Charles, Blenheim, ruby and Japanese spaniels, pugs, schipperkes and Italian greyhounds.

J. Otis Fellows will judge all other classes. He mentions also that the prospects are very encouraging for a large entry and a good show.

The judges at the Newburgh Dog Show will be George Thomas, Salem, Mass.; John Brett, Closter, N. J.; R. K. Armstrong, Highland Falls, N. Y.; Charles Purroy, New York.

It is of special importance to exhibitors who will show at the forthcoming fall shows that they bear in mind that the strictest observance of the rules governing entries be observed, if the exhibitors wish to avoid trouble with the A. K. C. Entries made by agents should be made with great care, so as to avoid infringing the rules, as has been done frequently in times past.

The premium list of the bench show of the Binghamton Industrial Exposition can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. A. P. Fish. Entrance fee $1.50. All entrance fees to be pooled; 50 per cent. to winners of first, 25 per cent. to second.

The noted trainer, Mr. Wm. Tallman, of No. 101 West Fifty-fifth street, New York, will spend the fall and winter in North Carolina. He desires a few more dogs to train.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

NOTES OF AN AFTERNOON.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—The other afternoon at 3 o'clock I left my home in the upper part of New York city, on my wheel, and after a short ride reached the old Fort Lee ferry from West 130th street. There were a number of other wheelmen there waiting for the boat to arrive, and among them one who interested me particularly because he had a rifle strapped to his bicycle. His method of carrying it was extremely simple. The gun was in its canvas cover, which was provided with the usual shoulder strap. This strap the wheelman had thrown over the seat and handle bar posts, and drawn it tight, and the job was done.

The gun hung upside down just below and parallel to the upper tube, and did not oblige the rider to straddle uncomfortably when he got on his wheel. The canvas cover prevented its scratching the enamel, and by unfastening a single buckle the gun could be drawn from the case ready for instant service.

After crossing the ferry I lost sight of the man with the gun. No doubt he was on the lookout for some secluded spot to test its shooting qualities or adjust the sights; or possibly he was going over to the Hackensack marshes to try conclusions with the hawks and crows. In any case the bicycle provided him with an admirable means of transportation, and had the effect of bringing a sparsely settled country, where it was possible to use a rifle, within easy distance of the swarming center of three million human beings.

Following up the Hudson by the road against whose lower stones lap the waters of the river, I passed a canoe encampment, and near by turned bottom side up were a number of seine boats, 30ft. long, used by the shad fishermen in the spring.

A good percentage of the people who live along the road from the ferry to Fort Lee hill seem to be fishermen, and, though New York is only a mile away, the place has the primitive atmosphere of all such communities. The bicycle, however, is fast bringing in a new element, and the refreshment booths from Fort Lee, which are overlapping on this road, bid fair soon to transplant the Bowery there.

The Fort Lee hill is a bad one to climb on a bicycle. It is 300ft. high and attains this elevation in about half a mile by the road. This road climbs up the valley, where a stream once tore its way down through the rocky embrace of the lower Palisades, and in places its grades are steep enough for waterfalls, were the brook to resume its course. Some riders manage to climb the hill, but all sensible ones walk.

At the top the first road to the right runs north through woodland almost without a break for fifteen miles. It is never any great distance from the top of the Palisades, and at frequent intervals lanes run across, so that the wheelman can ride to the very edge without dismounting. About eight miles above Fort Lee the greatest elevation is attained, and there the Palisades are over 500ft. in height. The road, though bad in places in the spring, is in very good condition at present, and one may ride its whole length, and to Piermont and Nyack beyond, at a twelve-miles-an-hour gait.

About 4 o'clock, or a little over an hour after leaving New York, I turned down a leafy road running back from the river, as I wanted to get an idea as to the breadth of the belt of woodland at this point. I satisfied myself that it was more than a mile in width, and found

that it contained a considerable amount of good-sized timber, including oak and chestnut. There were no houses, and the few clearings had been made for the wood, and were growing up again with brush, making a good cover for rabbits and possibly a few birds.

While riding through one of the patches of large timber I noticed a hickory nut in the road. I dismounted and picked it up. It was of the new crop and still in its green casing, but what interested me about it was the tooth marks of a squirrel that had begun to bite off the pod. Scarcely 20ft. away stood the tree from which it had fallen, and going over to its base I parted the undergrowth and looked down. In plain sight were the chippings of several seasons—the hard nut shells cut into small fragments, as a gray always does the job—and there could be no doubt that this was a favorite locality. A little distance beyond I found an 1896 nest, and the trunk of the chestnut that bore it was liberally marked with the claws of the grays, who used it for a staircase.

Back on the main road is a picturesque old stone bridge covered with vines, which spans a little stream that tumbles down the face of the Palisades. There is big timber near by, as well as swampy land, and when I reached this spot I thought of coons. I had looked under that bridge several times before for tracks without success, but this did not deter me from trying again. So I pushed my wheel through the weeds at the side of the road and leaned it up against the vine-clad wall, and then clambered down the escarpment to the water. The heavy rain which fell twenty-four hours previously had raised the brook temporarily, and subsiding again had left a nice smooth deposit of mud on the rocks and stream bed—an unblotted page ready for the denizens of the forest to write upon.

Before I had taken all this in I saw that two autographs were recorded there. One was made by a large coon, and the other by a wheelman who had evidently come down for a drink. The wheelman's criss-crossed footprints did not interest me, but the coon's did, and I wished for a camera to reproduce them. The long slender feet, with each toe outlined like a monkey's hand, yet in general effect resembling those of a bear, and even the creases of the skin were plainly recorded in the plastic substance. There could be no forging of that signature. "Old Zip Coon," it said, "a sly old vagabond."

I ate my supper at 7 in New York. Thanks to the bicycle, the four hours at my disposal had been utilized to as good advantage as a day under other conditions. The distance traveled was about twenty miles, but only a little more than half the time was occupied in riding. I had lounged on the rocks that mark the top of the Palisades and taken my fill of the view the noble river afforded from various points of vantage; for a limited time I had become part of the woods and been privileged to see a trifle of the life of its creatures, and the experience had been sufficient to drive away the blues. What more could you ask? J. B. B.

NOTES.

THERE are times when a man who knows how to ride cannot ride, and times when a man who does not know how to ride can ride. This is one of the anomalies of the bicycle. A man who has taken a little too much liquor, even if he can walk all right, cannot manage the captious wheel; and a man (or woman either) who doesn't know the first rudiments of the thing can ride when the bicycle is a tandem.

At the Syracuse *Herald* tournament recently the bicycle made its debut in trap-shooting. One of the events in the programme was a match in which the shooter sat in the front seat of a tandem bicycle and fired at targets thrown into the air by a boy who ran ahead. Ten targets were thrown going in one direction and then the course was reversed and ten more thrown on the home stretch. The winner broke eighteen out of twenty, and strangely enough he was one of the few entries who couldn't ride a bicycle.

Most people know enough to come in when it rains, but it takes a philosopher to stop riding when tired.

It is a good thing to have a private mark on your bicycle which will serve to identify it as your property in case it is stolen. An effective way is to scrape the enamel from some inconspicuous part of the frame, such as the under side of the lower brace tube, and having coated the steel with wax to write your name or private mark on this, using for a pen some sharp-pointed implement that will scratch through to the inner surface. Pour some nitric acid over the place so that it will flow into all the markings, and the result will be the name or mark nicely etched in the steel tubing. The spot may then be reenameled or painted to conceal the mark from a possible thief, and the owner of the wheel will never be at a loss to prove his property in case of emergency.

The inner tube of a double tube tire is said to make a very good life preserver, and to be an invaluable aid to persons learning to swim. Fully inflated and wound around the body just under the arms, it will support the most inexperienced bather. Then as confidence is gained the amount of air in the tube is decreased, till finally the learner is able to dispense with its use altogether.

A great many people become welded to a certain gear, simply because it is difficult or impossible to attach any other to their wheels. If the bicycle happens to be of the type where the front sprocket wheel is detachable, it generally necessitates a new chain if the gear is altered. A change can be more easily effected in the wheels where the rear sprocket is detachable, for as the diameter of this sprocket wheel is considerably less than the other, the same chain will do for several interchangeable sprockets. Even in these bicycles, however, it is a good deal of a task to change sprockets, because with the best of them the wheel must be taken out before the sprocket can be removed.

An invention that would be of value to all bicycles is a rear sprocket made in hemispheres, which can be taken off or applied to the axle without interfering with the adjustment of the wheel.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Summer Reading.

SIR EDWARD ARNOLD in one of his recent letters says: "This world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous, as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller apparent dimensions under the rapid movement provided by limited passenger trains and swift ocean steamships."

That the New York Central has materially aided in this shrinking process goes without saying. In all that pertains to shortening distances and increasing comfort in travel this great railroad stands today unrivaled. Its trains are the fastest in the world and its service unsurpassed.

Its name is synonymous with progress in these and other directions as well. Too much, for instance, cannot be said of the amount and character of the literature published with reference to the beauties of its route from the tourist point of view. Under the title of the "Four Track Series" a perfect library of finely illustrated books has been issued, and included in the series are a number of handsome etchings.

These have been classified, and a copy of "The Illustrated Catalogue," descriptive of the series, will be mailed to any address on receipt of one 2-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River R. R., Grand Central Station, New York.

"Health and Pleasure on 'America's Greatest Railroad'" is the title of No. 5 of the "Four Track Series." This is a book of 532 pages, which gives every conceivable detail of interest to tourists and summer vacationists.

Particulars are given as to routes, rates and points of interest in general from Maine to the Pacific coast, but especial attention naturally is paid to the country tributary to New York, including the historic Hudson and the Catskills, the lake region of central New York the Berkshires, the Thousand Islands, Adirondacks, etc.

The book is handsomely printed on good paper, and the illustrations, which are very numerous, are not by any means the least interesting part.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Seventeenth Annual Meet.

GRINDSTONE ISLAND—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

ONCE more, after ten years, the A. C. A. flag floats over Grindstone Island, the hillside is white with tents and the shores are strewn with canoes and sailing gear. The island and the river are the same; ten years has been but a moment to them; the same blue skies and green waters, the same emerald islands on every hand, the same glorious sunsets from the hilltop. Outwardly the camp is much the same as of old; the row of tents in the main camp is not quite so long, but only because so many men have sought the shade and comparative quiet of the woods on the north shore; out of the seventy-five tents in the main camp, fifty are in the grove. The number of tents, with those in Squaw Point to be added, show that this is a good-sized camp, quite as large as was to be looked for in the present condition of canoeing; and these tents are large ones, accommodating two or three, instead of the smaller single tents in use a dozen years ago. The number on the register up to Sunday night was 175, or only a dozen less than were registered during the whole meet at Grindstone on the first visit in 1884. As far as numbers go, the Association has at least held its own.

The turnout of canoes is a surprise to those who have attended the last two or three meets; the shores of Eel Bay show a very good-sized fleet, and while many are open canoes, there are more racing men and canoes present than have been seen for several years.

On first sight one might almost think that he had come back to the Grindstone of old; some of the once familiar flags and totems would be missed and some new ones would be found; and a close look at the fleet would show some strange innovations in model, fitting and rig. A very few minutes in the mess tent or about the camp-fire will serve, however, to destroy the illusion that the world has moved backward or even stood still for ten years, and that a first class ticket to Clayton could carry one back to the old friends and happy times of the early meets. As Mr. Kipling very forcibly puts it, "There ar'n't no 'busses running From the Bank to Mandelay."

The present register of the Association begins with the first Grindstone meet, 1884, and a look at its opening pages shows a long record of absent friends. Out of 190 then registered, but a dozen have thus far found their way back. Will Wockerhagen, Dr. and Mrs. Pannele and Mr. Dodd, of Hartford; E. B. Edwards, J. C. Edwards, W. P. Stephens, J. N. MacKendrick, F. S. Rathbun, R. J. Wilkin, Paul Butler and E. W. Brown. Of these, Messrs. Brown and Rathbun were in camp only for a day. Sad as it is to miss so many, there is a pleasure in the thought that out of the large number who met in the close intimacy of the three years at Grindstone, comparatively few have been taken forever from the A. C. A. Among these, however, were some who, like Major Fairtlough, of the Kingston C. C., and Lloyd Thomas, of the Mohicans, were known and loved by all in camp. Besides these two are other old canoemen whose places at the camp-fire must always be vacent: Grant Van Deusen, of Rondout; E. A. Hoffman, of New York; J. F. Newman, of Brooklyn, and Carter, of Trenton; fortunately the list is not a long one. The bow of Cupid is responsible for far more defections to the A. C. A. than the sickle of Death. The jolly young bachelors who first gave the name of "Squaw Point" to the ladies' section of an A. C. A. camp in 1884 are many of them no longer bachelors, nor are they as young, as lively or as active as in the old days. That they should be here, with wives and families, goes without saying, for where is a pleasanter spot for the renewal of old friendships to be found? But unfortunately they are not here.

The general make up of the camp is much as of old, except that the headquarters tents, after being first pitched on Nob Hill, have been shifted to the site of the old Mohican camp ground; while the mess tent is off toward Squaw Point, just where the Brockville men once camped. The wharf has been rebuilt in the same place, with a small store at its head. The transportation arrangements are all that could be asked for, both from Clayton and Gananoque; a small cabin launch makes regular trips between camp and Clayton, connecting with all trains, and there is good service by other boats to Gananoque on the Canadian side. The camp can be reached nearly as quickly, conveniently and cheaply as any on Lake Champlain.

The arrangements for the camp were made by Com. Huntington and Mr. J. R. Robertson, of the camp site committee, who were on the ground early, and whose long experience in this work has enabled them to handle it to advantage. A large tent was erected for a dining hall, with a wooden kitchen attached, the mess being managed by Mr. McElveney, of Albany, who has catered for the last two meets and whose service is very satisfactory. The ladies' camp is in the old location, not entirely a satisfactory one in its distance from the main camp and wharf, and in the ground itself.

The camp opened early, a number of members coming in on the first and second days, and the meet being well under way from the very start. The representation is very different again from that of old times. Some of the strongest clubs, the Pittsburg, Rochester, Mohican, Royal Military College and Toronto have disappeared; there are a number of Rochester men in camp, but all younger men and not all belonging to the old club; Messrs. Winne and Will Wockerhagen are in camp, but practically as individuals rather than representatives of the once powerful Mohican C. C., and though several Toronto men are present there is no such a party as was here in 1884. The Vesper B. C is represented by Messrs. Butler, Gage and Ames, and the New York C. C. has, for a wonder, half a dozen men, four sailing canoes and a club badge; such a turnout as it has not sent to a meet in years. The Knickerbocker C. C., one of the largest in the old days, has now in camp Messrs. Hand, Peebles, Berry and Shire. Of the Eastern Division the Tatassit C. C is the only one to send a good delegation; the Northern Division is by no means as well represented as it should be.

The racing fleet includes but one new canoe, a very handsome craft, built by N. Gilbert for Mr. Archbald—Mab IIII. She is a racing machine of the extreme type, the main feature of the design being the long and powerful sliding seat. A change of programme has been introduced this year in sending off some of the races in the first week. On Thursday three races were called: the Jabberwock trophy, won by Az Iz, J. R. Stewart; the ladies' paddling, won by Miss Scott, and the novice paddling, won by Mr. Moser. On Friday the Champlain cup race and Orillia cup race were sailed together, both being won by Archbald. On Saturday the novice race was won by May, of the New York C. C., and the Atlantic Division cup was won by F. C. Moore. On Monday morning the club sailing race was won by Moore after a hard fight with Butler.

With the exception of an occasional brief rain, the weather has been all that could be expected at Grindstone.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

29 Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

THE news that orders have been placed by British yachtsmen for two and possibly three racing cutters of the largest size is important at this time, when Colonia has been converted into a schooner, Defender is rusting away in inglorious idleness in New Rochelle Harbor, Vigilant and Navahoe are on the ways at City Island, and Jubilee is out of commission at Boston. In this country the 90ft. class has proved a complete failure save for the one special purpose of defending the America's Cup. As we predicted ten years ago, when Mayflower and Puritan were at the height of their fame, there are not enough yachtsmen in this country with both the means and the will to support permanently a class of 85 or 90ft. racing cutters. What was true then as applied to a yacht costing $80,000 and carrying some 7,000sq. ft. of sail is still true as applied to the latest racing machine, whose cost is $100,000 and whose sail area is upward of 13,000sq ft.

That the same class has been kept alive season after season in England, and that it is to be renewed by several new yachts for next season, is due to various causes which do not exist on this side. One of these, and a very important one, is the patronage of royalty to set the fashion; without the building and racing of Britannia by the Prince of Wales and Meteor II. by the Emperor William, the class would have fallen to pieces immediately after each international race, as has been the case on this side. Another powerful cause is the length of the racing season in British waters, with a continual round of races from May to the middle or end of August, the fleet keeping together from the first race to the last. Coupled with this is the greater depth of water available over the majority of British courses, and the amount of sea work done by the racing fleet. On this side, on the other hand, the racing is not sustained or continuous; when the owner of a large racing yacht fits her out in the spring he has no guarantee that he may not be without a competitor before the June regattas are over, and he may be certain that some of the rivals he is most anxious to meet will withdraw before the season is half at an end. On this side too, with some good deep-water courses for special great events, the regular courses of the racing clubs do not admit of the present 90-footers, and the class is useless for racing save by towing from New York to the Sandy Hook Lightship or from Marblehead out several miles to sea.

The rapidity with which the wealthier yachtsmen are going into large and costly steam craft, the vast expense, the general uselessness and the very brief racing life of the racing 90-footer, such as Defender, the history of the large single-stick class since its birth in 1885, all show beyond question the utter impossibility of making it a permanent feature of American yachting.

The question then arises, how long can this country hope to hold her superiority in the 90ft. class by building an occasional yacht to meet some emergency, while British designers and owners are able to benefit by the knowledge derived from the permanent existence and regular racing of the same class? The next season will see afloat a new racing cutter from Mr. Watson's board for the Prince of Wales, naturally an improvement on Meteor II. and the many older yachts of the class, including Britannia; a new cutter for C. D. Rose to be designed by J. M. Soper, designer of Satanita, and constructed under his direction by the firm of which he is manager; and probably an improved Ailsa, to be designed by Will Fife, Jr., for A. B. Walker, present owner of Ailsa. With two of these at least ordered in August, there is a good chance of other additions to the class before next May. With several of the old boats still in the racing, as they are likely to be, there is every indication of a strong class and good racing in 1897 in British waters.

What a different outlook is found in America. The racing this season has been confined to four classes of yachts: first, the large schooners, mainly a duel between Colonia and Emerald; second, the dozen 30-footers of the special class; third, the 15-footers, and fourth, the general fleet of sloops and catboats from 18 to 30ft. about New York and Boston While the sport has been good in the smaller classes, those of 30ft. and under, all first-class racing has practically ceased, and there is no promise of its speedy revival. By "first-class" racing we do not mean the two largest racing classes of both rigs, but all classes of cutters and schooners from the

old 40-footers upward in which new yachts are added and many races sailed each year, as was once the case in the 40ft., 53ft., 70ft. cutter classes and the 90ft. schooner class. Apart from the exigencies of Cup defense, the building of such racing yachts ceased with Wasp in 1892, Emerald in 1893 and Amorita in 1895.

If the development of American yachting is to depend on limited classes, on yachts of 15 and 30ft measurement, while British yachting supports the 90ft. class, the 54ft b. r. class, and half a dozen smaller classes, it needs no prophet to say which will win in the end when international racing is revived, and that may be at any time, as our rivals appreciate their increasing strength and our increasing weakness.

The day has gone by when the strength of the Cup defense lay in the yacht of 80 to 90ft. waterline. Conditions have changed since the time of Mayflower and Galatea, and the guardians of the Cup cannot afford to sleep comfortably without a thought of the future. The great bar to all British challenges for the Cup—the objection to the new deed—has been swept away by Lord Dunraven. The accompanying incidents of his lordship's yachting career, unpleasant as they have been to both sides, will never stand in the way of new challenges, and one may be looked for at any time; if not this year, at least as soon as the large cutters of 1897 have been thoroughly tested and the extent of their advance over those of 1895 has been gauged.

We deem it an impossible task for America to compete with England in the permanent maintenance of the 90ft. class; in fact, we do not see now how it can be made possible to establish and maintain a much smaller class; but that is obviously the most desirable end to work for.

There is much in the fact that the leaders of American yachting, the men who have built and raced the Cup defenders of the past, the men who represent the combination of money and yachting spirit necessary to the higher ranks of racing, have this year created for their amusement a class of 30ft. waterline, with the cost limited to $3,000.

The question now is, can these men and their fellows be induced to create a new and larger class, of such size as to be suitable for international racing and the defense of the America's Cup?

Considering the deterrent causes of modern yachting, the first cost, the cost of running and racing, the rapid course of outbuilding and the natural limitations of draft, the best size of yacht for this work would be within the limit of the 70ft. racing length class, a yacht of some 65ft. l.w.l., quite as large as Queen Mab, and, with the altered form of the day, very much larger than the old 70-footers.

The creation of such a class under some restrictions, as few as possible, but calculated to give a reasonable amount of head room and accommodation, and some guarantee of a fair fighting chance for at least the second and third season to every fast boat, would give an impulse to yachting that is sorely needed just now.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

THE *Yachtsman*, in its issue of Aug. 6, pays its compliments to various matters American as follows:

Although the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. small boat international challenge cup has never been taken very seriously by us or the generality of English yachtsmen, the fact of its having been won this year by a member of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has been the means of casting a curious light upon the working of the American mind in all matters that affect the Yankee's national vanity, be the subject never so small.

First of all, it is very well known to the Seawanhaka executive that last year both Mr. Linton Hope and Mr. J. A. Brand were anxious to race this year for the cup; for, in fact, both challenged. But Mr. Duggan had the good fortune to lodge his challenge before either of these aspirants, and therefore he became the now memorable challenger of 1896. With this knowledge, however, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. stooped to draft a challenge from some unnamed member of its own organization to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. before the decisive race between Ei Heirie and Glencairn was actually finished, and to throw down this gauntlet to Mr. J. C. Almon, secretary of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. (who was at the time their guest aboard the committee steamer), the moment Glencairn had crossed the winning line. This action has characteristically been hailed with loud patriotic applause in America—and we regret to see that the FOREST AND STREAM is content with it. But what a light it casts upon patriotism as opposed to fair play in the minds of trans-Atlantic yachting men. The cup, such as it is, is to become forever a challenge cup between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.—that at least seems to be the logical result of this latest patriotic move. Of course it would ill become us, who abhor the idea of any future yacht racing between England and America, to draw attention to this if we consider 15-footers to be yachts. But we don't, and a glance at the illustrations given by us last week will amply bear us out in our opinion. Yet we see in the short history of the Seawanhaka cup some points that throw a wondrous tint on all American histories of the America Cup.

Mr. Brand last year protested against Ethelwynn for shipping ballast within the prohibited time before one of the races. The fact was not denied, though the protest was disallowed—we have always held that the Minima Y. C. by the letter of the law won the cup last year—but we read in the FOREST AND STREAM that after the second race this year the two yachts were carried up on the beach in front of the boat house and carefully placed on trestles. The plan of turning on the bilge, as adopted by Ethelwynn last year, was not followed by either. This seems to indicate a feeling that Mr. Brand's protest was after all not quite so ludicrous as the club's committee affected to believe. It would, we think, be decidedly inconvenient for either the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. or the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. to give Mr. Linton Hope the choice of seven possible challengers built by him. We fancy indeed (without any intention of disparaging Mr. Duggan's energy and talent) that Ei Heirie would in that case have been rather more badly beaten than she was by Glencairn. Nay, more, if Mr. J. A. Brand last year had obtained the valuable concession yielded to Mr. Duggan, we should not be able to claim the cup for the Minima Y. C. on the ground of an unfairly decided, if somewhat unusual protest.

Mr. W. P. Stephens, who may be fairly called the promoter, if not the father, of the American international 15-footers, has not indeed as yet paid any attention to these matters; but no doubt that will come in time. His disappointment at Glencairn's victory is as great as his desire for the reform of type in small yachts is new born. Here we join hands with him, for he seems to have learned a lesson which has this season been drilled into our own Y. R. A. This is the moral that he draws from the loss of the Seawanhaka cup: "If there is any one cause for regret over the result, it is the technical moral that extreme power pays in this class, a conclusion reluctantly reached by the designer of Glencairn, and that will be quite as reluctantly accepted by many designers and yachtsmen. Whether this is indeed the true and only moral of the victory of Glencairn, and if so, just what deductions are to be drawn from it, is entirely too broad a question to be discussed off-hand."

The "deductions" seem to us to resolve themselves into the fact that either the Seawanhaka rule of measurement, which Thalassa used to admire so much, is faulty, or that Mr. Duggan is a better designer than Messrs. N. Herreshoff, Stephens, etc. We are inclined to adopt the former opinion, and would recommend to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. the adoption of our Y. R. A. rule, with such modifications as may seem desirable.

If *The Yachtsman* had not shown itself capable of discussing fairly and truthfully many issues of the day, national and international, in yachting, we should be less surprised at the attitude which it has held for nearly a year, since it took up the cause of Mr. J. A. Brand. As it has had no personal representative in this country at either of the contests, its knowledge has necessarily been at second hand; it has done us the credit of reprinting many of our accounts of the races and comments thereon, and it has drawn liberally upon Mr. Brand's store of protests, complaints and grievances. The article quoted above is a typical sample of its methods throughout, in ignoring and misstating plain facts and accepting as facts statements that are not and cannot be verified. The whole tone of its comments in the present article, as in many previous ones which we have passed unnoticed, is calculated to create a feeling against American methods of sport and especially against the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

On the first point which it takes up, the gross impropriety of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. challenging for the cup without asking the permission of other clubs, we confess that this view of the case had not struck us before. As far as Mr. Linton Hope is concerned, the club had offered to accept his challenge second to that of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. on the condition that it still held the cup; more than this it could not do. It did decline after consideration a proposal, made if we remember by Mr. Hope, for a triangular race of two challengers from different clubs against one defender, on the ground that such a contest might not settle fairly the possession of an international trophy, but outside of this it has done everything possible to give Mr. Hope a race. As to Mr. Brand, while the club has stood ready to accept a challenge from him in order, we must remind *The Yachtsman* that he has never yet challenged for 1895. All that he has done is to write an informal notice of challenge immediately after the last race in 1895, with the assurance that the formal challenge from the Minima Y. C. would follow, added to which he stated verbally to the committee and members of the club that he would not come over alone this year, but that if he could get a syndicate together to build a Spruce IIIII. he would challenge again. This is as far as the matter ever went. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has never received a formal challenge from the Minima Y. C. nor from Mr. Brand.

In spite of the objections of *The Yachtsman* we do not quite see yet why it was not proper for the club to challenge at once for the cup, or that in thus doing it infringed upon the laws of fair play and the rights of other possible challengers. Whatever grounds there may be for an objection to passing the notice of challenge upon the club steamer, there certainly could be no objection raised if the committee had, on reaching the club house, telegraphed to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. at its headquarters in Montreal, thus delaying the challenge half an hour. It is unquestionable that the club had from the circumstances a great advantage over other intending challengers, but we can see nothing unfair in its availing itself of it.

The intimation that the challenge is from an unnamed member and consequently irregular is a sample of *The Yachtsman's* methods. The published conditions distinctly state that a challenge must come from a club, and not from an individual, and there is no member, named or unnamed, behind it. In this respect the challenge is perfectly regular and proper.

We were tempted several months since, in justice to ourselves, to reply to a personal attack by *The Yachtsman* in the matter of Ethelwynn's ballast, but we did not, for the reason that American yachtsmen at least have made up their minds as to the merits of the complaints of both Lord Dunraven and Mr. J. A. Brand, and are no longer interested in their discussion. As *The Yachtsman* continues to bring up this question upon every possible occasion, regardless of its ignorance of the facts, we will give for its benefit the exact details of Ethelwynn's ballasting in all the races. We do not expect that it will be able to find space for the whole of this article, but we hope, in justice to us, that it will place this portion of it before its readers, after exploiting the other side for so long.

The rights of the two competitors as regards ballast are precisely the same under the Seawanhaka as under the Y. R. A. rules; practically the only limitations are that the yacht shall not exceed the measured length, that no ballast shall be shifted during a race, and that no ballast shall be added or removed after 9 P. M. of the day preceding the race. As a matter of custom outside the rule the British challengers for the America Cup, Thistle, Valkyrie II. and Valkyrie III., have each made important changes by the addition of ballast on the off days between races, thus establishing an unimpeachable precedent. In the first trial race Ethelwynn sailed with no ballast at all, in the second she was tried with 1001bs. of lead, four pigs of 25lbs each, stowed just abaft the fore bulkhead, two on each side of the trunk, and fastened by cleats screwed to the floor timbers and sides of trunk. Both were drifting races and the yacht apparently sailed as fast with the ballast as without; as she was a long way inside of her measurement, the ballast was retained through the series of trial races.

When she came under the measurer's tape on Aug. 19, the afternoon preceding the first race with Spruce, she was first measured with this same weight of 100lbs. in addition to the official 300lbs., her waterline being 15 14ft. She was then measured with two more pigs of 25lbs. each stowed just forward of the fore bulkhead, being laid loosely across the keel; the waterline with 150lbs. thus being 15.24ft. The allowance of sail for this would be 218sq. ft. It is plain then that at no time was she near the limit of weight and length measurement.

The extra 50lbs. was left in over Friday night by the owner, though really not necessary, and was carried on Saturday. In examining the compartment on Saturday morning just before she left the float, we noticed that the two pigs were unsecured and liable to do serious damage in a little sea. Mr. Ball crept inside the hatch and nailed a couple of cleats to secure them; but it was done in a hurry and was not entirely safe. We left the club house immediately after the stopping of the race on Saturday afternoon, and have no personal knowledge of the changes of ballast between then and Monday, but Mr. Field assures us that immediately on the return to the club house he wrote to the committee stating that he proposed to remove the extra 50lbs., and that the committee indorsed its consent on the note, the ballast being removed that same afternoon. Under the rules no such notification or consent was necessary, the committee having nothing to do with the amount of ballast carried so long as the yacht was within her measurement.

When we came through New York on the way to Oyster Bay on Monday we stopped and bought a couple of stout screw eyes to put in the keel to carry a lashing for the two pigs, as they would have gone through the bottom if left loose in a seaway. We reached Oyster Bay late that morning, and on speaking to Mr. Field just before the start he said that the screw eyes were not needed, as they had decided to carry but 100lbs. of ballast.

This time, as it happened, there was a race, Ethelwynn beating Spruce 7m. 41s. It being Monday, we were under the necessity of writing up the race on the spot in order to get it to New York in time for publication next day, and our work was done hurriedly, the maneuvers of the two requiring close attention, and it being necessary to take careful notes of one part of the race while writing a preceding part. In describing the preparation of Ethelwynn, we wrote, after describing how the boat was beached for cleaning, "Only 100lbs. of her lead was replaced, the 50lbs. carried just inside the fore bulkhead on Saturday being removed." This statement, so far as it infers that the ballast was removed on Monday, was incorrect; we had no knowledge at the time of when the ballast was removed, and gave no thought to the matter or to the 9 P. M. rule, the only thing in mind being to make a note of the alteration of ballast, of which we had just been informed by Mr. Field. Our account of the race appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 26 and was on the club table after the race of Sept. 25, being examined by Mr. Brand and others on account of the long illustrated article on the English ½-rating class and the various Spruces. Mr. Brand, in common with every one else about the club house, had seen Ethelwynn turned on her side on Monday morning and her ballast laid on the beach, the four pigs in the well, they being liable to slip from under the cleats when the boat was turned on edge. He also saw the FOREST AND STREAM and presumably the report of Monday's race and the change of ballast. No protest was made, however, and the racing continued.

After Mr. Field's withdrawal on Thursday he spoke to us about replacing the 50lbs. of lead, and we advised him to do nothing without the consent of the committee, not that it was necessary, but merely as a formality; the following letter was then sent to the committee:

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., Sept 26, 1895.—*Regatta Committee, S. C. Yacht Club:*—Gentlemen: I desire to notify you that F. S. Ball will take my place as crew of the Ethelwynn. Mr. Ball and his brother can, I feel, do better in heavy weather on account of their longer experience, and I wish to do everything possible to try and hold the cup. We will also probably put back our additional ballast of 50lbs., with which we were officially measured. In event of my own absence on business during the balance of the races, Mr. B. C. Ball will be authorised to represent me as owner of boat. Yours respectfully,

C. J. FIELD, owner Ethelwynn.

The extra 50lbs. was placed aboard that afternoon and carried through the two deciding races, the eyebolts being screwed to the keel and the two pigs securely lashed. On Saturday morning we assisted Mr. Ball, in the absence of the owner, in beaching and turning over the yacht and rubbing her down. The forward 50lbs. was left in place, as it could not fall, but the four pigs beside the trunk were lifted out and placed on the beach, being replaced under the cleats on launching the yacht. The whole thing, as on Monday, was done openly and with the aid of a number of people, there being no thought at the time of a violation of the rule. No objection was made by Mr. Brand on either occasion to the boat being thus handled, and it was not until next day, after he was defeated by ten minutes in the final race and had had the advice of friends, that he began to search the rules for some grounds for protest; the result being as follows:

SEPT. 29, 1895.—*Race Committee, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.:* On behalf of the Minima Y. C. I have the honor to inform you that I have drawn the attention of your Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. A. Sherman, to the fact that Ethelwynn is not entitled to yesterday's race, as she broke Rule XXVI., Sec. 1, by discharging and taking in ballast after 9 P. M. of Friday evening, the day preceding the race; and that she broke Rule XXV., Sec. 2, by not having a serviceable life-buoy aboard during the race. I must protest against the prize being awarded to Ethelwynn on these two grounds, at any rate until I have heard from my club.

(Signed) J. ARTHUR BRAND, owner of Spruce.

It was not until some weeks later that Mr. Brand complained further of the alteration in Ethelwynn's ballast between Saturday and Monday, basing his complaint on the statement in the FOREST AND STREAM, as we have already quoted. We are not aware that any formal protest has ever been made to the club on this ground by Mr. Brand, and although we have heard at times of a formal presentation by the Minima Y. C. to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. of Mr. Brand's protests and grievances, none such has been made; the club evidently having the good sense to accept the situation on its merits. Mr. Brand paid no attention at the time to the handling of Ethelwynn on the beach or the statement concerning her ballast, and in making his complaint later on he has accepted the statement in the FOREST AND STREAM without making the slight investigation necessary to show him that it was erroneous so far as the time of removal of the ballast was concerned.

The only possible ground for protest that he has is the removal of Ethelwynn's ballast when she was beached on two occasions, though it was immediately replaced in its original position. This, we admit, was a technical violation of the rule and should not have occurred, but it in no way altered the ballast, infringed on the plain intent of the rule or did any injury to Mr. Brand. He apparently acquiesced in it at first, and only saw a possible ground for protest when he was smarting with defeat, after having the cup thrown almost into his hands, by the groundless withdrawal of Ethelwynn's owner from a race. Granting for the moment the contention of *The Yachtsman* that the cup belongs to the Minima Y. C., and that the club would be willing to accept it on such a technicality coupled with the inglorious second race, it would be perfectly fair to contend that Spruce IIII. should be disqualified in all her races, because she repeatedly violated Rule XIV., and did not carry her owner's private signal at the peak. The plain record of the races shows that Spruce IIII. was outsailed by a faster yacht, and any fair and impartial examination of the circumstances attending the races will show that the challenger had every courtesy and every privilege that he could ask willingly accorded to him by the club, the committee and the other yacht.

The unfair and one-sided nature of *The Yachtsman's* criticism is well shown by its remarks about the handling of the yachts in the recent races, intimating that there was something unfair in the mere turning of Ethelwynn on her side. In the trial and cup races this year the yachts were handled according to circumstances and the inclination of their owners. Ideal, Vesper, Die Hexe and others were turned on edge just as Ethelwyn was, while El Heirie and Glencairn were carried upright and rested on trestles. One good reason for the different treatment is that the latter pair were perfectly flat and sat upright of themselves, while the others, with much dead rise and V sections, would not rest upright on the trestles unless carefully shored. As neither El Heirie nor Glencairn carried a pound of ballast, we fail to see how the manner in which they were handled has any bearing whatever on the case of Ethelwynn.

The Yachtsman's remarks about a choice of challengers for Mr. Hope and concessions to Mr. Brand do it no credit, they are a misrepresentation of the case which even ignorance cannot excuse under the circumstances. In Mr. Brand's case, though he challenged specifically with a certain yacht, Spruce IIII., he was offered by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. the privilege of substituting another yacht after his own boat promised to be a failure. As a matter of fact he actually opened negotiations with Mr. Hope for the purchase of Lotus, and these only failed because of the disagreement as to price. We can vouch for the fact that Mr. Brand secured every concession that he asked for with two exceptions; he was even allowed to bring a paid hand; though the class was intended to be, as it certainly should be, a purely Corinthian one, he had the privilege of selecting another yacht, and his wishes were consulted in every minor detail. The only requests refused him was that for a reaching course, straight out and back across the wind, something unheard of in match sailing, and that for a limitation of spinakers to 40sq. ft., an absurdity in American weather.

The conditions governing the cup have been widely published, and are probably accessible to *The Yachtsman* if it really desired to know them. Article IV. provides that neither club shall be required to name its representative yacht in advance of the races, so that Mr. Linton Hope or any other future challenger is at liberty to choose from seventy yachts instead of seven. This also disposes of the slur in the preceding number of *The Yachtsman* over the presence of Riverside at Oyster Bay on the day of the first race.

Though *The Yachtsman* seems to doubt it, we trust that we are possessed of enough of the spirit of sport to accept gracefully a defeat in such a large and goodly company and by two such craft as El Heirie and Glencairn; at the same time we plead guilty to the possession of some old-fogy prejudices in favor of what we believe to be shipshape and yachtlike. We have from the first accepted the 15-footers for what they obviously are, modern racing machines and nothing else; at the same time we have believed it possible to make a yacht fast without making her unlike a yacht and like a packing case or a coffin. That we were in the wrong in this class we are compelled to admit, both as to form and power, but we have at least used our best efforts to keep the class as near as possible to what we believed it should be, and we are not altogether sorry for it.

So far as the Seawanhaka rule in any but the two smaller classes is concerned, these races point no special moral; they indicate what we have long suspected, that no one rule of measurement can be made to cover the large yacht with deck and ballast and the small, half open, unballasted shell. As far as the Y. R. A. rule goes, we cannot see why Glencairn should not win under it even more easily than under the Seawanhaka rule.

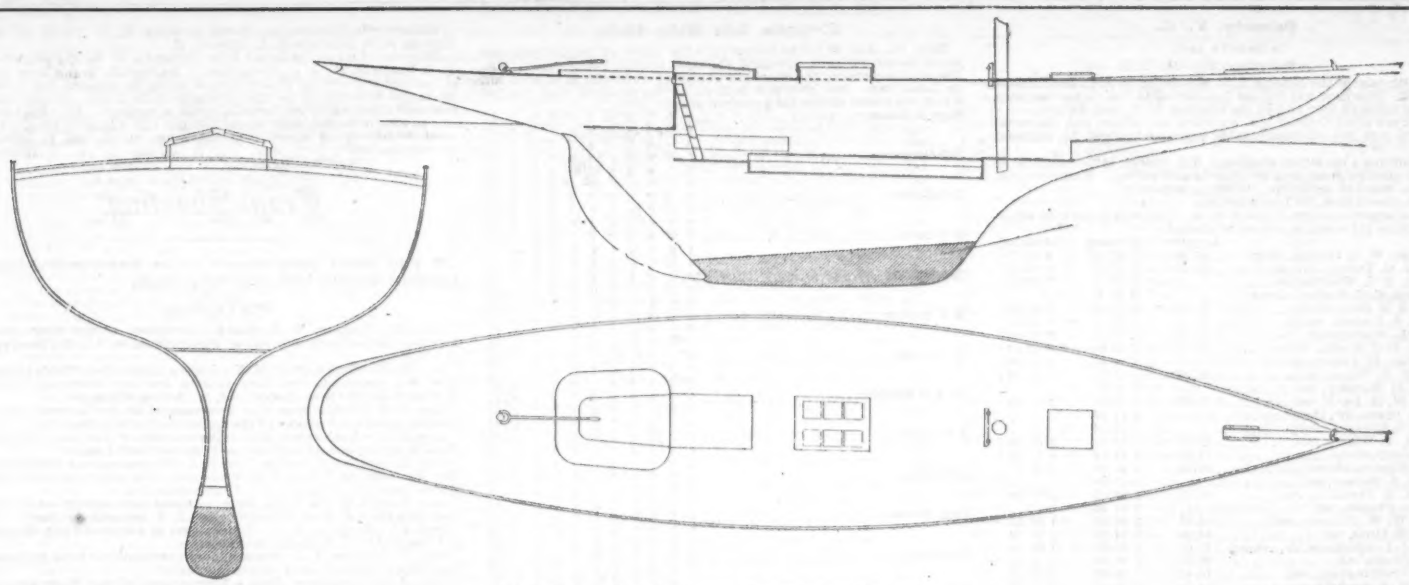
We have devoted a good deal of space to this special article of *The Yachtsman* because it is but a part of a long-continued effort in the same direction. We do not question the right of *The Yachtsman* to oppose all international racing if it so chooses, and to use all of its influence to put an end to it, but we do object to its methods as unfair, and unworthy of a paper of its standing.

The Wrecking of Isolde.

THE Cowes racing has been brought to a sudden termination by a very sad accident on Aug. 18 in which the Herreshoff 20-rater Isolde was partly wrecked and her owner, Baron von Zedtwitz, lost his life. The cable report of the disaster is as follows:

The races of the Royal Albert regatta at Southsea were interrupted to-day by an accident which caused the death of Baron von Zedtwitz, the owner of the 20-rater Isolde, and endangered the lives of the captain and crew of that vessel, all of whom were knocked overboard. The large raters started at 10 o'clock this morning to sail over the 46 miles course, and the small raters started at 11 o'clock to sail over the same course, but only once round—23 miles—the prizes being £50 and £25 for the big boats, and £15 to the winner of the race for small raters. The starters in the big race were Ailsa, Britannia, Meteor and Satanita, and in the small rater race Saint, Niagara, Samphire, Audrey, Penitent and Isolde. The big yachts had finished the first round of the course and were just starting upon the second when suddenly the boats of both classes seemed to have become jammed together. Isolde, which was sandwiched between the two yachts of the larger class, received a severe blow from Meteor, causing her mast to snap in two and fall overboard. The shock was a heavy one, causing Isolde to careen and, as she did so, all on board of her were spilled into the sea. When Meteor struck the small yacht there was a great crash, and blocks, fragments of the broken mast and other parts of Isolde were sent flying in every direction. As soon as the collision took place the other yachts stopped and put out boats to rescue the men struggling in the water. Baron von Zedtwitz, the owner of Isolde, who was on board of his yacht, was struck on the head by a block or a piece of broken mast and knocked overboard. He was taken out of the water as soon as possible and conveyed on board a steam yacht to the club house at Ryde. Baron von Zedtwitz was unconscious when picked up. He received every possible medical attention at Ryde, but he did not regain consciousness, and died soon after reaching the club house. A strong wind was blowing at the time of the accident, kicking up a bad sea, and it was raining very hard. Isolde was badly damaged and was towed to Portsmouth. The bowsprit of Meteor swept her deck and carried away all of her gear. Several members of Isolde's crew were picked up in an exhausted condition. The crew experienced some very narrow escapes, but fortunately all of them were rescued. A sailor belonging to the British gunboat Ant, which was lying at anchor near the scene of the collision, rescued one of Isolde's men in a drowning condition. He could not have survived thirty seconds longer. The accident cast a gloom over everything, and the races were abandoned for the days Capt. Gomes, the skipper of Meteor, ascribes the collision of Meteor with Isolde to the fact that Britannia did not make way for Meteor to pass Isolde. All the club houses at Spithead and Ryde are flying flag-at half mast in consequence of the death of the Baron. As a yachtsman Von Zedtwitz was a good sportsman, and he was well liked in all of the English sporting centers. His wife, the Baroness von Zedtwitz, was a daughter of the late Charles Roosevelt, of New York. To-morrow's yacht races and the fireworks with which it was intended to signalize the ending of the Royal Albert Y. C. regatta at Southsea have been postponed until after the funeral. Isolde was a 20-rater yacht, constructed by the Herreshoffs at Bristol, R. I., in 1895, for Prince Leopold of Germany, who sold the boat to Baron von Zedtwitz. Meteor, which is owned by the German Emperor, is a steel cutter of 226 tons, and was built in the Henderson's yards on the Clyde in the early part of this year.

Baron von Zedtwitz was thirty-eight years old. He was a personal friend of Emperor William, and it is remarked upon as strange and sad that he should have been killed in a collision with His Majesty's yacht. The Baron had been in the German Diplomatic service, but he



CANADA.—Designed by Will Fife, Jr., 1896.

was little known publicly. It is stated that his wife and only child, an infant, are visiting in Switzerland.

The following additional particulars appeared next day:

A coroner's inquest was held at Ryde to-day on the body of Baron von Zedtwitz, the owner of the yacht Isolde, who was killed by the collision of Meteor with Isolde off Southsea yesterday. The captains of the yachts Isolde, Britannia and Meteor were examined and the jury returned a verdict that the Baron's death was due to the purely accidental collision of the boats.

The proceedings of the inquest showed that Baron von Zedtwitz was struck by the falling rigging of Isolde, and pinned to the deck of the yacht by the broken spars. He was not thrown into the water, as was reported yesterday. Captain Carter, the commander of Britannia, in the course of his testimony said that the Meteor ought to have passed under the Britannia's lee. Captain Gomes, skipper of Meteor, denied that he had violated the sailing rules. There was plenty of room for Meteor to pass Isolde, but Saint struck Isolde and slewed the bow of that boat toward Meteor.

Mr. Jameson, representative of the Prince of Wales, who was on board Britannia, said that the whole thing was so sudden that he was unable to say whether or not there was time for Meteor to go to the lee of Britannia after the danger of collision became apparent.

The Berlin *Reichsanzeiger*, the official journal, to-day publishes a tribute to the late Baron von Zedtwitz, and testifies to the zeal displayed by him in the official positions he occupied.

The Queen has telegraphed to the Royal Albert Y. C. expressing her regrets because of the death of Baron von Zedtwitz.

The Emperor has ordered that Meteor discontinue racing, and that she shall be laid up at once.

Vencedor-Canada.

The only important yachting event of the present week will be the meeting of the representatives of the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Toronto, in the series of three matches off Toledo, Lake Erie. This event is the most important that has ever taken place on the Lakes, and it will be witnessed by many yachtsmen from both fresh and salt water. The large fleet of lake yachts, including craft from all the ports between Rochester and Chicago, that has taken part in the recent races on Lake Erie, will be in attendance.

The Chicago representative is a fin-keel cutter, very similar in dimensions and model to the 20-rater Niagara, owned by Howard Gould and now racing in English waters. Vencedor was designed by Theodore Poeckel, formerly in the employ of the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., and now designer and superintendent of the Racine Boat Co., of Racine, Wis. Her measurements have thus far been as carefully concealed as in the case of Defender last year. The Canadian representative, Canada, was designed by Will Fife, Jr., and the entire frame was got out, fitted and set up in the Fife yard at Fairlie, Scotland, being afterward taken apart and shipped to Oakville, near Toronto, where the lead keel of 8 tons was cast, the frame set up anew and the work completed by Capt. Andrews, a local yacht builder. The yacht is smaller than her competitor and by no means so extreme in type, as the accompanying plans show; she may be classed as a bulb-fin craft, with the usual construction of a wooden yacht, a built wood keel in place of a metal plate fin. Her principal dimensions are: Length over all 55ft., l.w.l. 30ft. 6in., beam 11ft., draft 8ft., least freeboard 3ft. 4in. Although her crew of ten have lived aboard of her during the past month while racing and cruising, she can boast of but moderate accommodation, the headroom being but 4ft. 6in. under the beams. The first race took place on Aug. 24. The judges were Oliver E. Cromwell, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.; H. L. McLeod, Minnetonka Y. C., and E. H. Ambrose, Royal Hamilton Y. C.

Oconomowoc Y. C. Annual Regatta.

OCONOMOWOC, WIS.—LAKE LA BELLE.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The annual regatta of the Oconomowoc Y. C., after starting in a light breeze, was finished in a gale with heavy rain, Ethel and Florence capsizing and Yumpin Yaper and Mynone shipping so much water that they withdrew. The times were:

SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tarpon, Com. F. W. Peck	1 49 39	1 49 39
Naiad, C. I. Peck	2 04 13	2 01 13
Friar, R. Nunnemacher	2 07 20½	1 59 15

SINGLE SAIL YACHTS.

Phyllis, H. Thompson	1 55 06	1 54 29½
Gladys, G. W. Simmons	1 58 15	1 57 31½
Alert, W. H. Dupee	2 00 36	2 00 02½

The judges were J. S. Field, Col. J. S. Cooper, of Chicago, and Capt. J. A. Scudder, of St. Louis.

Later in the day the race for the commodore's cup was sailed, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Idle Wave, L. C. Merrick	1 12 53	.. ..
Argo, D. E. Murphy	1 02 48	1 02 14
Hope, G. D. Vandyke	0 58 21	0 54 36
Idle Hour, N. P. Huist	1 23 00	1 27 54

Hope won easily. Bird and Skedaddle were disabled and withdrew. Gladys and Alert were in collision and filed protests which have not been decided.

New Haven Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW HAVEN—LONG ISLAND SOUND

Monday, Aug. 17.

The annual regatta of the New Haven Y. C. brought out but few starters on Monday of last week, the only notable feature of the race being the sailing of the new catboat Scat, owned by F. M. Randall. In a strong N.W. wind she led the fleet of larger yachts and beat everything over her course, both larger and smaller. The times were:

CABIN SLOOPS—CLASS 7.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Seabelle, H. A. Seymour	35.35	3 16 02	3 16 06
Titania, M. W. Burwell	35.00	3 17 18	3 15 49

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Oconee, C. T. Pierce	26.32	3 31 22	3 27 00
Castanea, J. M. Coxeter	28.03	3 54 15	3 54 15

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Monsoon, M. R. Durham	23.34	3 12 06	3 12 06
Scat, F. M. Randall	22.00	2 46 06	2 42 22
Dorita, J. Craige		3 52 29	.. .. ..

OPEN SLOOPS—CLASS 18.

Nit, John Champion	23.93	3 05 40	3 05 40
Defender, J. Smith		3 58 15	.. ..

Minnetonka Y. C. Championship Regatta.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Minnetonka Y. C. sailed its seventh championship regatta on Aug. 15 in a moderate and fluky wind, the times being:

CLASS A—BIG SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Tartar	3 08 07	5 08 52	2 04 53
Charlotte	3 09 48	5 09 30	2 06 00
Marie	3 01 45	5 12 51	2 10 17
Katrina	3 00 45	5 14 04	2 12 07
Kite	3 01 29	5 15 46	2 13 16
Alpha	3 00 22	5 17 19	2 16 08
Demon	2 04 45	5 21 50	2 17 24
Swift	3 01 00	Withdrew.	

CLASS B—MEDIUM SLOOPS.

Bird	2 50 27	5 20 24	2 26 15
Sleipner	2 53 18	5 24 40	2 31 06
Tomahawk	2 51 50	5 25 26	2 33 46
Beatrice	2 50 41	5 30 36	2 40 06
Answer	2 51 03	Not timed.	

CLASS C—CATBOATS.

Varuna	2 51 00	5 19 29	2 28 29
Shard	2 50 48	Withdrew.	

SPECIALS—SMALL SLOOPS.

Doris	2 40 42	5 14 07	2 33 25
Hurrah	2 44 01	5 14 29	2 31 28
Magic Slipper	2 41 42	5 19 36	2 35 29
Papoose	2 43 17	5 20 42	2 35 13

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. sailed a race for the A, 30ft. and 25ft. classes on Aug. 15 in a moderate S.E wind, the times being:

Preparatory gun, 4:15; start, 4:30. Course A.

	Chatauquay buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Xania	4 20 00	4 59 50	6 10 38	1 50 38	1 48 37
Chaperon	4 20 00	5 01 50	6 18 47	1 58 47	1 58 47
Valda	4 20 00	5 04 10	6 24 58	2 04 58	1 58 48

25FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Valda	4 20 00	6 24 58	2 04 58	2 03 46
Marjorie	4 20 00	6 33 45	2 13 45	2 21 55
Waterwitch	4 20 00	6 37 43	2 17 43	.. .. ..
Undine	4 20 00	6 39 19	2 19 19	2 19 19

Both Xania and Valda were designed by Mr. G. H. Dugnan, designer of Glencairn, the former being now owned and sailed by him.

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The Fox Lake Y. C. sailed a ladies' race on Aug. 15 in a rain storm and strong breeze, the times being:

Happy Days—Miss Florence Brophy, captain; Misses Jeanie and Hattie Brophy.

Lorna Doone—Miss Enola Cregier, captain; Mrs. C. J. Patterson, Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. McPherson.

Grimalkin—Miss Marion Tooker, captain; Mrs. W. H. Lyford, Mrs. Eric Winters and Miss Irvin.

Sans Souci—Miss Johnson, captain.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Happy Days	0 49 08	0 48 54
Lorna Doone	0 51 22	0 50 25
Grimalkin	0 51 13	0 51 13
Sans Souci	Withdrew.	

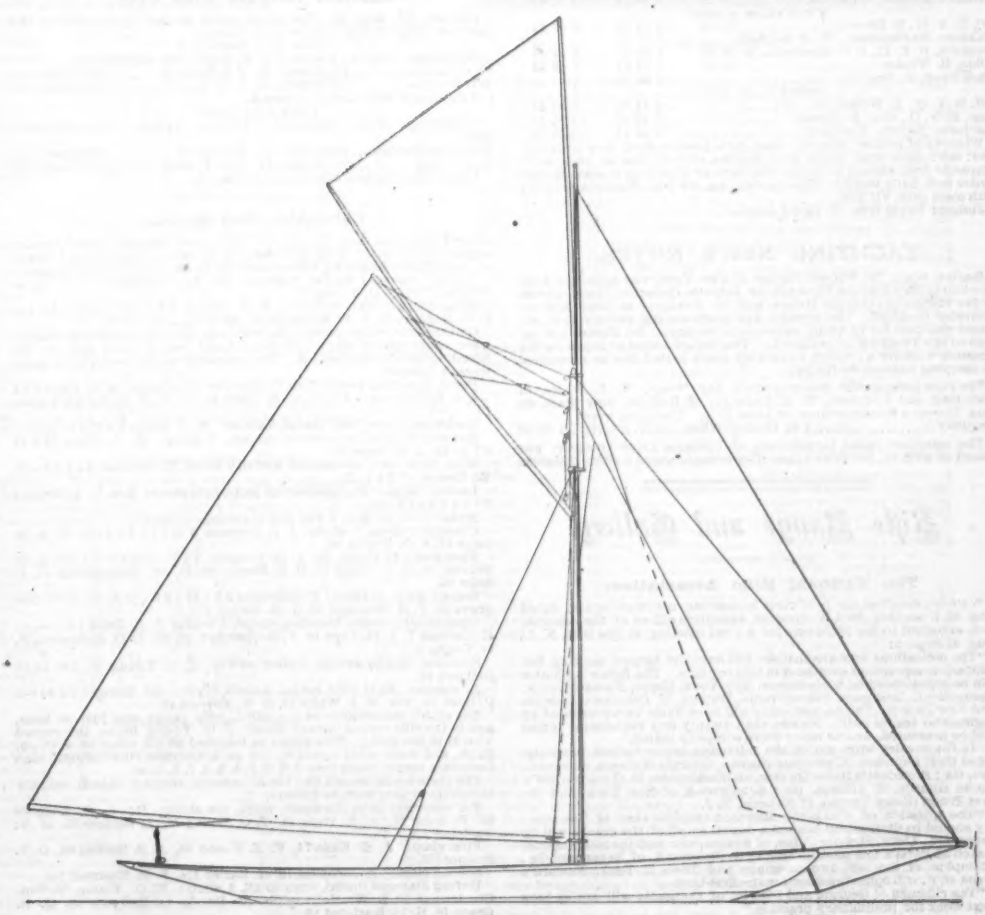
Racing at Newport.

On Aug. 18 the 20 footers sailed a race for the Duryea cups over the Dyer's Island course in a strong S.W. wind. Rosemary, after having her fin shifted a foot aft, did much better, finishing in the middle of the fleet after leading over a good part of the run. The times were, start 2:35:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	4 41 00	2 06 00
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	4 42 30	2 07 30
Hera, R. Nellis	4 43 50	2 07 50
Puck, E. D. Morgan	4 43 38	2 08 32
Rosemary, G. Paget	4 44 30	2 09 30
Esperanza, A. Van Winkle	4 45 18	2 10 18
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	4 45 32	2 10 32
Musme, J. McDonough	4 46 10	2 11 10
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	Did not finish.	

Asahi wins the first prize, Vaquero second and Hera third.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.



CANADA.—SAIL PLAN.

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

THE 220th race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 15 at Marion at 11 A. M. This race was for the Geo. Griswold Van Rensselaer cup, which has hitherto been run by the Sippican Y. C., now defunct.

It was open to all boats of 30ft. waterline and under, and the result shows how well the allowance table evens up boats of far different sizes.

The wind was a moderate whole-sail N.E. breeze, rather variable in direction, giving a great deal of close-hauled sailing. Water smooth. Allowance based on waterline. Working sails only.

Judges—David Rice, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Boats arranged in order of actual time. Prize was given with allowance. Course 6½ miles, mostly to windward.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Peter, W. G. Cotton, sloop	24.02	1 07 26	0 59 07
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., cat	25.03	1 12 33	1 03 30
May King, D. L. Whittemore	....	1 12 34	1 03 02
Not Named, C. C. Hanley, sloop	....	1 12 45	. .. ..
Nobska, H. S. Burgess, cat	30.06	1 13 18	1 01 55
Falcon, J. S. Russell, sloop	25.04	1 13 42	1 06 19
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, cat	18.00	1 13 54	0 59 59
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, sloop	16.11	1 14 22	0 59 25
Hebrus, Geo. G. Amory, sloop	16.09	1 14 44	0 58 06
Linotte, W. P. Wilson, cat	23.06	1 15 10	1 06 19
Ulula, W. H. Winship, cat	....	1 15 20	. .. ..
Sippican, W. H. Davis, cat	20.00	1 16 22	1 04 30
Silence, J. Crane, Jr., sloop	....	1 17 12	. .. ..
Sallie, W. S. Burgess, sloop	....	1 17 16	. .. ..
Colymbus, A. Winsor, cat	19.09	1 18 10	1 06 04
999, R. Brewer, sloop	13.08	1 18 12	0 57 55
Alma, R. Bigelow, sloop	20.00	1 18 49	1 06 57
No Name, R. Brewer, cat	....	1 21 22	. .. ..
Melrose, A. B. Franklyn, cat	20.01	1 22 56	1 11 06
Valhalla, — Chapin, cat	....	1 23 28	. .. ..
Coquette, W. W. Phinney, cat	16.00	1 24 10	1 08 59
Gilgol, G. M. Orris, cat	19.06	1 24 13	1 11 52
Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., sloop	11.06	1 24 58	1 00 58
Smile, L. Bacon, cat	17.07	1 25 24	1 10 01
Squall, J. Frothingham, cat	16.11	1 25 47	1 13 36
Wankite, W. B Scofield, sloop	12.06	1 29 18	1 07 09
Hermione, R. L. Barstow, cat	19.10	1 29 58	1 17 57
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr., cat	13.01	1 30 03	1 09 27
Edith, — De Kay, cat	17.11	1 34 37	1 19 33
Hilda, R. Winsor, sloop	11.11	1 36 06	1 12 51
Aliquid, —, cat	....	Withdrew.	

The 240th regatta, open race for prizes presented by gentlemen of Marion, was sailed on Aug. 15 at Marion at 1:30 P. M.

The wind was generally N.E., and a whole-sail breeze, as in the morning, but rather variable in direction and growing very light toward the end.

999, designed and built by Mr. R. Brewer, an undergraduate, did him great credit, as in the first race; she is very light, with extremely long overhangs, bamboo spars, and the lightest possible metal work aloft. Judges as in the first race. Hanley's boat not being measured, the second class sloop prize is in doubt.

Grilse showed up in her old form, three men being able to hold her down in a moderate breeze, aided by handling of the first day. Summary as follows:

Rad sailed under B. Y. C. rules and measurement.

Courses 9^2_{10} miles for second and third classes, and 6½ miles for fourth and fifth classes, mostly to windward.

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
No Name, Monument, C. C. Hanley	....	2 09 15	. .. ..
Alma, Monument, R. Bigelow	22.06	2 10 24	1 56 56
Hurricane, Mon. Beach, P. Nichols	21.08	2 26 06	2 11 27
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Linotte, B. Y. C., W. P. Wilson	25.10	2 02 12	1 52 05
May King, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	25.09	2 06 49	1 56 36
Ulula, B. Y. C., W. H. Winship	....	2 09 18	. .. ..
Bernice, B. Y. C., J. G. Young, Jr.	25.06	2 09 41	1 58 24
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Nobska, Onset, H. S. Burgess	28.04	2 02 35	1 49 52
Melro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	22.05	2 04 48	1 48 21
Colymbus, B. Y. C., A. Winsor	21.06	2 06 49	1 51 58
Sippican, B. Y. C., W. H. Davis	22.02	2 10 09	1 55 16
Melrose, Marion, A. B. Franklin	22.03	Withdrew.	
Hermione, B. Y. C., R. L. Barstow	19.10	Withdrew.	
Success, Mon. Beach, H. E. Phinney	....	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Coquette, Mon. Beach, W. W. Phinney	18.01	1 29 52	3 16 08
No Name, B. Y. C., C. Brewer	....	1 31 40	. .. ..
Elsa, B. Y. C., H. F. Burgess	19.00	1 32 03	3 19 12
Whim, Mattapoisett, E. C. Stetson	19.00	1 45 45	1 30 54
Squall, Marion, J. Frothingham	16.11	1 45 26	1 29 47
Smile, B. Y. C., L. Bacon	19.00	1 46 27	1 33 35
Cinch, B. Y. C., H. Parker	18.01	1 51 47	1 37 58
Howard, B. Y. C., H. O. Miller	18.00	1 58 29	1 39 34
Aliquid, Marion	....	2 12 53	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	1 17 27	1 04 36
Sally, B. Y. C., W. S. Burgess	19.00	1 24 20	1 11 29
Hebrus, B. Y. C., Geo. G. Amory	19.00	1 25 24	1 12 33
Silence, B. Y. C., J. Crane, Jr.	19.00	1 31 02	1 18 11
Valhalla, Marion, — Chapin	19.00	1 40 31	1 27 40
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
999, B. Y. C., R. Brewer	15.00	1 24 52	1 07 15
Wasketa, Mattapoisett, W. B. Scofield	....	1 37 21	. .. ..
Raccoon, B. Y. C., J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	13.04	1 55 52	1 35 41
Hilda, R. Winsor	13.02	1 59 00	1 38 33
Clam Shell, R. Brewer	....	2 04 25	. .. ..
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Vif, B. Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr.	....	1 44 01	1 25 35
Imp, B. Y. C., Geo. B Dabney	....	1 49 46	1 31 17
Marjorie, Marion, Bullivant	....	2 00 17	1 45 23

Winners of prizes: Second class cats, Linotte first, May King second; third class cats, Melro first, Nobska second; fourth class cats, Coquette first, second in doubt—No Name or Elsa; fourth class sloops, Grilse first, Sally second; fifth class sloops, 999 first, Waskete second; fifth class cats, Vif first.

Judges: David Rue, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Regina, sloop, Dr. Willard Parker, of New York, was seized on Aug. 18 while lying off South Norwalk by Deputy Collector Buckingham, of the Bridgeport Custom House, and Dr. Parker was fined $150 by Collector Goddard. The seizure was made on the ground that the yacht was used for carrying passengers for pay. Dr. Parker will appeal to the Treasury Department. The matter seems to hinge on the question whether a charter for a very short period can be construed as carrying passengers for pay.

The race between the steam yachts, Say When, W. J. White, of Cleveland, and Enquirer, W. J. Connors, of Buffalo, took place on Aug. 13 over a 30-mile course on Lake Erie. The times were:

Enquirer	1 34 15	Say When	1 34 43

The schooner yacht Hawthorne, of Chicago, recently sunk, was raised on Aug. 14, but sunk again after being dragged a short distance.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The National Rifle Association.

We have received the following interesting communication, dated Aug. 26, from Gen Bird W. Spencer, executive officer of the Association, in regard to the prospects for a good meeting at Sea Girt, N. J., Aug. 31-Sept. 5:

"The indications now are that we will have the largest meeting for military competitions ever held in this country. The following States will be represented by State teams: New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Georgia and New Jersey. The regular army will most likely be represented by regimental teams only. No less than twenty-five regimental teams will be presented, and as many more company teams.

"In the cavalry team match the following organizations have signified their intention of entering teams: Georgia Hussars, of Savannah, Ga.; President's Horse Guards, of Washington, D. C.; Governor's Horse Guards, of Atlanta, Ga; Squadron A, of New York, and the first Troop (Essex Troop), of Newark, N. J.

"The question of who is the champion revolver shot of this country should be determined beyond a doubt, as all of the cracks will be presented. Lieut. Sumner Paine, of Boston, who won the international match at Paris a few months ago; C. S. Richmond, of Savannah, Ga., champion of the last two meetings, and Theo. E. Beck, Newark's crack shot, will come together for the first time.

"The riflemen of Georgia and District of Columbia will arrive here next week for preliminary practice."

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 22.—The following is the score of regular practice shoot, distance 200yds., standard American target, 7-ring black. Mr. Disque, the jeweler, has donated a fine silver water set to be shot for on Labor Day. The club will hold an all day shoot on that day, of which the above will be the principal event.

Capt J Bacon	6	9	3	9	6	9	9	10	8	8—77
	9	7	8	8	8	5	9	7	5	6—73
	4	8	4	7	8	6	7	0	8	9—72
J G Germann	5	9	8	6	10	9	9	7	6	8—77
	9	5	6	9	5	10	10	4	6	6—70
	7	9	6	6	8	10	5	5	7	6—69
J Stidham	9	4	7	8	9	8	9	5	4	8—71
	5	6	6	10	6	7	10	6	7	8—71
	5	7	8	3	9	4	8	6	8	5—68
G C Rahn	7	10	5	6	6	7	7	9	10	7—74
	4	9	8	6	6	8	5	7	6	9—68
	4	6	6	9	7	5	8	5	7	7—64
Geo Shofer	10	5	9	6	9	5	6	5	7	7—69
	8	6	6	7	5	10	5	6	7	7—68
	5	5	9	4	8	8	6	9	7	6—68
W F Treiber	9	6	5	10	6	10	4	7	4	7—68
	9	5	6	10	4	8	6	7	5	8—68
	6	8	9	9	10	5	7	7	5	5—66
W J Leyer	5	6	5	10	10	6	7	4	8	4—66
	7	9	7	7	6	7	5	4	6	8—61
	5	4	5	8	6	5	8	8	9	3—61
Dr A C Wheeler	9	4	5	8	8	6	7	8	4	8—67
	6	7	10	2	6	8	4	6	7	4—60
	6	5	4	9	7	5	5	6	5	5—57
J F Leyer	7	2	10	4	9	10	8	5	3	6—64
	6	4	6	4	7	9	6	4	5	8—59
	6	3	3	4	4	6	9	4	9	6—54
J H Hunt	3	10	8	5	5	4	10	6	6	7—64
	3	5	4	10	9	5	9	5	4	4—58
	7	2	5	2	7	2	4	6	6	10—50
Chas Froess	4	5	3	7	10	8	7	4	9	8—65
	5	5	3	7	4	3	4	5	7	9—52
	2	9	5	3	4	5	4	5	8	7—52
S Ormsby	8	6	9	8	6	7	4	3	6	4—61
	6	7	6	6	5	4	10	9	6	0—59
	3	3	6	4	8	10	6	2	3	3—48
E S Noyes	4	0	2	8	9	9	6	5	2	6—51
	3	4	4	3	5	4	5	4	5	6—43
	5	3	2	2	2	5	6	5	7	3—40

Revolver Shooting in England.

OWING to the holidays, only three men shot at the South London Rifle Club on Aug. 4. Result:

Twenty yards, stationary target:

Walter Winans	577777—40	Malsinger	235660—29
Clementi-Smith	467576—35		

Fifty yards target:

Walter Winans	756775—37	Malsinger	340434—18
Clementi-Smith	736355—29		

Clementi-Smith has won the rifle championship of the club for the second year in succession, and the Winans trophy (modeled and given by Mr. Winans) becomes his property.

At the North London Rifle Club on Aug. 5 the following scores were made at the 50yds. revolver target:

Walter Winans	775747—37	R G May	447744—30
Major Munday	556774—34	W P Thompson	524547—28
Tilbury	746656—34	Lieut. Curley	743354—27
Holmes	435767—33	Chicken	246575—27
Capt T W Heath	765476—25	Carter	736536—31
Denyer	775337—32	Lieut J Howard	545744—29
Capt Baxter	755557—30	T Knapp	734245—29
Capt Evans	567753—31	Lieut Barrett	034470—18

Rifle in Massachusetts.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 15.—At the Middlesex rifle range this afternoon the team of Company C, 6th Regiment, M. V. M., shot another match with the Middlesex Rifle Team, with the result given in the score below. A singular coincidence was that Company C's team made the same score (413 points) that they made in the match shot July 11, when the military boys won by one point. Each team was handicapped by the absence of its captain.

Middlesex Rifle Team.		Company C Team.	
W J Burbeck	5545554444—45	Lieut Swift	5544554543—44
Hartford	4453455554—45	Corp Gannon	4444555454—44
White	5454544544—44	Pvt Robinson	4454445554—44
Sherman	4555454444—44	Pvt Hahn	5454544444—43
Dickey	4355544354—42	Pvt Roger	4545453444—43
Fisher	4444544444—41	Pvt Haines	4544444444—41
Randall	4444444544—41	Pvt Burns	4455434444—41
Coburn	5444444444—41	Pvt Crosby	4444433444—38
F A Burbeck	4545545445—41	Pvt Ahlberg	3544445423—38
Morse	5344445444—39—423	Pvt Hardy	4543443434—37—413

The shooting was off-hand, 200yds., Creedmoor target.

As each team has won one match, the tie will be shot off Sept. 12 on Company C's new range.

W. H. WHEELER, Sec'y.

Calumet Heights Rifle Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 15.—The scores made to-day by members of the Calumet Heights Rifle Club were as follows:

Class A for Gentlemen.

Conditions: 200yds., standard U. S. target, any caliber rifle:

*A C Patterson	4324445342—35	J S Houston	3340232230—19
P D Norcom	0303000240—12	C W Spalding	0244354443—33

* Patterson wins medal in class A.

Class B for Ladies.

Conditions: 100yds., standard Creedmoor target, .22cal. rifle, with rest:

*Mrs Chamberlain	4444445344—40	Miss Irvin	4444324444—37
Mrs Young	0032233223—19	Miss Walker	3434343433—33

* Mrs. Chamberlain wins medal in class B.

Columbia Club Scores.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the regular semi-monthly shoot of the Columbia Club, held on Shell Mound Range on July 26, the following scores were made on the Columbia target:

Unfred diamond medal, 3 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 4 5 1—10, J. "Unfred" 12, F. O. Young 18.

Rifle record medal, 10 shots: F. O. Young 3 8 6 4 8 4 9 8 2 4—56, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 62, F. E. Mason 65, P. Bohr 69, A. B. Dowell 70.

On the short range, 50yds., the revolver, pistol and small rifle sharps were congregated nearly all day. Many scores were shot on the Blanding pistol medal match. The scores for the three styles of arms were as follows:

Pistol, Blanding medal, 3 shots, open to all comers: A. H. Pape 1 2 1—4, J. E. Gorman 1 5 1—7, C. M. Daiss 5 1 4—10, F. O. Young 3 5 6—14.

Pocket revolver, Carr medal, 5 shots: M. J. White 5 4 10 7 8—34.

Revolver trophy, all-comers' match, 6 shots: M. J. White 10 8 14 8 7 5—52, A. H. Pape 58.

With .32cal. rifle, all-comers, medal, 5 shots: E. Jacobson 2 2 1 3 2—10, Ed Horey 1 3 2 4 1—11.

Ladies' .22cal. rifle, Glinderman trophy, 10 shots: Mrs. M. J. White 2 3 2 3 7 9 5 4 6—46.

Medal shoot of Aug. 9 was well attended. Scores:

Champion class, 10 shots: J. E. Gorman 3 10 2 1 2 3 7 4 2 4—37, A. H. Pape 43, F. O. Young 58.

First class, 10 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 8 3 2 8 13 5 2 12 1 1—55, A. B. Dorrell 55, M. J. White 57, F. E. Mason 58, D. W. McLaughlin 61, P. Bohr 83.

Second class, 10 shots: E. Jacobson 4 3 1 16 4 8 5 3 18 3—65, J. P. Cosgrave 80, F. H. Bushnell 88, G. M. Barley 90.

Open to all comers, Blanding medal, 3 shots: C. M. Daiss 1 2 1—4, J. E. Gorman 7, A. H. Pape 10, F. H. Bushnell 10, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 8, F. O. Young 8.

Revolver trophy match, 6-shot scores: F. O. Young 44, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 64.

All-comers .22cal. rifle, medal, 5 shots, 50yds.—Ed. Horey 1 3 2 2 1—9, P. Bohr 10, Mrs. M. J. White 18, R. W. Forrest 47.

The club's competition on the 200yd. rifle range was just as keen, and in the rifle record medal match F. O. Young broke the record with 41 in ten shots. This shows he bunched all his shots in a 4^1_{10}in. circle, and made what would be 234 on a German ring target. The Columbia target count was 2, 2, 2, 7, 4, 3, 4, 7, 8, 2—41

The class medal record and the all-comers' re-entry match records Columbia target, were as follows:

For members only, champion class, ten shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 64, P. Bohr 67, A. H. Pape 73, F. O. Young 75, L. Barrere 97, H. H. Burfeind 116.

First class: J. E. Klein 74, F. E. Mason 85, A. B. Dorrell 93, O. A. Bremer 103.

Second class: E. Jacobsen 76, G. Barley 114, F. H. Bushnell 146.

Unfred diamond medal, open to all, 3 shots: F. O. Young 10, Wm. Glinderman 12, D. W. McLaughlin 14, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 16, H. B. Crane 16, H. H. Burfeind 18.

Military rifle, Glinkermann medal, 10 shots: F. O. Young 44, S. I. Kellogg 43, E. Jacobson 42, L. Barrere 42.

Rifle record medal, 10 shots: F. O. Young 41, D. W. McLaughlin 53, F. E. Mason 56, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 64, L. Barrere 75, H. R. Crane 76.

I am sorry to see our Boston friends trying to mutilate the Columbia target by widening the spaces outside of the black. The Columbia is almost a perfect target for rifle, pistol or revolver. Its merits grow on one with increased experience in its use. The figures on its face mean something. I believe its universal use would tend to improve marksmanship.

ROBEL.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 22.—PASSAIC, N. J.—Third tournament of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; team race at 2 P. M.

Aug. 25-27.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Binghampton Gun Club's tournament for amateurs; two days targets, one day live birds. Money divided under the Rose system. H. W. Brown, Manager.

Aug. 25-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—KALAMAZOO, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club, in connection with Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club, on Young & McShae's pier. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-5.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association.

Sept. 8-9.—MARION, N. J.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J.; $150 added money.

Sept. 8-10.—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 11.—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The result of the race between Phil Daly, Jr., and Tom Morfey, which took place on the grounds of the Hollywood, N. J., Gun Club on Wednesday, Aug. 19, was a complete surprise to the majority of trap-shooters in this part of the country. On form it looked a cinch for Morfey, and judging from the way in which he cut down the birds in the sweepstakes shot on the same day he certainly should have won. Daly did some good work and won with a score of 41 to 40. The conditions were: 50 live birds, 30yds rise, 21yds. boundary, $100 a side. Morfey shoots a match to-morrow (Wednesday, Aug. 26) on the same grounds with Edgar Murphy, each man shooting at 200 birds, same rise and boundary.

On Aug. 13 Alex. King, of Pittsburg, Pa., did some good work on targets at the grounds of the North Side Gun Club, Alleghany, Pa. In the contest for the E. C. cup he broke 94 out of his 100 targets. The cup has been shot for eight times, and there is only one more shoot to take place. The conditions are the five best scores to count, the highest aggregate for five scores taking the cup. John Shaffer has shot five scores, but King has only shot four. If Shaffer does not shoot at the next contest, or fails to make 90 or better, Alex. King has to score 90 to win the cup. The scores for each 25 of King's score were 25, 23, 22, and 24; he ran his first 47 without a miss.

We learn from Harrisburg, Pa., that the programme for the Pennsylvania State shoot, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, will soon be in the hands of the shooters of that State. The programme will be in book form and will contain matter of much interest to the members of the State organization, as well as all those who love a gun and enjoy sport in the Keystone State. The first three days of the tournament will be devoted to breaking targets; the last day live birds will be used. The team championship race on the last day will be one of the features of the four days' sport.

The great match between Rolla Heikes and Fred Gilbert for the World's championship at inanimate targets was shot on Thursday, Aug. 20, at Watson's (Burnside) Park, Ill. The holder of the trophy, Gilbert, made a gallant fight to retain the trophy and the title, scoring 130 out of the 150 targets shot at. Rolla's score was three more—133, an average of 88.6 per cent. Gilbert's average was 86.6 per cent. The conditions were: 50 targets, unknown angles; 50 targets, expert rules, one man up, the five traps down; 25 pairs.

The Terre Haute (Ind.) Gun Club will hold its first annual tournament Sept. 10-11. Everybody is invited, nobody barred. The programme issued by the club contains both target and sparrow sweepstakes. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each, sparrows costing 10 cents each. Ten-gauge guns and black powder are barred. All purses divided on the Rose system.

The Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn., will hold an all-day shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 7. The events on the programme are open to all. The club announces that several valuable merchandise prizes will be shot for, and that added money will also figure in the purses. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each, and all purses will be divided on the Rose system.

A correspondent who signs himself 42grs. sends us a very interesting communication in regard to the Rose system at Jack Parker's tournament. His figures, so far as we have been able to verify them, seem to be entirely correct. As we have heard no reason why the system was abandoned after the first day's trial, we cannot enlighten 48grs. on that point.

The New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League is exercised in its mind as to what constitutes professionalism among trap-shooters. From the discussions which took place at its tournament at Passaic, N. J., on Saturday last, Aug. 22, it seems as if there was considerable difference among the members of the league on that point.

The Atlantic City (N. J.) Gun Club's shoot, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, will be a pleasant affair. Young & McShae's pier is a good place to hold a tournament, while the reputation of Atlantic City as a seaside resort will attract shooters. Harry Thurman, of Germantown, Philadelphia Pa., will furnish programmes on application.

Jack Halsted, of Peekskill, N. Y., was in the city on Saturday last, Aug 22. He tells us that the Newburgh (N. Y.) Gun Club is figuring on the programme for its annual fall tournament, Oct. 7-9. These annual gatherings of the Newburgh boys are always pleasant affairs and never fail for lack of shooters.

We hear encouraging reports from buffalo in regard to the tournament at Audubon Park, Sept. 1-5. B. F. Smith, who will manage the shoot, is not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. The added money which he hangs up should draw a crowd on the above dates.

Barring the championship race at Burnside Park, trap-shooting matters were very quiet. This week the main events in this part are the tournaments at Binghamton, N. Y., and at Burlington, Vt.

The members of the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club have decided to offer a bonus of $10 to game wardens for every conviction of violators of the game laws of the State of Massachusetts.

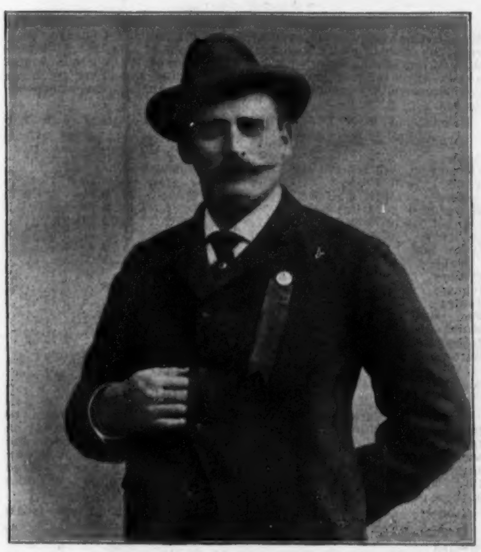
Aug. 24. EDWARD BANKS.

Heikes Wins the E. C. Cup.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 20.—The city of Chicago has been especially favored the last few weeks in shooting matters—a very welcome contrast to the long season of torpor which has prevailed here. The last event of interest is the Heikes-Gilbert match to-day for the E. C. cup and the target championship. While it is possible that some of the big live-bird matches may at times have attracted a greater interest than this, it is likely that no individual match at targets has ever been awaited with more interest—certainly never in Chicago, where both men are so well and favorably known and where their skill at the game is so well appreciated. Heikes was for two years a citizen of Chicago, and Gilbert has been living here practically for some time this summer. Both men are esteemed highly as the types of skill, courage and modesty combined, and both men have a universal popularity. It has for two weeks been a common saying that it was too bad that these two men should meet in a contest where one had to be defeated, for the friends of one are the friends of the other, and, moreover, the two men themselves are warm personal friends, as much so now, moreover, as before the race.

In the matter of odds on the race, there was no disguising the fact that Heikes was the favorite by a great majority. In spite of Gilbert's fine performance before the traps during the past season, he had, in the opinion of conservative shooters, no license to beat the redoubtable man from Dayton. Even had Gilbert defeated Heikes, Heikes still would have remained, in the opinion of the shooters of America, the unapproachable target shot of the country. There has been no man like him in the history of trap-shooting. What the future may bring forward no one can tell. Gilbert may in the future prove himself year after year for ten years as good a shot as Heikes has been, but only time can establish that. It does not seem likely that we shall soon again see so brilliant and consistent a performer in the target game as Rolla Heikes. Certainly it was no disgrace for Gilbert to be beaten by such a man, and the close run which Gilbert gave the winner only serves to heighten the respect in which Gilbert is held as a master of the gun. Gilbert is thirty years of age, weighs between 155 and 160lbs. He is large-limbed and muscular, of good constitution and strictly temperate habits. What there may be inside of him in his nervous system can only be told after more time has passed. He has made a brilliant record in his short career on the circuit, though it is the opinion of certain shooters that Gilbert shoots under rather high pressure, and so will be more apt to go stale at some stage of a long tour than a man who shoots with less apparent exertion. Gilbert worked hard in this match, as he seems to work in all his shooting. Heikes shot with his customary ease and *sangfroid*, amounting at times apparently almost to carelessness. He shoots his targets perhaps 30ft. closer in than any man before the traps, and does it with such ease as to offer a most deceptive spectacle of shooting. In this regard he is of his own kind, with no one like him, unless it was Billy Wolstencroft in his best days.

There is no shooter who in the space of one year has made the reputation that Fred Gilbert has, and his reputation for modesty and courtesy is equal with his repute for skill. Gilbert cannot tell when asked of any very long runs in his shooting at tournaments, but he has won during the current circuit a great number of tournament av-



R. O. HEIKES.

erages, competing with all the cracks of the country. At Omaha last year he missed only 22 targets out of 590; at Memphis this year he missed only 3 out of 135; at Joplin this year he missed only 4 out of 160; at Cincinnati only 7 out of 170. He won first average at Cincinnati, at Joplin and at the big E. C. shoot at New York, where he carried away the E. C. championship cup. He won second average at Omaha and at Atchison, and, in short, has been in the first flight right along.

Heikes's record is a long and well-known one. He has been shooting for nearly ten years and during that time has been forced to make his own records for himself. He is the acknowledged champion of target champions and has won more averages than any three or four men together. No one but a giant of his stolid, equable temperament, of perfect digestive apparatus and nerves inherited from generations of powerful and healthy ancestors could have established the history that Heikes has made for himself. The man is a freak, like a fast horse or a fast boat. Each horse and each boat finally is beaten by age or accident, or by innovation in methods. Perhaps at some time Rolla Heikes will be beaten, but it will be no disgrace to him then, for he has done enough already, though he seems fit to do quite as much more, and never shot as well as he does now. Calm, unfretted and genial now as ever, he is as well known, as well liked and as well dreaded as any man we are apt soon to see in shooting circles. Heikes is a natural shot. The game came easy to him, and very soon after he took up the gun he was making trouble among all competitors in the haphazard tournaments of those days. He has made the longest strings of successive breaks ever known in target shooting, and done more than any living man to establish the evenness and accuracy of modern guns and ammunition. At Detroit in 1889 he ran 150 straight. At Corry in 1890 he ran 186 straight, which record it was the fortune of the writer to see and report. Again at Corry he ran 170 straight, and in the East and West team race at Corry he broke 100 straight. At South Bend, Ind., in 1890, he made the run which he himself calls his best one, 141 straight with 10 pairs in the middle of the run. He ran 175 straight at Hamilton, Canada, and 117 straight on the Eureka Club grounds of Chicago. In these different runs he used different guns and ammunition, but since he took up the Winchester repeating shotgun he has done some of his most remarkable work, and showed the efficacy of that arm to perfection. At Columbus, Ohio, he ran 100 straight. At Chattanooga last year he ran 187 straight; and at Galesburg, Ill., 138 straight. At Detroit last week he broke 98 out of 100 in a 100 bird event. Heikes has broken 500 targets in 37¼ minutes, from five traps at 16yds., loading his own guns. This he did at Dayton in February, 1894. At Indianapolis in February, 1893, using five Winchester repeaters, he broke 100 targets in 4 minutes and 20 seconds.

These being the records of the men, there was ample reason for the intense, though subdued, excitement which marked their appearance at the score before the large throng of shooters. Heikes had at Dayton, the week before his coming to Chicago, shot this same race and scored 141 in practice. On Wednesday at Watson's Park he had again gone through the race, and so had Gilbert. Charlie Grim and Harvey McMurchy on that day shot a team race with Heikes and Gilbert, conditions of the E. C. cup race governing. The showing at that time was a curious commentary on shooting form. Grim was high man with 138, and the hot stayer, McMurchy, broke 137. Heikes scored 134, and Gilbert 128. All these scores, with the exception of Gilbert's, were higher than those in the championship race.

The weather to-day was perfect, without much wind, but the targets could not be called easy. It was difficult to get the traps to throw the birds according to the conditions. The straightaway bird was not a straightaway, but a long skater that curved to the right. Such wind as prevailed served to make the flight dancing and erratic. Under such conditions Gilbert certainly was not favored, but he made his shooting harder for himself. He says that he is not ashamed of his score in the singles, but admits that he was very slow in the doubles, his gun being a little straight for double shooting. Nothing but the excellence of his gun, an L. C. Smith pigeon gun, scored him some of the breaks he made far out in the field. Heikes ground his targets more sharply, closer in, and his misses came as usual through under-shooting on birds which took a sudden shoot up from the trap. Heikes's time was about the same throughout the race, increasing a little in speed toward the close. Gilbert varied more, sometimes snapping the straightaway, and sometimes dwelling a hair-raising interval on his corner birds. Heikes used a Winchester repeating gun, Leader shells and 44grs. of E. C. Gilbert used an L. C. Smith pigeon gun, Smokeless cases and 3¼drs. measured (really about 3½drs.) of Du Pont's Smokeless. In his doubles he used U. M. C. Green Trap shells in his left barrel.

The judges of the race were Mr. H. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., and Mr. F. P. Stannard, of Montgomery Ward & Co., Dr. Frothingham, of Chicago, acting as referee. The traps were not operated as well as they might have been, and balks were frequent. Each man accepted and broke one apiece. Gilbert was balked nine times, on two different times having to wait for a third bird. Heikes was balked seventeen times. Twice the traps broke a second bird, and twice he was obliged to wait for a fourth trial before he could shoot. With old shooters this makes little difference, and Heikes did not miss a bird after a balk, nor did Gilbert, except in the doubles. Gilbert's 148th bird was broken lightly, and one judge called it lost. The other claimed a break, and referee decided it dead. Heikes on his 23d pair missed both birds, the only "Dutch double" made by either. On his 16th pair, when Heikes was one ahead in the race, his gun failed to feed up the cartridge for the second shot. Under the rules he was given another pair, which he broke promptly. Heikes missed his 2d bird in the race and Gilbert his 16th. Gilbert seemed to grow slower throughout the race, if anything, and Heikes rather increased his speed, and finished with a slap-bang gait. At the known traps and unknown angles Heikes scored 48 and Gilbert 47. At the unknown traps and known angles Heikes scored 45 and Gilbert 44. In the doubles, where Heikes was thought to be handicapped by his gun, he again went out one bird in the lead, breaking 40 to Gilbert's 39. He thus beat Gilbert at each phase of the game, and won by a total of three birds. The race was a tie at the 110th bird and again at the 120th. At the 130th Heikes was one ahead, and at the 140th he led by four, falling back one in the last 5 pairs.

The next challenger for the E. C. cup will have to go to Dayton to shoot, and it need not be said that he will receive a shooting entertainment if he wins the cup there. It is a hard matter to catch Heikes out of form, and the man who catches him in form at Dayton is going to have the hottest target race of his life. Heikes himself, usually reticent, and modest as a girl as to his own ability, quietly said to a friend not long ago, that he doubted if any man could beat him at Dayton this summer if he continued to feel as well as he did at present. The following are the scores of the race: For the E. C. cup and the individual expert target championship at 50 targets, known traps and unknown angles; 50 targets, unknown traps and known angles; 50 pairs, A. S. A. rules.

Unknown angles:
R O Heikes........10111111111111111110111111111111111111111111111111—48
Fred Gilbert.......11111111111111110111110110111111111111111111111111—47

Expert rule, one man up:
R O Heikes........10101111111111111111110111011110111111111111111111—45
Fred Gilbert.......11101111101011111111111111110111111010111111111111—44

Pairs:
R O Heikes..................10 11 10 11 10 11 10 01 11 11 10 10 11
11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 00 11 11—40
Fred Gilbert..................11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 10 11
10 10 11 11 10 10 01 11 11 10 11 10—39

Grand totals: Heikes 133, Gilbert 130. E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Central Gun Club, of Duluth.

Duluth, Minn., Aug. 15.—The fourth annual tournament of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, was held on Aug. 12-13, at its new grounds on London road. These grounds are first-class for trap-shooting, as the shooters face the lake and have a clear background. The grounds are easily reached by a line of electric cars, which pass directly by the principal hotels. On the grounds the arrangements were most complete. Five bluerock traps throwing bluerocks were in line, the electric pull being used. An electric buzzer announced to the shooter that another bird was ready after any break by the trap. The weather for the two days of the shoot was all that could be desired. The local marksmen were somewhat surprised and a great deal disappointed that none of the range town shooters, who always do such good shooting, were represented. Aside from this everything was satisfactory to all concerned. There were shooters from all parts of the country, but those who attracted particular attention were S. Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., and Catamaran, of St. Paul; these two made a very pretty race for first average. Glover would probably have won first average if it had not been for his 4yds. handicap in the last event, in which he lost two birds, while Catamaran made a straight, thus winning first average by one bird over Glover. Catamaran's general average was 89.2, Glover 88.8, while Sachem, Duluth's able representative, won third with 86.8.

Below will be found the scores of the entire two days' shoot, which, although they do not show a very large number of entries, yet show a successful shoot, financially and otherwise:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15	25	10	10	15	15	15	20	25	10	15	Broke.
Catamaran.....	8	13	15	15	16	12	22	9	10	13	13	14	18	21	10	15	228
Glover..........	9	11	14	11	19	13	25	10	9	14	14	14	16	20	10	13	222
Sachem........	8	12	14	11	17	14	23	10	9	14	14	14	17	18	9	14	217
J C..............	9	13	12	15	16	12	23	10	9	14	13	14	15	21	7	13	216
Redfern.........	5	12	15	13	19	14	24	8	7	13	13	13	16	17	10	13	212
Phillips.........	8	12	15	13	19	12	21	7	9	13	14	12	15	17	10	14	211
Wilson..........	7	13	14	13	15	12	20	8	10	14	12	14	15	22	6	14	209
Braun...........	10	11	13	12	19	12	23	9	10	14	9	13	16	19	6	12	207
Thompson......	9	13	14	11	19	11	21	6	9	14	15	14	14	13	8	13	204
Gold Bug........	8	13	13	11	19	12	20	8	9	12	13	14	16	15	8	12	203
Burk.............	9	11	14	10	17	11	23	6	7	13	13	12	19	16	9	13	202
Hub..............	8	12	10	12	10	11	23	9	7	13	12	12	16	16	10	12	201
Hill...............	10	12	12	11	16	14	22	6	8	15	11	13	14	17	6	13	200
Sheil.............	7	9	12	11	16	8	21	10	9	14	14	13	17	17	8	12	198
Hansler	8	11	13	11	15	11	21	9	9	14	10	12	16	19	9	7	197
Robin Hood....	7	10	11	13	14	14	21	9	8	11	9	14	14	20	8	13	194
O'Shaughnessy.	8	12	12	11	16	15	15	6	8	13	13	11	15	19	6	13	193
Powell...........	5	8	10	12	18	12	23	7	7	11	13	10	18	17	8	12	190
Bonehill..... ..	7	9	13	12	13	9	20	7	8	13	9	13	18	18	5	10	184
Warren..........	6	10	12	13	17	11	15	5	7	13	11	11	14	18	7	11	180
Gripp............	9	11	10	10	16	11	22	5	8	9	10	11	13	17	5	11	178
Parks............	8	11	12	11	12	11	20	8	7	14	10	14	15	10	6	8	177
Elton............	5	10	14	10	12	9	19	9	8	9	11	14	10	13	6	9	168
Wace............	6	9	11	11	11	9	14	8	7	10	9	13	6	12	9	9	164
Moark...........	6	15	12	13	16	13	15	w	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	90
Squib...........	8	15	10	10	w	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	43

Of the above sweeps Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12 and 16 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13 and 15 at unknown angles; No. 14 at reversed order. Central.

Audubon Gun Club.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 15.—No. 1 event was club badge shoot. Kirkover won A class badge, Brandle B class, W. R. Eaton C class. All other events were at unknown angles except No. 4, which was expert rule and won by McArthur, as usual:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
E C Burkhardt..	19	14	17	10	18	12	McArthur........	18	13	19	14	20	14
Kelsey...........	22	12	18	12	21	12	Brandle...........	19	..	..	..	..	..
Forrester........	24	11	16	9	21	..	Kirkover.........	23	..	17	6	..	..
C S Burkhardt ..	22	11	17	12	19	14	Wm Hines, Jr...	13	11	12	..	8	..
Bennett..........	23	14	16	11	18	..	Jacobs	21	..	12	..	..	12
Norris............	24	14	17	9	20	14	J J Reid..........	15	9	8	8	11	12
P G Myers.......	14	10	14	8	17	..	Woodshed........	..	6	10	..	9	..
Tom Tidler......	21	11	..	..	18	12	Middaugh.........	17	..	14	8	..	..
W R Eaton......	19	9	14	..	..	..	H Kinner.........	..	..	11	..	..	5
McCarney	19	9	9	..	..	..	Lyons............	..	..	10	..	..	..
A Coombs	15	6	..	..	..	..	Bill Kny..........	..	..	..	..	13	12

Omaha Gun Club.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 15.—Below are the scores of the Omaha Gun Club, made at its regular weekly shoot held to-day:

Whitener..........................1111111111101111111111111—24
Brucker...........................1101111101111111111111111—23
Carmichael.......................1111101111110111111111111—23
Parmelee..........................1101111111011111111111111—23
Loomis.............................1111011111111111111011111—23
Read................................1111110111111111101110111—22
Johannes..........................1010111111101111011111111—21
McFarlane.........................1110111111101111011111001—20
Hughes............................1111111011111011011111010—20
Montmorency.....................0111101101111101111011101—19
E Kalb.............................0010111101111010111111101—18
Marsh..............................0011110111111110111100110—18
Dickey.............................0011111111011110001010100—16

W. D. Kenyon, Sec'y.

The Buffalo Programme.

We have received a synopsis of the programme for B. F. Smith's tournament at Audubon Park, Buffalo, Sept. 1-4. Of course there will be practice shooting on Monday, Aug. 31, but no regular programme will be shot out.

On Tuesday, Sept. 1, the first day of the shoot, the programme calls for the following events:

Events.	Targets.	Angles.	Entrance.	Added.
1....	15 bluerocks......	Unknown......	$2.00......	$15.
2....	20 bluerocks......	Unknown......	2.50......	$20.
3*...	15 bluerocks......	Known.........	2.00......	500 Walsrode shells.
4....	15 bluerocks......	Unknown......	2.00......	$15.
5....	25 bluerocks......	Unknown......	2.50......	$25.
6*...	20 bluerocks......	Unknown......	2.50......	$15.
7....	15 bluerocks......	Unknown......	2.00......	$15.
8....	20 bluerocks......	Unknown......	2.50......	$20.
9*...	15 bluerocks......	Known.........	2.00......	500 Du Pont shells.
10....	15 bluerocks......	Unknown......	2.00......	$15.
11....	20 bluerocks......	Unknown......	2.50......	$20.
12*...	20 bluerocks......	Unknown......	2.00......	1 fine fishing rod.

* Events marked with an asterisk are open only to shooters who do not average better than 75 per cent. All other events are open to all.

On Wednesday, Sept. 2, the programme is the same as on the previous day, with the exception that in event No. 6 there will be 500 loaded King's Smokeless shells added to the purse. Thursday, Sept. 3, the third day of the tournament, is a live-bird day. There are two events on the programme: No. 1, 7 birds, $7; No. 2, 15 birds, $15. Birds are included in each entrance fee.

On Friday, Sept. 4, the main event of the tournament will be shot. This will be a 25 live-bird event, $25, birds included, handicap rise, $750 guaranteed; an elegant trophy will be given to the winner in addition to his share of the purse.

In all target events there will be 4 moneys, and the purses will be divided under the Rose system, with ratio points of 5, 3, 2 and 1. The purses in the live-bird events on the third day will be divided also under the same system, but only into 3 moneys, with ratio points of 5, 3 and 2. The purse in the 25-bird handicap on the last day will be divided as follows: $600 to the three high guns—$300 to the first, $200 to the second and $100 to the third; all surplus divided into 5 moneys in the proportion of 35, 30, 20, 10 and 5 per cent., and to go to the five next high guns.

Substantial average prizes are offered for the four best averages made in all open events. Jack Parker will be on hand to run the shoot, and to see that the targets and traps are kept running, and that the boys have all the shooting they want.

Wants to Trade Puffs for Powder.

Oakland, N. J., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. Ernest L. Tiffany, formerly of Princeton, N. J., now of Guilford Center, N. Y., ordered from us last week a 1lb. can of E. C. powder, for which we sent him the bill. You will no doubt remember Dr. Tiffany as a

FRED GILBERT.

man who wrote numerous letters under the *nom de plume* of Wads etc., puffing up Walsrode powder and numerous other articles.

To-day we received a letter from Dr. Tiffany as follows: "You quite misunderstood the intent of my letter. I do not buy a 'pig in a poke,' nor do I buy any new powder until I have had opportunity to try it. As I am well known to the shooting fraternity through my articles in *American Field*, etc. (over a *nom de plume*), on tests of smokeless powders, I have been furnished free with samples—from 1 to 10lbs.—of every smokeless compound on the market, except the new Gold Dust and your E. C. No. 2, and the former I expect a sample of this week. The King Powder Co. was the last in, furnishing me with 6¼lbs. of their Smokeless shotgun and 1lb. of their Smokeless rifle powder. The manufacturer who *has a good thing loses nothing by this.* If the sample is sent free I should be glad to pay carriage and give it a fair test; otherwise I of course cannot accept it."

It seems to me that Dr. Tiffany is just the man that the papers and the manufacturers should sit on. Although well able to afford to buy what he wants, he is so mean that he tries to get it for nothing.

I can show you the original of his letter any time you wish to see it, and hope that should Dr. Tiffany send any articles in to you on the powder question, or as far as sporting goods are concerned or any other question you will see your way to refuse his articles.

The American E. C. Powder Co., Ltd.,
Noel E. Money, Sec'y.

Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 20.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Fulton Gun Club, of this city:

McRae..0101101111101111111111000—18
Day...1111001111111111111111011—22
Elliott..1110111111011111111111110—22
Everett...1111111111110111111101111—23
Holland..1101110111010111010111111—19
Frazier...1111010110001000011100001—12
Crabb...1011100111100111111101111—19
Hutchinson....................................0011001100100110010000000— 8
Brittan...1111000110111101111111101—19
Alston..1111111100111111111101111—22
Clarke..1111101110111101011101110—19
Richards.......................................0110110100101010000010000—10
McCune..0111001111010110000111101—15
Orme...0100101110001010001110001—11
Arnold..1000001101101011100111011—14
Mitchell..1110100101010111110111110—17
Rawson..0100100001011111001000010—10
Hammond.....................................0111101011101111011101011—18
Morrison.......................................1111111011110000111111011—19

The three days' shoot at Marion, N. J., Sept. 7-9, will practically wind up the season so far as tournaments around New York are concerned. With the exception of the Newburgh tournament, mentioned elsewhere, we are not likely to have any excitement in that line until the Grand American Handicap of 1897 opens up the ball in the spring. For this reason, and also on account of the tournament being given by the Interstate Association, as well as for the money added to the purses by the Endeavor Gun Club, there is every likelihood of a good turnout of shooters at the Marion traps on the above dates. The first day, Sept. 7, is the annual Labor Day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club, and may be considered as "preparation day" for the Interstate tournament on the next two days.

On Sept. 8-10 Canadians will have a good chance to enjoy themselves at the traps of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club, Galt, Ont. The club will add from $800 to $1,000 to the purses.

Three New Ideas.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 12.—It is well known that all the good new ideas in trap-shooting have first had their exposition in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and all the reforms in trap-shooting have had their birth there. Other papers have been content with servility where civility would have been better as a policy. FOREST AND STREAM has always believed that ideas at first hand were better than those at second hand, and results would seem to indicate the wisdom of this belief. When FOREST AND STREAM does not have ideas enough furnished by its own people it has always been willing to pay for them, that being the secret of successful journalism.

It was FOREST AND STREAM that first invented the copyrighted graphic type for scoring a live-bird shoot. FOREST AND STREAM first began to tabulate the vast number of trap scores which came in from week to week, thus keeping its news up to date and fresh. FOREST AND STREAM was first to attack the evil of dropping for place in trap-shooting, and the only paper to carry on a fight which now is won. FOREST AND STREAM has spent more money in getting trap news than all the sporting journals of the country together. It has done a lot of other things which the modesty of the journal forbids mentioning. It is enough to say that to-day FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized journal of the trap. It is therefore very natural that new ideas should flow to it, as water runs down hill by the sheer force of gravity.

I am able to-day to offer to FOREST AND STREAM, from the city of Chicago, three ideas in trap-shooting which I think are entitled to be called new, and one or more of which may prove to have interest and merit other than that of mere novelty, although novelty alone is enough to commend an idea to a newspaper eager to be up with the times. I would be glad to claim the discovery of some of these three ideas, but I cannot do so. They all came up at the recent Du Pont tournament here. Two of the ideas belong to Mr. Wells, the able artist who did the FOREST AND STREAM sketches at the tournament. The third idea really belongs to Mr. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker gun, who told me about it some time ago.

The first of these ideas is what Mr. Wells prefers to call the "FOREST AND STREAM Clover-Leaf Field," showing the arrangement that can be made of three sets of traps at a big tournament. It is too bad this idea did not come out before the Du Pont shoot instead of after, for this would have been a grand place to try it.

The second idea is one hit upon by Mr. Wells at the Duryea-Winston pigeon race at Watson's Park, last Monday, Aug. 8. I had asked Mr. Wells to make me a sketch or so of the shooters in that race, and he came out with a sketch showing not only the shooters, but every individual bird they shot at—300 different sketches in all! This rather puts in the shade FOREST AND STREAM's graphic type idea, though of course it is not capable of general application. I venture to say that there never has been in the history of shooting a pigeon race scored as this one shown in our last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. It is a curious and novel feature, and one which will please all shooters. The sketch of each bird was caught at the instant it took wing. Mr. Wells says, "I photographed on my mind the position of the bird just as the first barrel was fired." Nobody told Mr. Wells to do this. He just got the idea. He would be apt to have ideas if he was around a sporting paper very long, for he had two ideas in one week.

While Mr. Wells and I were playing around out at the Du Pont shoot, where of course we had nothing to do but play, one of the shooters—I think it was Dick Merrill, or maybe it was Chan. Powers—remarked that the live-bird shooting took so long that a man only got to fire a dozen shots a day. "If we had another set of traps," he said, "the management could make a barrel of money out of this crowd, for they would all be shooting targets." This, as must appear on thought, would have really been the ruin of the shoot, for a big mixed tournament on any grounds now in existence in America would be a confused and horrible affair should the number of shooters run up as it did here. But while this matter was in discussion Mr. Wells said:

"I'll show you a scheme by which you could run three sets of traps without any confusion at all, and you could shoot all live birds or part birds and part targets."

We scoffed at him, but when careful inspection has been given the plan he has put in diagram I am not sure that scoffing will be appropriate. His scheme is practical. If some shooting park will adopt it, it can hold a big shoot any day and make money at it. If the next big tournament will take it up it will save money and accommodate its patrons, no matter how many they are or how much they want to shoot, and it will do this smoothly and without as much friction as exists in running the best managed shoot.

The third idea also came up at this shoot. A gentleman present remarked that it was the best dressed crowd of shooters he ever saw. Another man said, "Why not? In my opinion the boys have been almost too careless as to how they dressed and how they acted at a shoot. Any old sweater or blouse or coat was good enough, and everybody seemed to think that at a trap-shoot a man didn't need to care how he looked. I have heard ladies, and men too, express their surprise at the generally tough look the crowd of trap-shooters at a tournament has. They wouldn't know the same crowd after dinner. But why not look a little 'slicker' while at the traps? It would all tend to raise the standard of the sport." It was then that I recalled a talk with Mr. Tucker last June on this same topic. Mr. Tucker told me that he was convinced trap-shooting would be helped if it came to have a sort of uniform or costume, something as bicycling or other sports have. He said that so impressed with this idea was he that he once even went to a sporting goods house and put before its head the design for a shooting coat, which he thought could be sold in large numbers, and which he believed would be a handsome and useful garment for any trap-shooter. The manager did not think the boys would buy enough of them, and so "turned down" the idea. This disgusted Mr. Tucker, who wasn't expecting to make any money out of it for himself, so he never took up the matter any further.

There is probably really more of practical advantage in this idea than in either of the others. There is no uniformity and not always any neatness in the garb of shooters at the trap. Some of the wealthiest of the devotees of the trap go dressed the shabbiest. Even the most careless of the careless will admit the usefulness of Mr. Tucker's idea. It was his notion that a coat, or a coat and vest, would be all that was necessary, the coat to replace the blouse or sweater, which seems now to be the nearest to trap uniform.

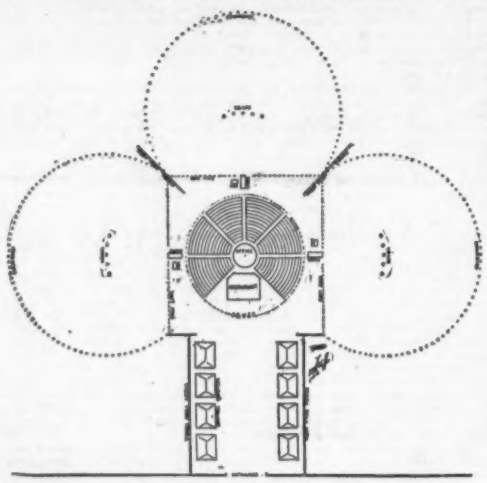
He thought the coat could be made of some neutral tint, gray or drab or some such shade, of velveteen or uncut corduroy, or some soft and easy material. It should be cut with overcoat sleeves, very roomy at the shoulder and armpit, and could be designed on lines snappy enough to make it a handsome and swell-looking garment. The coat would need to be somewhere between $6 to $10, and one would wear a man a lifetime. It would be cool enough to shoot in during summer, and roomy enough to wear over woollen in the winter. It would have pockets to hold the shooter's shells when he went to the score. "I want to tell you," said Mr. Tucker, "if you should see forty or fifty shooters at a tournament, the most of them dressed in that sort of coat, got up by an artistic tailor, you would be surprised to see the difference there would be from the usual crowd you see to day. It would be a better place for a lady to go, and the result would be that more ladies would go to shooting tournaments. The whole character of the sport would thus be bettered, while it would be free from any charge of dudishness. I believe the idea is one that some tailor or sporting goods dealer should take up. He would make a lot of money at it."

A number of shooters who were consulted in regard to this idea of a trap costume were disposed to think it a useful and a coming thing. Mr. Thos. Marshall, very well known on the circuit, said: "If there had been a man on these grounds this week to take measures and orders for such a garment, he could have sold 100 of them. If the idea was once taken up, all the boys would fall into line. I believe it is a winner."

I am disposed to think myself that some enterprising house could do a good business with such a garment if it could hit upon a suitable cut and fabric. Bicycling, yachting, golf and tennis all have their costumes, the making of which constitutes a great industry. As trap-shooting becomes more and more developed, it will come in time to have a certain type in costume—not anything of a dude type, be sure, but something neat, manly, serviceable and useful.

THE CLOVER-LEAF FIELD.

Mr. Wells's "Clover-Leaf Field," to use the name happily suggested by his friend Dr. Fuller, of Chicago, is shown so well in the diagram that it needs small explanation. It asks for a circular, back-to-back arrangement of the traps, instead of one in line. The saving of space is obvious. The saving of time and of confusion would be quite as remarkable. The central space is designed to be covered by one canopy or large tent, the expense for which would be less than that of the row of smaller tents nowadays commonly put up for the comfort of the shooters. The diameter of this central space is about 165ft. The walls are left down in summer shooting. The shooters are all rounded up in one body and under one inclosure. While not shooting they can visit or watch the sport from the bank of seats back of the score. The work of the signal hustlers is simplified or done away with, for a blackboard of each score can announce in the view of all the names of the men next wanted. The distance from one score to the next around the edge of the circle is about 150ft., far enough to prevent confusion in the work of trapping, calling and shooting. A short fence separates the different shooting fields. The office is centrally located and in reach of the shooters. Access to the grounds is made easy and safe by a wide way between two high and tight fences. The direction of the firing is in each case as safe as that now practiced. Along the entrance way, or the stem of the Clover Leaf, can be placed the individual tents and headquarters. In short, this scheme, while useful in its entirety for a very large shoot or for a large permanent park, has many features to commend it for use at a big tournament. It saves room and expense, and condenses the whole affair into a nutshell of simplicity and convenience. The idea could be adopted in part in the holding of smaller shoots. The Clover-Leaf Field is a great saver of space. Watson's Park at Chicago could hold three sets of traps thus arranged as well as it now does two sets.



"FOREST AND STREAM" CLOVER-LEAF.

At first thought it would seem ridiculous to advance a scheme apparently so big and circus-like to hold a trap shoot. But trap shoots have grown bigger and bigger. They have cost more and more money. They have been managed with greater and greater excellence of business sagacity and business system. The idea does not imply a greater expense. It only implies a greater systematising of the handling of a great shoot. The time may come when it will be seriously considered, not as a Jumbo freak, but as a large and admirable idea, well worked out.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Jack Parker's Tournament.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was sorry to read in your report of the Detroit tournament that the Rose system was abandoned after the first day. Like many others, I am in favor of adopting this system at all tournaments, because I look upon it as the only fair and square way of dividing purses. It was quite a shock to me, then, to find that it was shelved after only a short trial. Knowing the system to be all right, I hunted around for some good reason for its being put aside in favor of the other method of dividing purses, a method which you have shown to be full of injustice. For the life of me I can find no reason.

The figures quoted are scarcely correct, if the scores in your tables are correct. Your report says: "Trimble shot 92 per cent. the first day and lost $4 50; 90 per cent. the second day and won $2; 93 per cent. the third day and lost $4." Looking at Trimble's scores I find that the percentage he made on the first day was 91.6, practically 92 per cent., as your report has it. On the second day his percentage was 88.1 for all events, but 93.3 for all events except the one at 21yds. rise, use of both barrels. On the third day his percentage was just 91, instead of 93. There being evidently something wrong with the figures on the percentages, I wanted to try and work out the purses under the Rose system and then compare them with the system generally used at present. It was not a hard matter to get one of Parker's programmes; there were plenty in the city. But it was a hard matter to work out all the purses, but it began to be quite interesting before I finished. Taking the first day's scores, I make it out that Trimble lost $3 09 under the Rose system, but would have lost $5.94 under the present system. (In explanation I may say that I have taken into strict account all the pennies.) On the last day, shooting in only five events, I find that under the present system he cleared $5.04, while under the Rose system he would only have been 58 cents ahead. The difference here is due to his 24 out of 25 in the last event, which paid him $11.47 under the present system, but only $3.60 under the Rose system.

Heikes's figures for the same two days are quite instructive. On first day, under the Rose system, he won 55 cents and a gold watch! Under the present system, on that day he would have been a watch in, but $5.48 out. On the last day he was $1.95 ahead under the present system, but under the Rose system he would have won $7.93. It must be remembered that Heikes on the last day dropped only 6 targets out of 205 shot at, averaging a fraction over 97 per cent.

Compare the two systems then: On the first day Heikes breaks over 97 per cent. out of his 205 targets, and under the present system—the one used at Detroit that day—he wins $1.95; Trimble on the same day loses 10 targets out of 105 and wins $3.04. But it is manifestly unfair to judge any system by the results of one or two shooters. One ought properly to take into consideration the results attained by all.

I suppose there are other statistical fiends among your readers besides myself, and probably they may be interested if you give some of the following figures showing how the two systems paid at Detroit: The programme says that all purses were divided into five moneys, with 5, 3, 2, 1 and 1 as the points in the Rose system, and I have figured all purses that way unless it was stated in the programme to the contrary. Dividing purses under the present system, I have made the moneys 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

First day: In event No. 1 the Rose system, as compared with the old system, paid to those in first money $3.26 as against $3.65; second money, $2.05 as against $1.01; third money, $1.23 as against $3 65; fourth money, 82 cents as against $1.83; fifth money, 41 cents as against 58 cents. Under the present system third money would have paid as much as first, while third and fourth would both have been better than second money.

In event No. 2 there were twelve straight scores; six men in for second money, three in for third money, seven in for fourth money, and only two in for fifth money. The comparison of the two systems shows that the Rose system paid (for $4 entrance) $2.16 for first money as against $1.05 under the present system; second money, $1.35 as against $1.75; third money, 81 cents as against $2.80; fourth money, 54 cents as against 90 cents, and fifth money, 27 cents as against $4.10. It will be seen that the 13s, 18s and 16s were all better than straight scores.

Event No. 3, a 25-target event, shows the justice (?) of dividing purses on the old percentage plan. There were six straight scores, five scores of 24, four of 23, five of 22, and two of 21; twenty-two men out of twenty-seven entries drawing money. The entrance fee was $3. Under the old system each man who had scored 25, 24, 23 or 21 would have drawn exactly the same amount, $3.03; the 22s would have drawn down $1.82 each. Under the Rose system straights paid $4.96; 24s, $3.10; 23s, $1.86; 22s, $1.24, and 21s, 62 cents. The above is a good example of how the Rose system works as against the old system.

In No. 4 under the present system straights paid $1.22, while the 12s and the solitary 11 received $2 65 and $3.54 respectively. Under the Rose system the same places would have paid $2.06 as against 58 cents and 35 cents respectively.

I could give plenty of other proofs of the equitable distribution of purses under the Rose System, but I know your space is valuable. I should, however, like to give one more example: the sixth event on the last day, 25 targets, $5 entrance, 18 entries, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Fanning, with 25 alone, took, according to my figures, $30.60; the two 24s drew down $11.47; the five 23s received $4.06 and the five 22s took $1.52 each. Had the purse been divided into five moneys and divided under the Rose System the same parties would have received respectively $18.60, $8.80, $5.10 and $3.40, while the two 21s would have received $1.70 each. I leave it to any of your readers to say which is the fairest system.

If I may be allowed a few more words in conclusion, I would like to point out that the trouble with the crackerjacks at Detroit was that the handicap was a little too stiff for them when the capabilities of some of the other shooters are taken into consideration. They did not have it all their own way, and it looks to me as if they don't like anything that does not give them everything they ask.

For my part I vote for the Rose system first, last and all the time.

46ers.

Emerald Gun Club of New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—The Emerald Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park, L. I. The attendance was good, 29 members putting in an appearance. Of the above number three made clean scores of 10 birds: E. Dudley, R. Phister and Gus Greiff. Nine others landed with scores of 9 each. The scores, with the handicaps of yards and points, were:

Class A, 29yds., 7 points: Richard Phister 10, Gus E. Greiff 10, L. H. Schortemeier 9, Edward J. Clark 9. Class A, 28yds., 7 points: Dr. George V. Hudson 6, Thomas Short 8. Class A, 28yds., 6½ points: E. Dudley 10, Charles Stuetzle 5, Gus Nowak 9, Harry P. Fessenden 9, Edward A. Vroome 6, John H. Moore 8. George E. Loeble 9, Frank W. Place 9, William Sands 7. Class A, 28yds., 6 points: Philip Butz 5, Dr. Klein 9, Richard Regan 8, Joseph Banzer 4. Class A, 28yds., 5½ points: Bernard Amend 8, Henry Thiele 9, Max Adams 9. Class A, 28yds., 5 points: John Woelfel 8. Class B, 26yds., 6½ points: Thomas F. Cody 5. Class B, 25yds., 6 points: Nicholas Maeeel 8. Class B, 25yds., 5 points: Dr. Richter 6, Emil Weiss 5, G. K. Brett 5, G. B. Hillers 7.

Calumet Heights Gun Club, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug 15.—The regular shoot of the Calumet Heights Gun Club took place this afternoon. The trophy contest was the main event of the programme. S. M. Booth won in Class A, P. D. Norcom in Class B, and C. C. Chamberlain in Class C. There was a strong wind blowing in the face of the shooters, the wind also raising the targets, making their flight uncertain. Twenty-nine shooters were in attendance during the afternoon, about 1,000 targets being thrown. Scores in the trophy contest were:

Class A.

S M Booth	1111111011111110001111111—21
Patty	0111111111110111110101111—20
S Young	1110010111010011111110010—16

Class B.

P D Norcom	0111101101011011111011111—19
S H Greeley	0001011100111011000100011—12
J S Houston	0110111001011001101111110—16

Class C.

J Morgan	1100000001011010111010100—11
C C Chamberlain	1011110111011100111010111—16
Dr Kellogg	1000000101100100011110000— 9

Sweepstakes resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	20	Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	20
Booth	13	4	7	..	5	..	Greeley	9	5	2	10	3	..
Patterson	15	5	7	7	10	..	Houston	10	5	6	7	3	24
Young	13	4	3	..	8	..	Morgan	4	..	..	4	4	..
Norcom	12	4	6	6	4	24	Chamberlain	10	..	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1 and 6 were at unknown angles; No 2, 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles; No 3, 5 pairs, snipe shooting, unknown traps and angles; No. 4, same as No. 3; No. 5, unknown traps and angles.

In New Jersey.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

Aug. 15.—The following sweeps were shot to-day on the grounds at Marion, this being the occasion of the third Dunellen-Endeavor team race, the score of which was given in our issue of Aug. 22. All events were at unknown angles, with the exception of No. 5, which was at known traps and angles. The best shooting was done by Louis Schortemeier, who shot consistently well during the afternoon. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	15	15	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	15	15
Apgar	9	11	8	15	9	..	..	..	Zust	9	9	8	10	7	14	9	..
Lindsey	8	13	8	12	9	18	12	9	W Fletcher	5	10	8	7	8	..	..	..
Wells	10	10	8	9	8	16	14	..	Collins	..	9	8	13	10	17	13	14
Adams	7	11	9	10	7	17	..	..	Schorty	..	14	9	14	9	18	15	15
Edwards	9	13	10	13	6	17	..	..	N E Money	..	11	6	11	6	..	..	..
Lemuel	9	9	8	13	7	18	9	..	H E Money	..	10	10	10	9	..	..	..
G Piercy	6	9	9	10	7	12	11	9	A R Strader	..	11	7	11	8	15	9	11
C von Lengerke	6	10	7	9	7	13	..	..	Giles	..	..	5	5	4	..	..	..
Cramer	7	11	5	13	8	..	..	..	Erhardt	..	..	8	7	5	..	..	..
Ingram	5	9	5	10	7	..	9	..	Dr Fletcher	..	..	8	10	7	18	..	..
James	4	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	Runyon	..	..	8	..	8	..	..	..
Fessenden	8	12	..	12	4	..	..	..	Lucky	..	..	5	8	3	14	..	..
Mulvaney	3	4	5	7	..	..	..	..	Sisty	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
L Piercy	6	..	4	12	5	..	..	..	Osborne	..	..	..	5	6	5	..	..
Baron	8	12	6	13	8	17	10	..	Smith	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	9

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Aug. 15.—The team race between teams from the Bradford Gun Club and the Haverhill Gun Club took place to-day on the grounds of the latter club. The teams were of six men each, and each man shot at 20 targets, 15 at known angles and 15 at unknown angles. The result was an easy win for the home team, who scored 114 to their opponents' 57. Several sweeps were also shot, the results in these events being as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10
Hilliard	7	..	..	..	..	10	5	6	9	..
Wright	7	..	7	..	6	18	5	4	..	5
Stevens	2	..	..	..	7	11	6	6	..	5
Leighton	5	5	..	5	..	11	..	7	..	8
Hines	5	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	2	..
Orne	6	..	..	5	..	9	..	..	..	4
Webster	..	4	7	4	..	11	3	5	..	7
D S Short	..	6	..	6	..	12	5	5	4	..
Welch	..	5	4	4	3	..	3	..	3	5
Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4
Miner	..	2	1	2	1	..	..	..	..	6
Alexander	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E P Blake	..	..	6	..	3	9	..	5	..	6
E B Short	..	3	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Putnam	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
F J Blake	..	4	..	..	4	..	..	4	..	2
George	..	..	..	..	..	7	2	3	3	..
Brooks	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Scribner	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	3	2
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 15.—The fifth contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League took place to-day on the grounds of the Garden City Gun Club. The attendance was the largest on record in the history of the league. The result in the team race was as follows:

Eureka Gun Club—Class A.—Patterson 22, Wright 19, A. W. Adams 19, F. Stannard 21, Stock 19, Goodrich 15—115.

Eureka Gun Club—Class B.—Carson 15, H. Carson 21, Stannard 19, Glover 19, Shepard 21, Whitman 16—111.

Garfield Gun Club—Class A.—Hicks 22, Langerke 17, Pilts 16, Bowers 21, F. Adams 23—98.

Garfield Gun Club—Class B.—Dr. Shaw 23, Richard 19, Palmer 18 Kues 24, Fehrman 20, Copp 21—125.

Douglas Gun Club, Class B: Carter 22, Murphy 19, Barto 22, Johnson 17, Eich 22, Hart 23—115.

Cicero Gun Club, Class B: Lawler 13, Lawrie 21, Cheeseman 11, Cooper 17, W. Cheeseman 15, Knoot 17—94.

Calumet Heights Gun Club, Class B: Lanphere 23, Wescott 23, Booth 21, Young 15, Hodson 18, Ferguson 16—115.

Calumet Heights Gun Club, Class C: Greely 18, Houston 16, Marcom 13, Metcalf 15, Black 17, Marshall 19—98.

Garden City Gun Club, Class B: Rubel 24, Kemp 22, Rexford 19, Cutler 16, Amberg 19, Antoine 21—123.

Garden City Gun Club, Class C: Levy 17, Halligan 13, Kimball 13, Ludlow 13, Bissell 16, Wilcox 22—94.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 20.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. Event No. 4 was the contest for the Silverthorn badge; Mr. Terry won the badge with 23 out of 25, Moorman being right after him with 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	20	10	25	20	Targets:	20	20	10	25	20
Nelson	18	17	7	18	19	Miller	14	16	7	16	16
Terry	14	16	9	23	18	Stearns	10	13	4	12	19
Moorman	16	10	6	22	17	Clark	..	..	..	..	14
Cleland	13	11	4	7	12						

F. M. D.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. M.—For hunting license in Quebec apply to the Chief Game Commissioner, Quebec, Canada.

F. E. L., Newark, N. J.—A sells to B a well-bred mare in foal. A bred the mare to a well-bred stallion. After B bought the mare she has her colt and B raises it. Which is the breeder? Ans.—A.